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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MARCH 4, 1939 Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. Published in Every State PRICE 3D

DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA —Painted by Wynne W. Davies from exclusive photographs.

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"One dance number expresses all the emotions of a whole symphony or sonata."

Why I like SWING!

HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THOSE WHO THINK THAT SWING IS NOT MUSIC

By A SWING ADDICT

WHY do we like swing music?

You might as well ask us why we like Edwardian hair-dos, zip fasteners, newsreels, cyclamen lipstick, three-decker sandwiches, and Gracie Allen.

All these things, including swing, are as much a part of our times as we are.

A lot of people seem to be getting frenzied about swing (a) because our reactions on the dance floor look, to them, abandoned and disgraceful, and (b) because they don't think swing is music.

Well, as far as those allegations of looking "abandoned and disgraceful" are concerned, my dignified mother used to tell us girlishly that often when she danced the lancers her hair fell down and the heels came off her shoes.

I can remember, as a somewhat prim child, watching with horror my older sister in a short, tight evening frock flinging herself wildly into the twirls of the maxina.

The critics of swing dancing no doubt sup on sour grapes when they go to a dance. They probably could not do the Big Apple or the Palais Glide if they tried.

The "contortions" we perform to swing music need young muscles, well-trained breathing, and uncollapsed arches. You have to be 100 per cent. fit to be an "alligator" (experienced swing dancer), and swing helps to keep you fit.

When somebody says that swing is not music our how) of contradiction makes the "Ot" in the Lambeth Walk sound like a mouse's whisper.

Even musicians of the most high-brow type agree that swing is music.

It has a rhythm that compares favorably with Chopin's waltzes, Dvorak's "New World Symphony," Ravel's "Bolero," or Sibelius' "Finlandia." How do I, a swing addict, know? Because I listen to "good" music, too.

Changing Moods

SWING can express in one dance number all the emotions for which highbrow music needs a whole symphony or sonata. You can't blame us victims of a high-speed age for wanting the changing moods in our music speeded up, too.

Swing is "music while you wait." That is its principal characteristic—the extemporising of individual members of the band.

It is the most exciting part of swing. We take a personal interest in the creative genius of the band. Can you blame us if, when the trumpeter "gives out" a piercing crescendo of lovely notes that he has just thought of, we express our spontaneous appreciation in what our critics call "jungle noises and acrobatic dance displays"?

Swing reflects all the mad speed and competition, argument and dissension, idealism and disillusion, color and drabness, of our age. But it dramatises and beautifies them all.

Its rhythm, so the psychiatrists tell us, is faster than the normal heart-beat, so our pulses beat faster, our imaginations are fired, and our feet start moving.

When we are fed up with a dreary job we talk about it in forthright slang, but swing puts it into wistful music that makes our eyes prickle and our bodies sway.

When we have won a triumph of some sort we brag a bit, also in slang, but swing plays it on the trumpet and saxophones, and we tear into the Big Apple.

When in a clash of ideals we argue about whether we should toss in our safe nine-to-five jobs and rush off to the Spanish or Chinese wars, and, if so, which side we should be on, the instruments in the band have an argument, too, in cynical and sweet phrases of music.

Getting Acquainted

MY disapproving mother looks sceptical when I tell her all this.

If I believe this, she says, why don't I leap into the aisle and dance at a symphony concert?

My answer is that it would take the jitteriest jitter-bug—that's what we call an extreme swing addict—to forget her inhibitions at a concert, because we all go to a concert of "good" music very self-consciously and aware that we are having our minds improved.

We sit in serried rows of seats as if we are in school, and the programme tells us what we are to think about every section of the music. If we have our own ideas on what the music means to our imaginations, we have to keep them to ourselves.

Another reason why we like swing is its friendliness. When we do the Palais Glide we get acquainted with new people. Grandma had the same advantage when she danced the Sir Roger de Coverley, and even I have had my coy moments in the Jolly Miller.

Humor is another characteristic of swing which makes us addicts. It is the debunking, hay-wire and apt humor of our age.

When the world is sweet and safe again we probably won't want the excitement and surprise of swing any more, but will be satisfied with the gentle, monotonous tum-te-tum of "corny" (sweet) music.

But by then, I'm afraid, I'll be far too creaky and short-winded to dance any more.

ITS OWN LANGUAGE

Here is a glossary of swing language for "tin ears" (people who don't know or like swing):

Jive.—Swing language.
Jitter-bugs.—Swing addicts.
Ickies.—Novice addicts.
Alligators.—Experienced addicts.
Get sent or pass out of the world.—Inspired dancing.
Rug Cutting. — Improvised steps.
Clam Bake. — Free-style swing session.
Jam Session.—Improvising session for musicians.
Hot Riff.—Slick phrase.
Killer Diller.—Swing soloist.
In the Groove, or Go to Town.—Inspired (music).
Moth Box.—Piano
Plumbing.—Trumpet.
Gobble Pipe.—Saxophone.
Tram.—Trombone.
Woodpile.—Xylophone.
Groanbox.—Accordion.
Screwball, Whackey, and Barrel-house.—Degrees of improvising.
Long Hair.—Classical music.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Rembrandt.

To Visit World's Fair

MR. H. E. WINTERBOTTOM has been deputed by the South Australian Chamber of Manufactures, of which he is secretary, to visit the San Francisco Exposition and the New York World's Fair to obtain ideas which may be useful for the big exhibition to be held in Adelaide from March 15 until May 11 next year.

Subject to official approval, this will be known as the Royal Exhibition, as it will coincide with a visit to Adelaide by the Governor-General Designate (the Duke of Kent).

Mme. Yuen.

Caring for War Orphans

DR. IRENE HO-TUNG, superintendent of the Hongkong branch of the National Association for the Care of War Orphans, is one of China's leisured women who is giving up her time to refugee work. The association aims to care for 20,000 orphans, and orphanages will be established throughout the provinces of China.

Australian organisations have been formed to give financial aid to the project.

Famous Scientist

PROFESSOR E. V. APPLETON, famous British scientist, has been appointed director-secretary of the British Government's Department of Industrial and Scientific Research. Son of a Bradford woollen mill worker, Professor Appleton won a succession of scholarships and went to Cambridge. He is one of the world's greatest authorities on radio.

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Fashion triumph for Margaret Vyner

To supervise Queen's wardrobe on her American tour

By Beam Wireless from Our Special Representative in London

Australia's beautiful Margaret Vyner has been chosen by Norman Hartnell, dressmaker to the Queen, to take his collection of spring gowns to Canada in readiness for the forthcoming visit of the King and Queen.

Her duties will include the supervision of any alterations or adjustments in the Queen's wardrobe.

NORMAN HARTNELL, who has designed 150 gowns for the Queen to wear during her visit with the King to Canada and the United States.

JUST after the appointment had been announced early last week, a stir was caused by a daring robbery at Hartnell's shop in London.

At first it was feared that the secret models of the gowns designed by Hartnell for the Queen's American tour had been stolen. This would have seriously interfered with plans for Margaret Vyner's trip.

It was found, however, that the models apparently had been overlooked. Instead, the thieves took beautiful mink coats and silver fox furs, capes and muffs valued at £4,800.

Since the announcement of the intended Royal visit, the London fashion world has been inundated with requests from Canada and the United States for an indication as to what should be worn at ceremonial courts, garden parties and other functions at which Their Majesties will be present.

Miss Vyner will have charge of a complete collection of Hartnell's spring creations, which will be displayed at the fashionable stores of Montreal and Ottawa and at other centres. The Ottawa showing will be specially for United States buyers.

Hartnell, who accompanied the King and Queen on their visit to Paris, has chosen the Australian girl to represent him. His business interests will not permit him to make the advance trip to Canada.

Outstanding Success

DESCRIBED in London recently as "the most beautiful girl Australia has ever sent us," Margaret Vyner, who is only 23, has achieved outstanding success, first as a model and then as a film actress.

Her new appointment, which has aroused widespread interest, is regarded as a striking tribute to her beauty and ability.

As Hartnell's personal representative she will take his place throughout the tour and will be in almost constant touch with the Queen.

She will leave for Canada towards the end of March.

No details of the gowns are to be made known officially until the Queen actually appears in them, but I understand they include a duck-egg blue light wool frock covered with a three-quarter coat, trimmed with hooped bands of smoky fox; and a grey chiffon garden party frock fashioned on long lines, flaring softly from the knees. With the latter she will carry a grey chiffon parasol trimmed with pink French rosebuds.

Altogether 150 frocks designed by Norman Hartnell will be taken on the tour.

The Royal wardrobe will far outshine that designed for the Paris visit, and it is freely hinted that the gowns will launch a new vogue.

On some days Her Majesty will wear three different outfits, and the crowded schedule demands that these changes shall be made with the greatest possible speed.

Colors will include no black, but some black and white, a good deal of the white which proved so effective on the Paris visit, several shades of blue, which has been her favorite color from girlhood, and pastel tints.

New Styles

DAYTIME lines will be based on neat defined waists, flared skirts and shorter hemlines.

"Garden party" gowns will be included, some short-sleeved to be worn with elbow-length gloves.

For summery dresses modernist designs are ruled out; natural flower patterns will be featured.

Hats, while actually fairly flat, will be built up in the crown to give an impression of height. This effect will be achieved partly by artificial flowers so natural that they could be mistaken for the real thing instead of by feather trimmings such as the Queen has been wearing lately.

Fur trimming will be less in evidence than in the past but the Queen will take with her several handsome furs.

A marked difference is anticipated between the clothes designed for Canada and those to be worn in the U.S.A.

The reason for this is that Canadians have expressed the wish that their Queen shall look as "regal" as possible, while in the United States the King and Queen will be regarded as the head of a friendly State and his consort rather than as visiting Royalty.

Hartnell has the task of cresting everything that the Queen wears, from head to foot—hair ornaments, hats, dresses, coats, furs, shoes, stockings, gloves and handbags.

His method is to bring the Queen designs, discuss her own ideas, and make suggestions.

On an average he produces 50 complete outfits every season for the Queen.

His preference for Wedgwood-blue has been inspired by the Queen herself.

The Queen's personal maid has been acting as the stand-in for fitting, but during the Royal tour Miss Vyner's services will probably be enlisted to test the lighting, color background, and so on. This will assist the Queen to determine the most suitable gowns for special occasions.

MARGARET VYNER, beautiful 23-year-old Australian, who has been chosen by Norman Hartnell to represent him in America during the visit of the King and Queen.

£1000 for RECIPES

Novel and topical recipes are being submitted among the thousands of entries for The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 recipe competition.

One is for "Lambeth" cake, a colored layer cake, another for "Big Apple" pie, and others are for Easter cake and Easter eggs, a "newly wed's" cake, "Scripture" cake, and a "hedgehog" trifle.

BIG cash prizes are to be won just for the simple task of writing out your favorite recipe.

The grand champion prize is £500 cash for what is judged the best entry of all submitted in the three sections listed below.

All you have to do is write out your best recipe, or several of your best recipes, if you want to, attach the correct number of coupons for the correct sections and fulfil the conditions set out on page 41.

PRIZE LIST

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE £500

This prize will be awarded to the best recipe submitted in any of the three sections of the competition. It can be a recipe for a cake, pudding, or sweets dish, or for jam, jelly or preserves. The recipe which wins this prize is not eligible for any of the other prizes listed below.

1.... BEST CAKE RECIPE First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of cake—plain or fancy. Cost of ingredients should not exceed 5/- for a 2lb. cake.

2. DESSERTS — PUDDING, SWEETS DISH or PASTRIES First Prize £100

100 Consolation Prizes of £1 Each.

The recipe for this dish should be sufficient for a family of four. Any type of pudding, sweets dish or pastry is eligible.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVES First Prize £50

50 Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

Recipes may be submitted for any type of jam or jelly or preserved fruits.

In addition, the prize list has been augmented by goods, donated by the Stronglite Aluminium Co. Ltd., as follows:—

Kitchen Set of 21 pieces, value £10/-/-, to main prize winner.

Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner of Cake Section.

Kitchen Set of 17 pieces, value £7/10/-, to winner Dessert Section.

Kitchen Set of 8 pieces, value £5/-/-, to winner of Jams Section.

Now turn to Page 41 for entry coupons and rules.

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Poignant love drama of Spain's Queen

EX-KING ALFONSO of Spain. He—or a member of his family—may be restored to the throne.

FOR some years ex-Queen Ena has been living in England. She is shown wearing some of her notable and precious jewels.

Will exiled and separated Royal couple find peace and reconciliation after years of tragedy?

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

Hidden in the smoke and ruin of Spain is the poignant drama of a Queen, as tragic in its way as that of Marie Antoinette.

She is the ex-Queen Ena, whose love match of thirty-three years ago ended in separation from her husband in 1933.

The couple may soon be reunited if diplomatic plans to restore the monarchy in Spain are successful.

THE INFANTE JUAN, Prince of the Asturias, with his wife and daughter. The prince may ascend the throne in place of his father.

BEFORE her marriage Queen Ena was Princess Eugenie, of England. She was brought up in England, dividing her time between her mother's town house and their medieval castle, Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight.

She was only 19 when, in 1906, she was married to the handsome young King of Spain.

It was a love match, not a match arranged for diplomatic reasons.

Proudly and excitedly the young Princess must then have thought, "I will be Queen—I will be Queen of Spain," visioning all the glories that destiny had marked out for her.

But what a drama the years have unfolded!

HER gala wedding cost £2,000,000. On her wedding day a bomb was thrown at the Royal coach in which she sat. She escaped injury, but nine people were killed.

Domestic tragedies followed. Two sons were injured in separate car accidents, and in each case haemophilia, the "curse" of the Spanish Royal Family, hastened their deaths.

In political strife that racked the country the monarchy fell, and the King and Queen were exiled.

Then later—the war!

In their exile, when it seemed they needed each other most, came the separation.

In the last five years they have seen each other only twice.

Recent moves to end the Spanish war and re-establish the monarchy have revived hope of the Royal couple's reconciliation.

If this comes about, will the Queen still live in the atmosphere of national turmoil that has so disturbed her life? Or will Spain find permanent peace that will provide a happy background for its rulers?

The couple's meeting took place recently in Rome at the wedding of their daughter, Princess Marie, to Prince Louis of Bourbon-Parma. They sat together at dinner with the King and Queen of Italy.

If General Franco finally gains control of the whole of Spain, it is expected that they will be invited to return as King and Queen to their former palace in Madrid.

ONE OF SIX grand entrances to the Royal Palace of Madrid.

During the last few years of his exile Alfonso has made Italy his headquarters while Queen Ena has been living quietly in Porchester Terrace, London, to be near her mother, Princess Beatrice.

She was accompanied to England by her two daughters, Princesses Beatrice and Maria Christina. Both very beautiful, tall and slim, with fair hair, they are very popular in London. Princess Beatrice is married to an Italian Prince, Don Alessandro Torlonia.

Alfonso has never formally abdicated. "I am King of all Spaniards. I renounced no single one of my rights," he said when he left.

IT is said that, while Alfonso wants to return to Spain, and may again be King, he would prefer to stand aside for Don Juan, the present heir.

Don Juan, who became heir after his two elder brothers renounced their rank when they married commoners, is married to Princess Mario Mercedes, of Bourbon-Sicily. They have a daughter three years old.

Don Juan trained as a midshipman in the British Navy.

Queen Ena, upon her marriage, changed her religion, becoming a member of the Catholic Church, and changed her name to Ena.

She went straight from the sheltered happiness of English life to political intrigue and dissension.

Her husband's life had been threatened seven times, the first time an attempt to put poison in his feeding bottle when he was a baby.

The eighth attempt took place on their wedding day, when a bomb was thrown at the Royal coach.

Act of Humility

A PROUD, courageous man, Alfonso drove out with his bride shortly afterwards in an open carriage without an escort, to the frenzied cheering of the Spanish crowds who have always admired his contempt for danger.

A few weeks before the fateful election that was to decide whether Spain should be a monarchy or a republic, Queen Ena went to England to see her mother who was dangerously ill.

But she hastened back to Spain to be at her husband's side during the anxious days while awaiting the result of the election.

One of the last official ceremonies they attended together was the Easter Act of Humility, which has been performed by Spanish monarchs for hundreds of years.

In the Royal Chapel the King and Queen washed the feet of twelve poor men and twelve poor women before a gathering of all the grandees of Spain and foreign diplomats. Both the Queen and ladies of the nobility wore white mantillas with their court frocks.

After the ceremony tables were set with fine linen and the King and Queen laid plates with food before the poor guests. The food was packed in baskets and a basket containing linen, crockery and food was presented to each man and woman.

WHEN he was forced to leave Spain, King Alfonso went to France and Queen Ena followed later, leaving the Royal palace that had been her home since she went to Spain as a bride more than thirty years ago.

Three years later they separated. King Alfonso has since travelled about Europe like any ordinary tourist. He travels in trams, stays at hotels, goes about without any bodyguard.

During the years of exile their two eldest sons renounced their Royal rank. Alfonso, the eldest son, is dead, and the youngest son, Gonzalo, died after a car accident when he was 19.

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Smooth, soft, fine-textured skin . . . you can have it just by using Lux Toilet Soap faithfully. For there's special skin cream blended into every tablet. Ordinary toilet soaps dry out your skin's softening, beautifying natural oils. But the rich supercreamed lather of Lux Toilet Soap keeps your skin clear and fresh, because it cleanses pore-deep . . . . gently removing any excess oil, yet leaving just enough to keep your skin soft and supple, lovely as a film star's.

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WHISPER of a GHOST

Complete Short Story

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

"Of course," said Christine, "he knows how hopeless it is—he knows I'm your wife."

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

ALICE was out in the kitchen — singing her songs of love among the breakfast dishes. She paid no heed to the arrival of the postman. Neither did Martin Blair, who was locked in his small, untidy library, deep in various engrossing matters of an ornithological nature. Nor had Martin's aunt any interest, this morning, in the postman. Aunt Ida was busy enough in the garden, experimenting with a crate of pansies, a pot of humus, and the disposition of a Scottish gardener.

So it was Christine who found the letters spattered on the floor of the hall. She picked them up and arranged them in neat little stacks before the breakfast plates.

Most of Martin's letters had some obvious bearing on his professional life; there were missives from other professors of ornithology in far-distant universities — and from all the ornithological societies from Land's End to John o' Groats. Martin's recently published monograph on the Fringillidae had caused a great stir among his distinguished confreres—all beside themselves about the family life of the finch.

Aunt Ida's letters were less professional in character—her pursuits being many and zealous, but all of them a layman's. There were a number of plump letters addressed in the fine Spenserian script of her own old cronies, a few bulky garden seed samples and a vast amount of literature from obscure organisations for the preservation of trees, wild fowl, and the British Israelites. Aunt Ida was spending a quiet summer with her nephew and her nephew's wife in Ritherstone, but she had not permitted herself to lose her grip of things.

Christine sighed. She herself had little correspondence. There were usually a few announcements from hairdressers and window-cleaners—with their green halfpenny stamps, slightly askew, proclaiming their unimportance. But there was seldom anything else—unless she were to count an occasional postcard from a friend on holiday. All her life Christine had lived in Ritherstone. Most of her friends lived there, too, and they telephoned their invitations to luncheon and bridge. It was not so exciting as having letters.

BUT this morning, over the breakfast table, Christine produced a letter of import and value. She slipped it out of its envelope and handed it, almost timidly, to her young husband. She turned to his aunt.

"It's from an old friend of mine," she explained. "I hadn't heard from him for years!"

"An old admirer?"

Christine blushed.

"I suppose you could call him that."

"H'mm," said Aunt Ida absently. "My dear, you must never let this girl Alice slip out of your hands—what she can do with an egg would surprise the hen that laid it!"

But Christine had turned back to Martin. He was still reading.

"Dear Christine," ran the letter. "I know you've glanced first at my signature—and I hope the shock wasn't an unpleasant one! But I couldn't resist the chance of finding you again. Just the other day I ran into a friend of yours who gave me your present name and address. And since then, of course, I've hesitated a bit about writing to you. It's seven years since we saw each other, and they say that people change in a cycle of seven years.

"But I hope you haven't changed, Chris. I hope with all my heart that you're just what you were on the night of the Spencers' dance. I wonder if you remember? You were wearing a little blue dress, and there were two gardenias on your shoulder. That was before anybody else was wearing gardenias. It was always your flower. And even now the scent of it sends me back over the seven years to a night I've never forgotten. It was very young and foolish of us to quarrel that night—don't you think so? Perhaps I'm more romantic than most men—I've gone on with my painting, you know, and possibly it's helped to keep my faith in romantic values. You and your husband will both forgive this—what shall I call it?—this whisper from a ghost."

The letter was signed "Robert Wentworth." The name struck no chord in Martin's memory.

"Have I ever met this chap?" he asked.

"No," said Christine. "We had a sort of quarrel a year before I met you. Yes, that would be the time—we've been married five years. But you must have heard me speak of Robert—you do forget things, darling."

Aunt Ida was given the letter. After a while she lifted her eyebrows.

"Does he lisp?" she asked.

"Of course not!" cried Christine. "He's not that sort at all! It's just as he says—he's romantic. Don't you think it's a rather nice letter, Martin?"

"Very nice."

"Well, do you mind—do you think it would be all right if I answered it?"

"Why not?" said Martin.

"Ask him to tea!" said Aunt Ida.

"I can't very well," said Christine. "He lives in London. He might think—well, it would look funny. But you really wouldn't mind if I wrote to him—would you, Martin?"

"Hardly. And now if you will excuse me, dear . . ."

He left his request in mid-air, and kissed his wife absently. Then he was gone. He always vanished from a room in this wise—like a puff of smoke.

"His father was the same," said Aunt Ida suddenly. "Another drop of coffee, dear. Thank you. Yes, Martin's remarkably like his father. I've known George Blair to be so absorbed in the work he was doing that he wouldn't know if it was his wife or the cat at the dinner-table. And if he'd kissed the cat and scratched his wife's ear I swear it wouldn't have surprised me. Scientists, my dear—different from other men, but no worse. Take my word for that."

Christine looked at Martin's aunt pensively. She saw that the older woman wanted to discourage any correspondence with a ghost. The Blairs went in for tribal loyalties. And they were nice people—a fact that Christine would not have denied. Nevertheless, if you couldn't throw your whole soul into the study, science or preservation of something—you were rather out of luck, living with a Blair.

"You're not unreasonable," said Aunt Ida casually. "I wouldn't say that."

"I don't know what you mean," said Christine.

"Yes, you do, my dear. You're an attractive young woman, and Martin doesn't tell you so often enough. And that's the beginning of trouble—in all the films that I go to see."

"But . . ."

"The educational value of the cinema," continued Aunt Ida. "That's what it's about—attractive young wives and purblind young husbands and snakes with sleek black hair slithering about in the grass . . ."

"I remember Robert's hair," put in Christine, smiling. "It was fair and rather wavy."

"I've said," declared Aunt Ida, "all that I'm going to say."

And, as if to be sure of keeping this laudable promise, she swept up her letters and sailed from the room.

Christine brooded in silence for a while over her last cup of coffee. Then she marched upstairs and removed the cover from a portable typewriter. This typewriter was a rather rickety relic of the days of English literature—from Beowulf down. But, by dint of long experience, Christine could triumph over its many peculiarities. The small a, slightly out of alignment, gave a lilting effect to the most commonplace sentence; the eccentricities of the carriage demanded a broad spacing that definitely improved the look of the page. Christine labored for almost an hour. But the letter that she finally turned out proved as satisfactory in its appearance as it was in its sentiment.

She insisted that Martin should read it.

"But, my dear girl—why?"

"Because," she said, "I think it's only right. After all, Robert was—well, I might have married Robert."

Here was the time for Martin to say that she might have married anybody in the world. But he said nothing of the kind.

"What a child you are!" was what he did say. "The chap's probably a husband himself by this time—probably a grandfather!"

"In seven years?" asked his wife coldly. "Not if I remember my biology. . . ."

Martin grinned.

"I don't expect you do. You've forgotten the rate of reproduction—among the insects."

"That was quite unnecessarily rude," said Christine. "I wish you'd read the letter."

Martin obeyed.

"Dear Robert," it read, "I expect you know how surprised I was to hear from you. And, of course, I was pleased—any woman would be pleased to know that someone remembers the gardenias she'd worn seven years ago! It's enough to make a woman feel rather young again—and foolish. Of course I'm still pretty foolish—but I'm not very young. I'll be twenty-six next birthday, Robert, but I don't think you'd find I'd changed very much. I certainly hope not! Because I'll always think of you as being young and terribly good-looking, as you were on the night of the Spencers' dance. I'm glad to know you've gone on with your painting. As for me—I've quite given up my old ambition about writing. I've settled down and I'm very happy and a regular hausfrau. (But a hausfrau who can still be a little romantic, once in a while.) With all my good wishes—Christine Blair."

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

Martin pulled his lip.

"It sounds woebegone," he said.

"Woebegone!"

"Yes—very brave and wistful about being married to me."

"Now you're being positively childish! But if you don't want me to write to my old friends . . ."

Martin smiled at her.

"These letters aren't going to be published, are they?"

"Of course not!"

"In that case," he said cheerfully, "I wouldn't worry about 'em."

"Well, at least there's somebody in this world," said Christine, three days later, "who takes me seriously!"

"What a pity," said Martin.

"Pity!"

"Yes. Since we went all whimsy-whamsy in the land of might-have-been, it's enough to make anybody take you seriously. But I won't, darling—I promise you I won't."

"You're being perfectly hateful," she said, "but I want you to read what Robert has written to me."

Please turn to Page 42

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And One Was Beautiful

Life's drama intensifies in this instalment of our modern serial.

Mrs. Lattimer said vaguely: "Was there something you wished to ask me, Kate?"

Illustrated by VIRGIL

By ALICE DUER MILLER

HELEN LATTIMER, beautiful and charming, eclipses her younger sister Kate in all the social attributes. When Kate meets Ridley Crane and becomes interested in him, Helen promises to be nice to him in the hope of attracting him to call. Helen's first meeting with Ridley has a tragic sequel, for on their return from a roadhouse a cyclist is knocked over by their car, and Ridley is blamed. Helen is actually responsible.

Kate discovers the facts later, and is deeply troubled to know Helen is hiding behind Ridley's chivalry in not admitting the full truth. Kate does her utmost to get Helen to confess, and sees the lawyers engaged on the case, to no avail. When the trial comes off Ridley pleads guilty and causes great concern and criticism. Bitterly Kate submits to this. He receives a severe penalty. Helen, to everyone's amazement, after dallying with Freddie Alcott for several years, suddenly says she will marry him, and Kate knows why. Kate continues with her support of Ridley, and her condemnation of her sister. Ridley receives an upsetting letter from Kate, who cannot forgive her sister, and wishes that Kate would visit him in prison. This she does, and Ridley begs her to stop hating Helen. At last Kate agrees, with an effort, to do whatever Ridley wants.

Characters you will meet in this story:

KATE LATTIMER, younger sister of

HELEN LATTIMER, a beauty, favored daughter of

MRS. LATTIMER, a conventional widow.

RIDLEY CRANE, rich man-about-town.

MR. PRINCE, a lawyer.

MR. MANN, another lawyer.

FREDDIE ALCOTT, in love with Helen.

STEPHEN HARRIDGE, family friend and neighbor.

Now read on.

"THERE'S no use in my even telling you, unless you can go back to being gentle and good. Why, that first night I met you at the Harridges' I thought you made virtue more simple and fresh and attractive than anyone I had ever seen, except, perhaps, a nun I once spoke to for five minutes in Bavaria; only she was old and secluded from life, and you were young and pretty and free. And then to get that terrible letter from you, as if you had been changed into a sort of Fury, making everybody about you suffer as much as you possibly could. There was something my father used to quote from a Greek play: 'To hold my hand uplifted over hate.' I've thought of that so often since I've been here with all those other poor devils. But that you, Kate, free as you are, with your garden and your flowers——"

He stopped short, afraid that his plea was becoming pathetic, and after a second she asked: "What is it you want me to do, Ridley?"

"I want you to go and see the Torringtons for me; not just once, you know, but so that you really get to know them. Prince is sending them money for me, but he has no human sympathy at all. He does it out. It may do more harm than good. I want you to go and find what would be best for them—especially the children—what kind of training, or jobs, or advice they need; which ones ought to be kept at home to take care of the mother. I thought you would be just the person to do it, until I got your letter. But there's no use in going to them unless——"

"I'll go, Ridley."

"You know what my 'unless' was going to be?"

"Yes, I know."

"You think you can do it?"

"I know I can do anything you want me to do."

"That's a good girl."

She was crying so much that when the time came she could hardly see her way out. But then, so were many other visitors.

Harridge, waiting for Kate at the entrance, was alarmed to see her coming towards him so bathed in tears that her steps were uncertain, until, with her customary appreciation of other people's anxieties, she managed to give him a smile and murmur: "It's just because he's so good, so noble."

He didn't answer. Of what couldn't women persuade themselves? He saw Ridley Crane quite clearly as an attractive, unimportant young man who had got himself into a mess on account of his own weaknesses, and was now bearing himself in disaster with some dignity, but "good, noble"—All women were like that—able to believe anything—all except, perhaps his wife; he couldn't imagine her, after twenty-five years of married life, weeping at some example of his excellence. He rather wished that he could. Love was beautiful, even when, as in Kate's case, it was also a little silly.

When they were in the car, he asked, with his careful, low enunciation: "And what has Ridley done that is so wonderful?"

Kate realised that she couldn't answer the question; she longed to tell the whole world, but, of course, to explain why it was no noble of Ridley to plead for Helen was to announce Helen's guilt. She was silent for a second, and then, remembering the other mission he had given her, she said: "He's worried about the Torringtons. He wants me to go and see them—to be his agent, as it were, in helping them."

"An excellent idea." Harridge smiled to himself. Had Crane become a psychologist? Exactly what silly little Kate needed was to work for others to take her out of this sentimental brooding.

Like a good lord of the manor, he himself had long ago visited the Torringtons and was able to give her some information about them. Rather a shiftless family, he was afraid—the mother and four children. The elder son had a job in a lumberyard in the village, but the elder daughter was a fat, lazy girl, who did nothing but sit at home and listen to the radio. The first use they had made of their new income was to buy themselves a very expensive radio. One would suppose that a washing machine would be more valuable to them.

Kate glanced at him. He really seemed angry, as if in some way the Torrington purchase touched him nearly. She was puzzled. "You don't approve of radios, Mr. Harridge?"

"I don't disapprove of them. A football game or a good concert I'll listen to myself, but for people like the Torringtons I can think of a good many more useful ways in which they might have spent their money."

She supposed he must be right. He was not only older and wiser than she but far more experienced in charity. But she thought of his sons, who had never done anything useful, who had their radios turned on all day long. She was rather glad the Torringtons had theirs, guiltily conscious that she herself would have chosen it rather than a washing machine.

They reached home before the afternoon train had arrived. Harridge said, as he left her at the door: "Of course, you'll tell your mother of the visit, Kate."

"Yes, I suppose so, Mr. Harridge."

But it isn't always possible to tell things, for a listener as well as a speaker is required, and Mrs. Lattimer was too much absorbed in the affairs of her elder daughter to give her attention to her younger one. After dinner, Kate did begin: "Mums, I want to tell you something."

"Just a minute, darling. I must speak to Helen before I forget it. . . . You can't take that fitting on Friday, Helen, because you promised to lunch with Cousin Addie and go and look at rugs."

HELEN was inclined to think that by keeping everyone waiting she could do both, and by the time this discussion had died down Kate began again: "Mums." The word sounded portentous. Helen raised her eyes quickly from her book. What was Kate about to announce? Then Jane came into the room with an express parcel, which turned out to be from the most exciting of jewellers, and it was bedtime before Mrs. Lattimer remembered to say vaguely: "Was there something you wanted to ask me, Kate?"

"No, Mums. I don't think so."

The next morning she explained to her mother that she was going down to the village to see the Torringtons; she and Mr. Harridge had talked it over, and he thought it was a good thing for her to do. Perhaps if Mrs. Lattimer had been less absorbed in wedding arrangements she might have wondered at her younger daughter's sudden impulse towards charity.

As it was, she looked up vaguely and said: "Yes, of course, my dear; very nice of you. . . . I can't see any objection, can you, Helen?"

"Perhaps Helen would like to come with me," said Kate, with a cold glance. It seemed that hate was a difficult vice to overcome.

"Nonsense, Kate. Helen has no time."

Helen did not look up from the letter she was writing. "You might take them some of my old clothes, if you like," she said.

Kate dreaded the visit more than she acknowledged, not only because she was shy and inexperienced, but she was afraid of hearing abuse of Ridley. She didn't know how she could bear that. If the whole family was hating him as the killer of their father, how could she help screaming out loud that not he but her sister was the criminal; that they ought to order her out of the house when she came so politely, bearing gifts?

She stopped her car before the little path, and stepped out with a great striped cardboard box in her hand, holding the accumulation of clothes that Helen had discarded and Kate couldn't use. The house was small, wooden, surrounded by piazzas ornamented with fretwork at all the corners. As she approached she could hear the radio going loud and strong. Suddenly a small figure sprang up from a patch of garden and stood blocking her way.

"What are you doing here?"

The question came from a slim child of twelve with an ugly little flat face and a pair of glorious black eyes, now fixed on Kate with the utmost hostility. Kate, already feeling guilty, stopped short.

"I've come to see Mrs. Torrington," she said timidly.

"Oh, no, you haven't," said the child. "You've come to sell her something. Well, you can't do it. Get out. There's no peace nowadays, since everyone has heard we've come into money—radios and books and Hamburg edging. Go back where you came from. Do you hear?" She stamped her foot. She was so thin that she looked like the drawings children make—four pencil marks for the limbs and a dot for the head.

"I don't want to sell anything," said Kate.

"Then what's in that box?"

Kate explained and the child apologised, or rather relented. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I have a terrible time with mommer and Alma; they buy anything anyone wants to sell them, wasting our money. My name is Zillah. I sometimes think I'm the only person in this house has any common sense at all."

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TRUNK CALL

Money can be either a good servant or a bad master. Susie and Robin proved this . . .

By . . .

MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

• Long, Complete Story

"It's just some sort of a joke," Susie explained. "I'll get rid of them to-morrow."

Illustrated by FISCHER

ROBIN didn't read the telegram. In the excitement of the conference he jammed it into his pocket without opening it . . . then he forgot all about it, because the moment the door closed, with the client on one side and his important signature on the other side, the Firm rose as one man and clapped him on the shoulder. Even Uncle Matthew, the President, who had been afraid to present the daring advertising campaign to such a conservative client, was beaming and wringing Robin's hand.

Half of them were saying, "Well, my boy, I didn't think you had it in you." And the other half were boasting that they always knew Robin could deliver the goods when the moment came. But all of them meant the same thing — and that was that Robin Upton, the outrageous, reckless youngster, had saved the day for all the fine old conservatives who had known he would come to no good end.

After the first hilarious moment, all of them began bolting out of the conference room to tell all their large and little worlds that they were on their feet again, and to go ahead and breathe freely.

"I've got to tell Susie," Robin said, in a loud, offhand voice. "She's probably sitting on the edge of her chair down there at home."

"Give her my regards, too," Uncle Matt said. "Tell her I say she's got a husband who's a credit to her."

"I doubt if she suspects that, sir." Robin tried to look modest and properly embarrassed, but he succeeded only in looking uncomfortable. "There's been a lot of difference of opinion on that, Mr. Keene," Robin said. "Most of the faith has been in the first person singular. And I can't say that I blame 'em, myself."

"Susie had the faith," Uncle Matt said quickly. "She married you, didn't she?"

Robin said, "Susie could never resist the impossible."

"That's a harsh word to call yourself," Uncle Matt said, beaming at him with those boyish blue eyes, which dwelt so calmly behind their glass houses. "Well, get along and tell her."

ALL the desks in the Agency had their telephones lifted, and everyone was talking excitedly into them. Even the youngest clerk was telling the Finance Company that he wasn't going to turn in his car after all; the old librarian, his elbow absent-mindedly in the paste pot, was pompously advising his wife that she might just as well go ahead and buy the new linoleum for the kitchen.

"Give me an outside line — in there," Robin shouted to the switchboard as he swaggered out of the conference room, indicating one of the small private offices adjoining it.

He knew that everyone would know he was telephoning to tell Susie. He felt he looked triumphant and amorous. But when the door of the little room was closed and he had the receiver in his hand, and the outside operator was chirping expectantly in his ear, there wasn't anything that he could say. Because, of course, he wasn't going to tell Susie. He wasn't going to tell her good things or bad, ever again, because good or bad, it was nothing to Susie.

Everyone had known from the start that it wouldn't work. Everyone, except Susie and Robin. And while two may be company, it is the crowd that makes the majority. Everyone knew it wouldn't work, and everyone stood around expectantly, looking forward with happy regret to the explosion.

Even Susie's family—that very modern family of hers—whose managing psychology was so obvious that it enraged Robin, showed quite blandly that they could afford not to oppose. They could afford to be gracious and wait.

"I'm not having your room done up, darling," mother had said to Susie. "We had thought of making it into a guest-room, but I think under the circumstances we'll just leave it." They were always loyally assuring Susie that, of course, they liked Robin, as though they were a somewhat eccentric minority who could afford to like any outrageous person they chose.

Even Robin's blunt father, a provincial newspaper editor, made no bones about Robin's marriage being only a temporary adventure. "I suppose wild oats have gone out of style," he said to Robin. "But as far as I can make out there isn't much difference. Marriage is probably politer, and of course it gives the lawyers something to do. Besides, how are you going to keep the gal in clothes? Take shoes alone——"

"Susie doesn't care about clothes," Robin said. "Susie's got character. You just wait and she'll show you."

"That's what I'm thinking," dad said. "Well, I'll be here, my lad, when you need me."

Susie and Robin said to each other, mutually apologetic for their families and all their friends, and even for the Press in which they briefly blazed, "It's just that they're old and cynical, darling. They have more faith in money than in love. They let all this business about possessions and big houses, and stuff, mix 'em up. We belong to the new generation."

"We're going to run it, too," Robin said. "We're going to run this race until we fall in our tracks. It's just us against the rest of them."

"Us against everything," Susie promised. And they both liked the little shiver down their backbones.

*

That would have been all right if it had worked out like that. But somehow it didn't.

They moved into a house just big enough for two, and the dickens of that was that four of them moved in, for Susie and Robin each brought their own monster pride, and that kept the house impossibly crowded.

It began, promptly enough, with Susie's trunks. Mother had had six of them packed—enough to send a whole finishing school abroad. The first night they were in that absurd little house with honeysuckle peeping in at the kitchen windows, the lorry arrived, and the men put the trunks down all over everything, until there wasn't room for Robin to walk. He stood there, a wild-haired giant in a cage of shiny trunks, cussing.

"IT'S just some sort of joke," Susie explained, but she was tingling with rage against mother and her finesse. Mother knew how those trunks would dwarf everything in the house, and make all their gay, cheap furniture not gay, but gaudy. "Don't you worry about them, darling," Susie said. "I'll get rid of them to-morrow."

"Meantime, we'll have to sleep in a box-room," Robin said, trying not to be stuffy about it. Then he admitted honestly, "It isn't the trunks, of course. It's only that, if I worked from now until I'm seventy, I'd probably never be able to buy you six trunks like those and all the stuff that's in them."

"But don't you see?" Susie said. "I've left all that stuff. It didn't mean enough to me, Robin. Just one little wiggle of your finger and I came running, didn't I?"

"You came running," he said, and climbed over the trunks to her. A kiss blotted out everything for the moment, and they sat on them and laughed and loved and healed each other's hurt.

"We've got to love each other more than most people do," Robin said, seriously.

"We do, Robin."

"Love's all we have," he said. He would have liked to make her understand why he had to believe she loved him; her great, unreasonable love was all the justification there was for her, a very rich girl, marrying a poor fool of a copy-writer.

"There's no doubt about me," Susie said. "I had to beg you to marry me."

"Yes; that's true." He could not tell her that he couldn't beg her, couldn't even ask her.

"But you love me now, Rob?"

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NONE But the BRAVE

Christine would see through Valio, said the doctor, but she, for a time, was blind

by Arthur Tuckerman

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

THE Arlberg Express halted in the violet, wintry twilight. There was a sigh of air brakes, a rising veil of steam from the couplings, and a pleasant cadence of Austrian voices beyond the frosted windows. Dr. Frank Mason climbed down from the train, agreeably shocked by the impact of the evening air.

A moment later he suffered another shock, milder but far less agreeable. A little way down the ice-ribbed Kitzhof platform he saw Gregory Valio greeting some new arrivals.

Dr. Mason left the station hurriedly, slightly despondent over the discovery of Valio's presence in Kitzhof. The place seemed too naive, too clean, to harbor the man. When he finally reached the Post Hotel, modest but immaculate, Dr. Mason was so disarmed by the knotted-pine simplicity of his own stark little bedroom that his sense of depression evaporated; he managed, actually, to forget all about Gregory Valio.

After supper he conversed with several of the hotel guests in the little taproom. He found two of the guests—the only other Americans in the hotel—particularly congenial. A sturdy, snub-nosed, wholly amiable young man in a white turtleneck sweater; and a tall, vividly blonde girl. She had deep-set blue eyes and a noticeably exquisite mouth. She was filled with vitality and gaiety. Dr. Mason liked young people, and these two appeared to like him. They eagerly supplied him with information about Kitzhof.

Towards nine o'clock the hotel concierge entered the taproom. "There is a telephone call for you, Miss Ellison," he said.

The girl immediately dashed from the room, and the young man frowned.

When the girl returned her voice was highly elated. "Jasper," she said to the young man, "I'm going up to dress. Gregory Valio is taking me to the Tyrolean Gala at the Majestic. He's calling for me in fifteen minutes."

For the next few days he found himself frequently in Jasper Brian's company. They practised in the same group at the ski school. The girl, Christine Ellison, however, was in a less advanced class. During the daytime they saw little of her. It wasn't until the end of the week that Dr. Mason ventured to ask young Brian, "Are you engaged to Miss Ellison?"

"I've been in love with her for two years," he said, "but we're not yet engaged. About a year ago she came abroad with her aunt, and they've been travelling ever since. The aunt was here in Kitzhof for a while, but she became bored and left for the Riviera. When my boss in New York—I'm with Charlie Heiden, the architect—gave me a short vacation, I came straight here to see Christine."

Dr. Mason lighted his pipe. "And who," he asked casually, "is this Valio man, who sometimes takes her out in the evenings?"

The boy frowned. "Someone she met at Deauville last summer. I know nothing about him except that he's rich and seems to attract women. I can't see him for a mile."

Dr. Mason enjoyed that. But the boy added, in sudden embarrassment, "I hope he isn't a friend of yours!"

"He is no friend of mine," Dr. Mason replied quietly.

It was true that there had been an inevitable meeting. Valio had called him aside, and had demanded pointedly, "Do you remember me, Dr. Mason?"

"Professionally speaking, I remember you," Dr. Mason had said with equal pointedness.

During his second week at Kitzhof, Dr. Mason went on several ski excursions with young Brian and the Ellison girl. He protested mildly, "I don't see why you want an old-timer always tagging along."

"Because you're so cosy," they chorused, as if they had discussed the matter together. And the girl added, "Like a nice, big, fuzzy bear."

DR. MASON was pleased.

But he wasn't pleased to observe that young Brian was spending more and more of his evenings in the quiet little taproom of the Post Hotel—while Christine Ellison danced at the large and gaudy Majestic with Gregory Valio.

"Why aren't you up at the Majestic with your girl?" he bluntly demanded one night.

"I can't afford it," Jasper Brian declared. "They have two or three galas a week up there, and they drink imported champagne all night. And I'll be darned if I'll take favors from Valio." Then he added, as if to reassure himself, "You know, this is only a phase she's going through. She'll get over it. She's a straight-shooter — as fine and true as any girl in creation."

Dr. Mason sharply recalled a certain fact within his knowledge. A fact which was, most unfortunately, a professional secret. The secret concerned Valio, and it was a very old story, indeed.

He was old-fashioned enough to uphold the sanctity of ethics, much as he might have desired to open young Jasper Brian's eyes. That Valio's proposal has been infamous was irrelevant. There was no justification for revealing an entirely private consultation. He rose wearily, patting Jasper Brian's shoulder.

"You don't like the man; neither do I," he stated consolingly. "But remember the old tag: 'Give a thief enough rope, and he'll hang himself.' Christine will see through him, if she's all that you claim her to be."

He was not, however, entirely convinced by his own words.

About ten days later the three of them undertook an all-day excursion on skis. They had made superb time down the Wengelstein run, young Brian leading, and they reached the Niederblick hut at noon. They stacked their skis, and lunched at one of the wooden tables in the sunshine. They could see the Tyrol valley far below them, but from that height it was only a white swathe winding among the blue-black pines. Back of them, above the hut, they could proudly trace their own ski tracks. They were, Dr. Mason decided, like a triple cicatrice on the white flank of the mountain.

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He was sweeping down that last icy traverse in a series of side-slips. Christine shouted "Bravo."

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

YOUNG ROYALTY

● YOUNG Prince Edward goes a-partying in a fawn satin suit with snowy collar and cuffs. Small sister Princess Alexandra looks adorable in a pale blue printed linen with pink smocking. Below are other views of their charming outfits.

SOUVENIR PATTERNS

● Souvenir patterns of this attractive suit and frock from the personal wardrobe of the youthful Prince and Princess are now available at the cost of distribution and postage. For particulars see Needlework Page.

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How the DUCHESS of KENT dresses . . .

● FOR FORMAL WEAR—accompanying the Duke to a Parade, in a heavy black cloth coat, white lined. Tiny white toque.

● HELPING CHARITY—opening a new nurses' home in London. A fur coat, woolly scarf and gloves.

● ON ROSE DAY—touring London depots in a crisp white sheer with upturned straw hat trimmed with a posy and hair neatly dressed to suit the hat.

● FOR A WALK — three-quarter length fur coat and new version of jockey cap.

● AT THE RACES. The plumed hats which Marina wears here set the current rage for ostrich feathers.

● AT A LONDON BALL. Note the "Greek Goddess" coiffure and off-the-shoulders evening gown of black lace.

● SHOPPING—slim black zippered coat.

● GREETING ORGANISERS—at a recent charity ball. Very gracious in a simple, pastel frock with a lei of real flowers.

● THEATRE PREMIERE—attending "Mikado" in a knuckle-length coat of smoky fox over a black gown.

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The COCKTAIL HOUR . . .

THE bewitching hour of five . . . cocktails . . . airy chatter . . . and you —at your loveliest in a frock that is gathered and flared into a froth of delight—and spiced with gay-making accessories.

● SHE is glitter plus glamor personified in a youthful lame frock with full skirt. Atop her curls a delicious concoction of plum-colored ostrich tips, anchored with matching ribbon velvet. For added zest a plum suede belt and mittens (right).

● SHE is a feminine contradiction in blithe forest-green jersey made on the new monastic lines, with an outrageously flattering choker neckline of sable and taupe brown velvet. Brown suede with touches of gold lame for the accessories (left).

Septic Germs Lurk Everywhere

The Least Scratch will let them in!

Why do surgeons take such elaborate precautions in the operating theatre? Because they know that septic germs lurk everywhere. You cannot see them; they are so small that a pin point can carry a vast army. And you never know of their invasion until inflammation and festering start. To leave healing to chance is to run into danger. Remember the sign and the slogan—SAFETY FIRST. Put them into practice by keeping a tin of Cuticura Ointment handy and using it promptly on all Cuts, Scratches and Abrasions, however trifling. Cuticura Ointment kills septic germs and repels them. No germ can get into a cut once Cuticura is applied. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It gives you the protection of the best antiseptic, PLUS great healing power.

A touch of Cuticura Keeps Germs Out!

SAFETY FIRST USE

Use Cuticura Ointment to relieve and heal

Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Abscesses, Eczema, Bad Legs, Cuts, Burns, Festering Sores and Itching Eruptions of the Skin and Scalp.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

BUY IT TODAY AND BE PREPARED!

Cuticura OINTMENT

Use **Cuticura Soap** for cleansing Skin Injuries and Skin Eruptions. It contains valuable soothing and antiseptic properties. Its extreme mildness makes it an ideal cleansing medium for sufferers from skin troubles.

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SHE TOPS THEM ALL

Regardless of pretty clothes and expensive jewels, the woman with the most beautiful head of hair at a social gathering is sure to stand out as the belle of the party.

And if you ask her to tell you the secret of her success, like every other woman of good taste she will readily say: "Barry's Tri-coph-erous."

Its steady daily use imparts a silklike softness to the hair, keeps it brilliant and attractive and renders it easy to curl and set.

Its lubricating action maintains the natural functions of the scalp, prevents it from becoming dry and saves the hair from premature greyness—the dread of every woman.

Trust the beauty of your hair to the delightful and beneficial action of Barry's Tri-coph-erous. It will keep it always clean, attractive and lovely to look at.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores 2/- per bottle.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by PETROV

1 THE EXCEPTION that proves the rule for hats. An oval beret worn well back on the head, providing a background for a cluster of curls over the forehead.

+ + +

2 FORWARD-DIPPED and curling up at the sides, these three little hats all conform to the aforementioned rule. Done in black antelope they are particularly good atop symmetrical blonde coiffures designed to emphasise their lines. In one case where the hat slants to the right the hair is brushed to the left.

+ +

3 OF COURSE the "Chamberlain" dress was bound to happen. The dove as a symbol of peace has been replaced by the Prime Minister's umbrella, so that is the theme of the new dove-grey wool "Chamberlain" frocks on view at the smartest couturiers. For afternoon wear these dresses have tight bodices, umbrella skirts, and white pique umbrellas as breast and hip pockets, to match the narrow white pique collars and cuffs and belts.

+ +

4 EASILY THE most extraordinary version of the platform sandal is this example by Pinet. Pink and gold kid alternates in a double row of loops two inches deep. The "upper" is a mere matter of leathern cords.

BE SURE HIS LINENS MARKED WITH
JOHN BOND'S
MARKING INK
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Take
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BILIOUS...
LIVERISH..
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LISTLESS..

"worth a guinea a box"

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OUR PATTERN SERVICE

WW2772. — Matron's afternoon frock. Sizes 38 to 42 bust. Material required: 4¼ to 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2773.—Attractive day frock. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3 7-8 to 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2774.—Very chic afternoon frock. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4 to 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2775.—Distinctive style for daytime occasions. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½ to 4¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2776. — Charming spectator sports frock. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4 to 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2777. — Costume for early autumn. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2yds. for skirt, and 2½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2778.—Pretty evening gown. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 6½ to 7yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2779. — Smart blouse with pleated bodice, revers, and small collar. Sizes 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½ to 2¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

Special Concession Pattern

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An Editorial

MARCH 4, 1939

THE NUISANCE OF NOISE

NOISE, the refinement of cruelty in our modern civilisation, is described in the current issue of the Australian Medical Journal as "the arch enemy of peace."

And the more civilised we become the more noise we make about it.

This tumult and shouting of community life has always been a problem.

Different people have different ideas about noise. "Were we really making a row?" naively asks the spokesman of the party upstairs who has been doing the Lambeth Walk on **their** floor which also happened to be **your** ceiling—

An anti-noise campaign might declare an open season on:

People who think their wireless is out of order if it can't be heard in the next street. Dogs that bay at the moon, motor cyclists who think an open exhaust is youth's battle cry of freedom; trains that shunt in the night in the mad game of bumper bashing.

In the home wear and tear on the nerves come mostly from preventable noises, rattling windows, slamming doors, dripping taps. These of course are the minor themes in the great orchestra of noises that beat into the brain of civilised man every day.

Usage has made them acceptable, but the sub-conscious reaction is to be found in impaired hearing, fatigue and neurosis.

"The abatement of meaningless sound," says the Medical Journal, "is the duty of every good citizen, and a matter of national urgency."

Well, why not begin with vociferous personal protests against the noise that annoys you more than any other noise?

These would make a catalogue of cacophony which could be placed on the index at once.

—THE EDITOR.

Wives suffer under anomalies of the divorce law

By A BARRISTER

IN this article I propose to deal with some of the anomalies which render divorce law in Australia very unsatisfactory, in spite of its apparent liberality in comparison with the law in force in England.

In Australia, a country with a population of under seven million souls, there are six different divorce laws.

In the view of the N.S.W. court Victoria is as much a foreign country as, say, Germany or Brazil.

Under the Commonwealth Constitution Act, the Federal Parliament has power to enact a uniform Divorce Law for the whole of Australia, but, owing to the certainty of strenuous opposition, has not dared to enter the field, despite the obvious advantages of a uniform law.

The court having jurisdiction to dissolve a marriage is the court of the domicile of the petitioner, the domicile being that country in which a person makes his or her permanent home.

How Laws Vary

PARTIES may be resident in N.S.W., but domiciled in West Australia, and although all the events entitling the petitioner to a divorce have happened in N.S.W. he or she must sue in West Australia and transport all his or her witnesses there at considerable expense. Such difficulties would be obviated by a uniform law.

In N.S.W. the grounds for divorce available to either wife or husband are, shortly:

(1) Adultery.

(2) Desertion for three years.

(3) Habitual drunkenness, coupled with, in the case of a husband, failure to support or cruelty for three years, and in the case of a wife neglect to perform domestic duties.

(4) Imprisonment for crime in certain cases.

(5) Conviction of the attempted murder of the other party or of assault with intent to commit grievous bodily harm.

(6) Repeated assaults and cruel beatings extending over one year; and

(7) Desertion by failure to comply with a decree for restitution of conjugal rights.

Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania have similar grounds with the additional ground of insanity except in the case of South Australia, where, incidentally, the period of desertion is five years.

In Queensland there are only four grounds, adultery, unnatural offences, desertion for five years, and insanity.

West Australia is the only other State to provide for restitution of conjugal rights, and in addition allows relief on the ground of antenuptial incontinence.

UNTANGLE the confusion of our divorce laws, says the author of this article.

Adultery does not call for special comment, but there are certain anomalies apparent in the other grounds.

In the case of desertion it is essential that the guilty party should have left the matrimonial home with an intent to cause a permanent separation; but the desertion must continue for a specified period (in N.S.W. three years) before the injured party can obtain a divorce.

Surely it is only logical to suppose that, upon one party leaving the home with intent to end the marriage tie, the other party should be entitled to a divorce at once. Any period of desertion is purely arbitrary.

Let us suppose that a wife has deserted her husband, and that the husband has contracted a relationship with another woman. How does this affect his rights to a divorce?

Such was the confusion of the law until recently that eminent judges of different courts in Australia and New Zealand gave conflicting answers.

In 1938 the High Court of Australia decided that misconduct by a deserted spouse before the period of desertion has elapsed is an absolute bar to divorce. This decision has aroused much adverse comment.

EVERY practitioner must learn to find his way through the legal maze known as "constructive desertion." Constructive desertion arises where one party, by positive acts of cruelty, drives the other from the home, provided that such acts point to an intention to end the marriage relationship.

However outrageous a husband's cruelty may be the wife, although entitled to leave home, must wait for the prescribed period to elapse before she can ask for a divorce, and if the husband repents in the meantime she must return to him, however repugnant such a course might be, and even at the risk of further cruelty.

The various judicial decisions on what may or may not amount to constructive desertion make an illuminating, if unedifying, study.

In the case of repeated assaults and cruel beatings the unfortunate assaulted party has to put up with the assaults for a whole year before being entitled to relief. There is also much learning as to what "repeated assaults" actually means.

All these refinements could be swept away by allowing divorce on the ground of cruelty, of which the sole test should be whether either spouse is guilty of such physical or mental cruelty as renders it impossible for the marriage relationship to continue.

In N.S.W., cruelty is at present a ground for judicial separation only.

Fortunately judicial separations are rare, since divorce is, in all conscience, easy enough, if persons are prepared to go through the farce of a restitution suit.

In this procedure the court makes a decree, which it cannot enforce, ordering one party to return to the other on the pain of divorce, which, of course, is what both desire. The law, however, is harsh enough to those who are not prepared to perjure themselves.

Like a Bloodhound

IN a futile effort to prevent abuse of the law the Crown Solicitor is entrusted with the guardianship of our morals. He must be served with all decrees; he may, if he thinks fit, prevent a decree nisi being made absolute, and he may intervene in any divorce action at any stage.

This mysterious and perfect being is like a bloodhound prying into our affairs, and trying to sniff out the perjury and collusion which are so rampant in the present state of the law.

If any difficult point of law arises during the course of a suit, the Crown Solicitor is often notified, and invariably argues against a divorce being granted.

If laws are harsh it is inevitable that underhand methods will be resorted to in order to evade them. Liberalise the law, and there will be no need to retain the Crown Solicitor as the champion of the marriage tie.

It is significant that some States have provided for divorce on the ground of insanity, but the fact that some have not indicates that there is still serious divergence of opinion.

The misfortune of insanity is indeed terrible, but even more terrible is the fate of the person forever bound to an insane partner.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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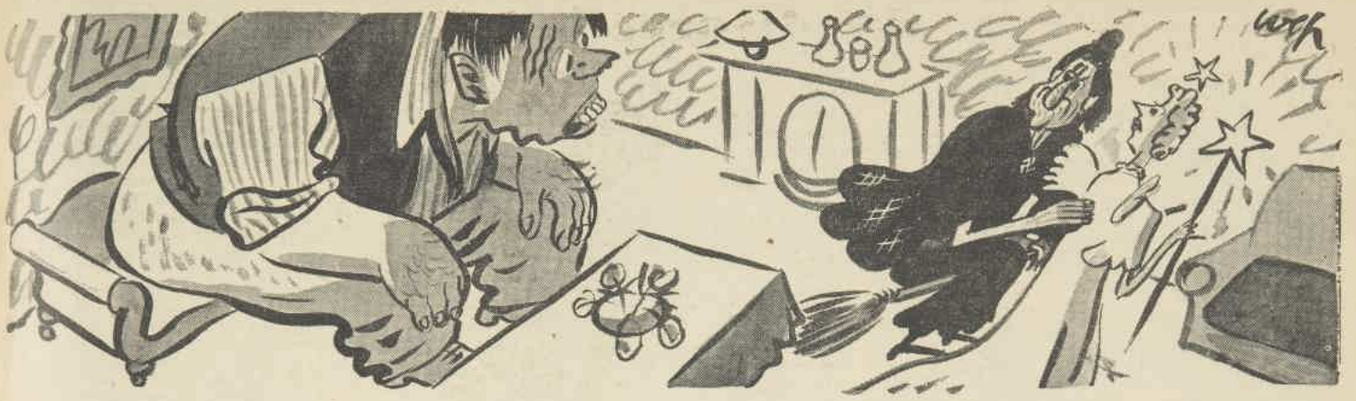
FAIRY STORY about a bad biscuit-biting giant



A cup of abracadabra—and which was witch?

Another fairy story. For men only this time.

This is not to make it difficult—just to make sure you girls read it.

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

ONCE upon a time there was a small giant who worked in a biscuit factory.

His job was to put the fancy edges on the more expensive biscuits, which he did by carefully and symmetrically nibbling them around the edges. Naturally, after some months he became full of small particles of biscuit.

One day the foreman, who in his spare time was a six-day bicycle rider, came to George (the giant's name was George) and said, "We've got a rush order for two hundred tins of our Ootsy Tootsy Specials. Spring to it!"

Well, these Ootsy Tootsy Specials were biscuits with a hole in the middle filled up with jam or jelly. And biting a round hole in the middle of a biscuit without touching the edges is a pretty ticklish job. So George rebelled.

"I'm fed-up with biscuits!" said George—which was no more than the truth.

"Very well," said the foreman. "You're sacked, dismissed, relieved of your duties and fired."

The foreman always liked to do things thoroughly.

George the Giant then took a deep breath and told the foreman what he'd been wanting to tell him for months and months, and then, donning his coat and hat, strode out of the biscuit factory and back to his boarding-house which was kept by an old witch called Geranium.

"You're home early to-day!" she cackled, as George entered the house.

She couldn't help cackling. I think her adenoids had a lot to do with it. They say that a teaspoonful of honey and sulphur three times a day will prevent this. I can't vouch for it, but that's what I was told. Of course, if you were to listen to all you were told—— Sorry.

"Yes," replied George proudly. "I'm sacked!"

"Ho!" said the witch.

Now this witch was no mug. You can't possibly be a witch, run a boarding-house, and be a mug all at the same time.

"And what do you intend to do?" she asked in that frigid, antimacassar tone which is heard from landladies on such occasions.

"Oh, something will turn up," said George, airily.

Worst thing he could have said.

"Look me in the eye," said the witch, whereupon she cast a spell over him. You can't trust women.

"You will stay in your room," said Mrs. Geranium.

"O.K.," said George.

Mrs. Geranium then disappeared in a cloud of pink smoke. She was always doing that, but George was used to it.

Giant Bewitched

THE smoke had hardly died away when George heard a soft tapping on the door.

"It is I," said a soft little voice. "The girl who sat next to you at breakfast this morning."

"Ha!" said George. "Come right inside."

And in came the Fairy Queen!

"Hush!" she said, gently closing the door behind her.

Have you ever noticed how, in all books, people coming into a room always gently close the door behind them? I suppose the reason for this is that if they closed the door in front of themselves they'd still be outside.

Anyhow, the Fairy Queen is in the room with the giant.

The witch is downstairs in the kitchen boiling abracadabras in a cauldron. Good.

I think we were up to "Hush!"

"I have heard all," said the Fairy Queen to George. "She has bewitched you. Come, take my hand. I will lead you away."

"Lead me away," said George, popping his eyes in and out.

"I can see," said the Fairy Queen in her low, sweet voice, "that you have been bewitched by that old witch."

Suddenly the door burst open.

"Ha!" said Mrs. Geranium. "Nice goings on! Nothing like this has ever happened in my 'ouse before. What have you got to say for yourself, my young lady? If you can call yourself a lady."

"You've bewitched this man," said the fairy, pointing to the giant.

"THERE doesn't seem to be much difference between witches and fairies after all," declared the giant.

"And what about it?" said the witch, folding her arms.

It looked like developing into a first-class row.

"Now listen, you girls," commenced the giant. I told you before that he had no tact.

"You!" they both said together.

"It's a pity you didn't go out and look for some work, you biscuit-biting loafer," said the Fairy Queen. "You're nothing but a parachute!"

"I was just trying to tell you——"

"Pah!" said the witch. "Come on, dearie," she said, taking the Fairy Queen by the arm. "Come and have a cup of abracadabra down in the kitchen."

"Men!" sneered the Fairy Queen bitterly, as they made their way to the kitchen.

"They're all the same," said the witch.

And in his room the giant scratched his left ear and said, "Well, I'm hanged if I know. There doesn't seem to be much difference betweeen witches and fairies after all."

Which was a very profound remark. Ask your husband if I'm right.

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Trunk Call

Continued from Page 7

"I LOVE you now. And just as long as you're a good girl, Shoesie." And that was his way of saying "Just as long as there's a sky and an earth, beloved."

But every time he remembered the trunks Robin squirmed with outraged pride. "I'll buy her clothes," he said between his teeth. "If she ever goes to visit those people, I'll send her off with forty trunks full of clothes. I'll show 'em I can take a joke."

Through the months they did honestly try, but the whole scale of their lives was absurdly out of balance. When Robin said something was expensive, he meant that it cost ten shillings; when Susie said something was ridiculously cheap, she meant it cost five pounds. And that was the whole synopsis of their not-quite-a-year marriage.

Marriage, it seems, can survive anything except humiliation. And when very modern people, who, to start with, are a little sheepish about being earnest, find that their own earnestness is playing a practical joke on them, that's bitter acid in the sting of humiliation. They were continually trying and then finding that the trying wasn't any use. Robin was continually saving up his pennies to provide something grand for Susie, and then discovering that it was humorously trivial. Susie was continually pinching down her wants to their tiniest dimensions, and when she was expecting praise for all this economy Robin would have to say, "But Shoesie, we can't afford it. We couldn't even afford half that much." And their very souls would prickle with shame.

They hurt each other, and then they healed each other, and it was a bitter-sweet business.

"We don't deserve each other," Susie said, as her tears ran down his neck and made a puddle on his collar-bone. "We live in heaven and we're too stupid to know it."

"We live in heaven and we behave like hornets," Robin said. "But it's all my fault, darling!"

"No; it's mine. I want to make good, and I'm so vain I blame my failures on you."

"I'm vain. I'm ashamed because I'm poor and you deserve a better man."

"There are no better men, Rob. None I could love better."

"Yes; I suppose you're right," he said. "You are pretty crazy about me—aren't you?"

"You know I am."

But every time they moved they tripped over the matter of money; every time they moved they bumped into each other's large and tender pride, until everything was one big bruise.

"You talk about the rich caring about money," Susie used to say angrily. "It's the poor who worship it. Everything they know has a price ticket pinned on it."

"It has to have," he said. "And the poor have to be good sports in order to live in this kind of a world."

"So you think I'm not a good sport," Susie had deduced. "And why should I be? I doubt if it's worth it, after all."

They had said a lot of very terrible things to each other because they had cared so much and now were so hurt by their own helpless betrayals. But they remembered those things as people always remember quarrels, not as a dialogue, but only a monologue of grievance. Susie remembered only what Robin had said, and Robin knew only that Susie hadn't wept, so that he'd have a chance to kiss her and comfort her, but that she had stood up proudly and said she might have known from the beginning. Had said, in fact, that possibly all those people were right who had suggested that what Robin really cared about was money and that was why he was marrying her, Susie Dane.

"That'll be about all," Robin said, when they reached this point. "You can pack up those nasty little spoiled-brat manners of yours in your six trunks and go off home. It'll take all six to hold 'em. But I'm through with trying to make a human being out of you."

"A human being, indeed! A cook, and a darner, and a miser."

So she had gone out and got into Robin's old car and had driven away, not even mentioning whether or not she would send back one of her parents' chauffeurs with it. After all, cars were no more to Susie than umbrellas to other people. Good manners suggested you return them, but if you forgot it wasn't important.

"She'll come back," he had said to himself as he went in and began picking up the Sunday morning breakfast dishes. "After all, she's pretty crazy about me or she wouldn't have got us into a mess like this."

Susie must be crazy about him, and he had to keep telling himself she was, every time his own shortcomings hurt him. But in his heart he was only a little boy frightened of the dark, in spite of his brave words.

"She'll come back," he said to himself all that day and all the next week. "And I hope it teaches her a lesson." But he was scared to death under his nonchalant manner.

That was when he began telling everybody all the brave lies. "I've sent Susie off for a little change," he said, cockily. "Like to have gone with her myself, but things are pretty busy just now for me."

"You could have gone," Uncle Matt had told him. "Why don't you clear up things to-day and run down to-night and surprise her?"

Of course, Robin couldn't do that, even if there hadn't been his famous old pride to argue with. He couldn't have gone, because he didn't know where she was.

He hardly knew when his bravado quaked into panic. One day he was devising unique penances for Susie, and the next day he knew he had lost her for ever and that it was all his fault, his stubborn, proud fault.

He knew Susie hadn't got home when her mother rang up and invited them both for the week-end. He endured a day of nightmare, imagining terrible things that might have happened to her. He would notify the police.

Then she did telephone, and all his anguish bristled into anger because of that anguish. "I'm staying at Aunt Sarah's house in Hillwood," Susie had said stiffly. "You can tell people anything you please."

"I'm not telling them anything," Robin said. "I avoid unpleasant subjects."

"I suppose you're getting along all right?"

"Wonderfully," he said. "The happiest years of my life were the first twenty-five, you know."

"So they were," Susie said. "Well, I had twenty-three myself."

"Count on another twenty-three," Robin said. "It's okay by me."

AND they hung up, a little farther apart than ever. But still not far enough apart for them to admit to the bystanders that it had been a mistake.

Robin wrote quite a masterpiece of a letter, explaining his point of view. He said it was a matter of craftsmanship with him — nothing more. He said he would like to leave his marriage in as good condition as he had found it. And if Susie would please have a little sportsmanly patience about it, he'd like to clean up the debris in a nice orderly way—which meant paying off all debts before they mentioned divorce.

Susie agreed to all this with cold, good manners, and then the spring blossomed into summer, so that it was more than ever seasonable to go on telling the lies about Susie's holiday.

"Don't picture me up here wilting and grieving," she had written. "I'm having a grand time; and, of course, I hope you are."

Robin scowled when he read that, and he tried to think up something really annoying to tell her so that she'd see how splendidly he could get along without her.

"I have a houseful of guests. Amusing people. Though I'm afraid they'd bore you. Of course, you couldn't help admiring the Major with all his thrilling adventures. And there's Mimi Valentine, the actress. Mimi insists the Major is in love with me, but probably that is just to hear me contradict her and assure her she's the one——"

"So he's in love with her, is he?" Robin cried. "Well, I'll tell her about some affair I'm carrying on." And he reviewed all sorts of affairs, which he wasn't carrying on, and then scorned to write about them.

"Next time I marry," Susie wrote, "it's going to be to an older man who knows how to appreciate a woman. I never realised how unromantic and matter-of-fact are most of the men I've known, until I knew Major Prentiss. Could anyone make poetry out of anything we ever said to each other, for instance? The other evening, after we'd been for a walk, he slipped a little poem under my door——"

Please turn to Page 36

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
"When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?"
"I don't know. If he's anything like me he would!"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"My goodness, baby, have you no sense of humor?"

GOLFER: I'm not playing the game I used to play.
CADDIE: What game was that, sir?

TEACHER: I have went. That's incorrect!
PUPIL: Of course it is, because you ain't went yet.

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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke.

GUEST (at party): Where is that pretty maid who was passing out cocktails a while ago?

Hostess: Oh, are you looking for a drink?

Guest: No. I'm looking for my husband.

"YOU'RE nothing but a coward! And when I married you I thought you were such a brave man."

"So did everyone else!"

"MY wife left me because I played so much golf."

"How much does a set of golf clubs cost?"

BROWN: Did you get anything out of the lottery prize your sister won?

Jones: Yes, a brother-in-law.

WIFE: Didn't I hear the clock strike two when you came in last night?

Husband: Yes, dear. It was going to strike eleven, but I stopped it so that it wouldn't disturb you.

KITTY: I certainly had a good time when I was 21.

Catty: I'll bet you did. A person can have a lot of fun in eight years.

AUNTIE: And what will you do when you grow up to be a great big girl?

Mary: Reduce.

It isn't daily use that ruins the look of a hand-basin . . . IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

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None But the Brave

Continued from Page 8

A NEAT operation; worthy of a Hopkins man . . He was in a vastly good humor.

After lunch, while he and Jasper waxed the skis, Christine lay full-length on the wooden bench and stretched herself luxuriously in the sun. Her short, blonde mane hung in a rippling cascade over the end of the bench.

"If everyone did this for a month each year," she told Dr. Mason, "you'd be out of a job."

Dr. Mason agreed cheerfully.

"I've never been so happy," Jasper suddenly confided to him. There was a wide grin upon his candid face, which was flaming, peeling, above the white turtleneck of his sweater. "Their hair is exactly the same shade and texture," he reflected in a mixture of eugenics and sentiment. "They're about the same height, too. Their children will be plump and blonde and curly. The boy is thinking, 'To-day she's mine. All mine.'"

Dr. Mason, consulting his watch, suggested that they resume the downward run. His motive was private but laudable. He wanted to reach Kitzhof by five o'clock — so that the two of them could go off arm in arm to the Cafe Reich, that absurd gathering place of the younger skiers.

Jasper had barely a week left before he was due to sail for Havre, and Dr. Mason considered it a very vital week. Dr. Mason was all for Jasper, heart and soul.

While he was absorbed in these thoughts Christine gave a sudden shout, and sat up on her bench. "There he comes!" she cried, and clapped her hands in an altogether childish gesture.

Dr. Mason looked at the slopes above the hut, and swore quietly. It was Valio, of course. But how the man could ski—even if one did hate him! He was sweeping down that last icy traverse in a series of side-slips. His whole descent was a dance, a gay caprice. He wore a blue-and-white ski-suit piped in black and there was a huge, green sun visor strapped to his dark, wind-swept hair. He tore down that last stretch until Dr. Mason could have sworn that he'd dash his brains on the wall of the Niederblick hut. But at the precise, the critical, moment, he swerved into a scrunching semi-circle, raising a geyser of snow and halting at Christine Ellison's feet.

She shouted, "Bravo!"

Valio grinned, his large white teeth startlingly bisecting his leather-colored face. He doffed his sun visor to Christine, and it might have been a silk hat on Easter Sunday. Dr. Mason looked at Jasper, and saw him trying not to look unhappy. Jasper was twenty-three. Valio was thirty-four.

Valio began taking chicken sandwiches out of his rucksack.

"Fifty-two minutes from the top," Valio declared in his loud, deep voice. "Better than most of the guides."

Dr. Mason thought, "If Jasper had said that, Christine would have observed, 'You don't hate yourself, do you?'" And Christine went stalking over to him. They talked in low tones, and laughed.

Jasper buckled on his skis suddenly. "I'm going on down," he called back over his shoulder.

Dr. Mason said, "We'd better all push off, if we're to make the four o'clock bus to Kitzhof."

They proceeded with caution downhill, and joined Valio.

"Before the season's over," he said, "I'm going to climb to the Bergli hut, on the first shoulder up there. That's real sport, and you get a nice bit of ice-work into the bargain. I'll take Leutner along with me."

That evening, when Dr. Mason was chatting with Leutner, the elderly guide, Jasper Brian strode into the taproom. His face was taut and his voice abnormally controlled as he placed a hand on Dr. Mason's shoulder. "I'm leaving tomorrow morning," he said, "on the 7.40 train."

He slumped down on a bench.

"This is an occasion," he went on. "I want you to drink to my friend, Christine Ellison! She's engaged to be married, to a man called Valio."

Dr. Mason was momentarily voiceless, but old Leutner put in, "The beautiful young lady in Pfaff's class —huh? I've seen her."

JASPER'S nerves were on edge, and he was in no mood for subtleties. "What have you to say about the famous Mr. Valio?" he demanded sharply.

"I think," Leutner said, in his soft, Tyrolean voice, "that there is something missing in that man. He is all—how shall I say it?—flourishes. He will make a jump-turn when an ordinary, simple turn would do. He will take the head of the flic, always. He will hire small boys to carry his skis to the slopes, when everyone else carries his own. He has no sense of—of —" he pulled his grey beard meditatively—"of the spirit of the sport. The code, I think the Englanders call it."

"I think I'll turn in," Jasper Brian said. There was no heart in his voice.

"Are you sure you're doing a wise thing?" Dr. Mason asked.

Jasper gave him a twisted smile. "My job's over," he said. "But I'm going to ask you a favor. Keep an eye on her, and help her if you ever think she needs you."

"Do they intend to marry soon?" Dr. Mason asked.

"Not until May," the boy said steadily.

Three months, Dr. Mason counted. He was thinking, "Maybe, after all, I'll set aside my hidebound ethics. I'll threaten Valio with exposure, to his own face. That will be the way. It savors of blackmail, but at least he'll be able to keep his secret. It will destroy part of something which I've always cherished, but it will have to be done." He said, smiling, "Now I'm going to ask you a favor. Delay your departure just one day. I want you to meet me here at lunch-time."

"I'm sorry," the boy said. "I can't stay in this place a minute longer. You said two weeks ago that he'd hang himself is given enough rope. But he hanged me, instead."

Early the next morning Dr. Mason plodded up the hill to the Majestic Hotel. The concierge there informed him that Mr. Valio had gone on a long excursion; he would not return until nightfall.

"You might try to catch him at the cable railway," the concierge suggested.

Dr. Mason walked up to the funicular, the little cable car that took skiers up the mountain. He saw no signs of Valio, but he discovered Leutner waiting in the line.

"Have you seen Mr. Valio?" he demanded.

Leutner turned a gnarled, worried countenance towards him. "They went up on the last car, Herr Doktor."

"They? Who?"

"Herr Valio and Fraulein Ellison."

"What run are they taking? I want to know about when he'll be back."

"They are taking no run," Leutner said. "They are climbing on skis to the Bergli hut, across the glacier. When I heard their plan I said that it was inadvisable. The weather, already at this early season, is too warm. Herr Valio then dismissed me for the day, saying that he had studied snowcraft as well as myself——"

"But, good heavens!" Dr. Mason interrupted. "Does the girl know anything about ice-work?"

Leutner shrugged his shoulders.

The funicular bell clanged, and the file shuffled slowly towards the ticket window. Dr. Mason crowded in beside Leutner, and there were muttered protests behind him.

"Where are you going, Leutner?" he asked.

The old guide said, "To the edge of the glacier. You can see the Bergli flagpole from there. I reminded them to hoist the flag when they reached the hut, which should be about noon. Also, I was anxious —because of the young leddy."

"I'm going with you," Dr. Mason said . . .

Shortly after leaving the cable railway, Valio—leading the way—came to the lower margin of a steep, wooded slope. Here he stopped, to clamp on the long strips of fur that would make their skis stick to the snow for climbing. They proceeded onwards, plodding through the pines.

TOWARDS noon they emerged from the forest. They put on their smoked glasses, and Valio adjusted his visor.

"There's the glacier, yonder," he said, pointing. "Just below the hut, which is that little black square on the horizon. This will be a good introduction to ice-work for you.

For a while they had an easy run over the downhill plateau, and twenty minutes later they reached the edge of the glacier.

"We'd better rope up," he declared. "Leutner was right. The snow is a little soft for this time of year. It's not hard to detect crevasses—but I don't want to lose you just yet."

They moved forward, Valio probing with his axe at each step for concealed crevasses. They were about halfway across the icefall, and were headed for the snow plateau just below the Bergli hut, when he saw an opportunity of working over to the left and saving perhaps a hundred metres. He proceeded cautiously; not because of avalanches—the terrain was not steep enough for that—but because the short cut led along the lip of a wide crevasse and there might be danger of a weak cornice. They came to the first snow bridge, a narrow archway spanning a deep crevasse and slanting slightly downwards. The fissure was about twenty feet wide, with an overhanging eave on its lower lip.

He slid forward slowly onto the bridge.

At the other side he buried the axe, twisted the rope around it until it became a straight taut line. Then he beckoned to her. She crossed, but she didn't like the aquamarine-tinted jaws of ice on each side of her skis. You couldn't see the bottom, on either side.

"How many of these?" she asked shakily.

"Two more. There's no danger, so long as the snow is as firm as on that one."

He moved onwards. The middle crevasse proved to be filled with good, hard snow and they skied over it easily. Then came a short, steep slope to the last snow bridge.

When she was half-way across the bridge she heard a mysterious little crackling sound, like the explosion of several tiny firecrackers. She looked down at her feet, and saw a widening fissure close to her ski-runners. The snow under her right ski abruptly detached itself, like a clean, crisp piece of icing—

She knew that she was falling . . .

Please turn to Page 20

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, March 1.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Beauty Talk with Janet.

THURSDAY, March 2.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars, with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, March 3.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Women's Weekly Afternoon Tea Party.

SATURDAY, March 4.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Meet the Band Leaders.

SUNDAY, March 5.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden, Astrologer, and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, March 6.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Fashion Talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, March 7.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

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So they Say

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

CALL TO WOMEN

WHY are there not more women in our Australian Parliaments?

Surely it is time that women woke up and showed their confidence in the efficiency, honor and clear-sightedness of their own sex! After surveying the international and local problems of the world to-day, it must strike one that a dash of woman's practical-mindedness, her humanity, her love of peace, and hatred of bloodshed, born from the depths of the love she has for her children, would be an immense help in mankind's difficulties.

In 1935 seventeen women took their oath in the Turkish Parliament, and remember it is only recently that the women in Turkey emerged from the "chattel" stage.

£1 for this letter to Miss B. Woolley, Sterling, Breakfast Creek Rd., Newstead N1, Brisbane.

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SLAVES OF CUSTOM

WE are slaves of custom, especially in the wording of business letters.

For example, we conclude with the words "Yours truly," "Yours faithfully," or "Your obedient servant."

These formal conclusions are a waste of time, ink and nibs, and are sometimes untrue.

J. R. Stevenson, Brown St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

BETTER SPEECH

WHILE our Australian accent remains as it is there is room for criticism.

The average young Australian of to-day has an accent that is unbeautiful. If you meet one who tries to cultivate a more pleasant accent, he or she is usually criticised as "affected."

Is it affectation to wish to improve oneself? We hear much of making the most of our appearance. Why not make the most of our speech?

Cannot something more be done in our schools to cultivate a national accent, for surely this is the most neglected of subjects?

Miss Myrtle Benson, Avondale, Exeter, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

LONGER AT SCHOOL

THE Queensland Government has been considering a proposal to raise the school-leaving age to 15.

The extra year at school would be of the greatest advantage to the boys and girls.

The State would benefit because its greatest asset is the intelligence of its members.

Objections are sure to be raised, chiefly on economic grounds. But parents must place their children's interests before their own. Employers, too, must be shown the definite advantages of a longer period at school.

Mrs. Esther Hume, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

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DRIFT TO CITIES

IT is generally admitted that the "man on the land" is the backbone of Australia, but mothers are doing nothing to stem the steady drift of the younger generation towards cities.

They sympathise with their sons and offer no objection when they refuse to stay at home and help on the farm.

The city seems to offer better living conditions, quicker and greater profits, and less monotony. But what is the true position?

The strain of city life cannot be compared with the healthy outdoor life that the country offers.

Mrs. D. Close, P.O. Box 42, Queenstown, Tas.

Expert Make-Up Enhances Women's Beauty

ACTIONS speak louder than words, and although most men, like Mr. Knox (11/2/'39), bemoan the fact that women use paint, from a rough survey of modern couples one finds that not one man in fifty chooses a woman who does not resort to artifice to enhance her looks.

Nature rarely reaches perfection. Healthily-colored lips are a drab pink and few cheeks are a delicate rose shade.

Therefore it is woman's privilege to use all and any means to reach her own idea of perfection. Those who are content as nature made them are to be admired for their strength of mind, but seldom for their beauty.

Mrs. J. Westrup, Wellington Rd., Rowville, Vic.

Nail Lacquer Attractive

MEN only imagine that they dislike make-up; otherwise why does the fashionable girl attract more admirers than the dowdy one?

Long, vividly-colored nails can only be worn by the leisured woman, but to the vast majority of women who work nail lacquer has proved a blessing by making it easy for them to keep their hands attractive.

M. G. Atkinson, 94 Burke Rd., East Malvern SE5, Vic.

Some Exceptions

GENERALLY speaking, I agree with Mr. Knox when he wonders why women spoil their natural loveliness.

However, there are exceptions to every rule. Some women are much more attractive if a little—but not too much—color is added to cheeks and lips. Perhaps if Mr. Knox saw one of these women without make-up he would realise what an asset lipstick and rouge are to them.

Miss M. Kemp, Glenbeck, Glengalean Rd., via Warwick, Qld.

Art in Artifice

YOU say, Mr. Knox, that one woman had "lips healthily colored by nature." Did you take a handkerchief and try to rub it off?

A woman who has learnt the art of naturalness in her make-up can very easily deceive the male into thinking that she needs no artifice to improve her charm.

There is always an extreme in everything that should be condemned, but true art in any sphere delights the eye and should therefore be commended.

And does the average man choose for his companion the drab, uninteresting type? No; he likes the attractive lass—and rightly so.

Miss Lett Waddy, Glenroy, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Improves All

I AGREE that the secret of feminine charm is to be natural, but by natural I mean unaffected and sincere in manner, not unadorned.

There is not a woman living whose

Putting the final improvements on nature.

appearance is not improved by a permanent wave, a touch of rouge, or lipstick applied in moderation.

Moderation is the keynote, and a woman needs to study her type and coloring before applying cosmetics.

I'd like to wager Mr. Knox that the woman whose lips "were healthily colored by nature" was wearing lipstick, but probably of a different shade, and with more subtlety than her companion.

Miss R. McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

Should a Man Tell of Past Flirtations?

I DO not agree, E. A. Patterson (11/2/'39), that a man should tell all his past life, nor should a woman mention her previous flirtations.

The past cannot affect us. We should concern ourselves only with the present and the future.

It is not what a man has been, but what he is and will be, that should weigh the scales when deciding on matrimony.

After all, a man is entitled to tell only as much as he considers he should.

Mrs. L. Bardell, P.O., Sarina Qld.

Peace of Mind

YES! For their own peace of mind and security both the man and the woman should tell each other of past romances, which, if later recounted by others, may cause a rift.

Stories gain in the telling, and always sound worse when repeated by an outside person.

Mary Barker, Alice St., Maryborough, Qld.

Depends on Girl

JUST how much a man should tell of his past when he becomes engaged depends a great deal upon the type of girl to whom he becomes engaged.

Some girls demand a full summary of a man's past affections, feeling, I suppose, that his honesty means that she need never fear deceit.

Such a girl would undoubtedly regard any attempt to conceal the past with a certain amount of suspicion.

There is another type of girl who prefers to believe that she is the only woman in a man's life, and any indication from the man contrary to this would completely ruin her happiness.

I should think that if two people were sufficiently acquainted to become engaged it would be a simple matter for the man to discover what view the girl would take, without first committing himself.

E. Pratt, 50a Abbott St., Cammeray, N.S.W.

Circumstances Vary

IF there is no possible chance of a man's fiancee hearing about his earlier flirtations, the wisest course is to say nothing, as she may only be worried and unhappy.

But if, on the other hand, she is likely to meet his former girl friends, or if there are any "kind" friends likely to tell, then it is better for the man to do the telling himself.

There is nothing more upsetting than hearing such gossip from an outsider.

Mrs. E. M. Hughes, 2 King St., Sandy Bay, Tas.

Definitely, No

I SAY definitely, no. There isn't any need for a man to tell his bride-to-be anything about his past life.

I think it would cause her to worry.

Any person with a little tact would not tell the wife stories about his previous girl friends.

B. Fenwick, Durong, via Tingoora, Qld.

Why the Deceit?

MANY women do not tell the truth concerning their age.

A woman who does this will soon find that she loses the respect of her friends.

No woman should be ashamed of her age.

She would find that other people admire a woman who looks younger than she is far more than one who looks older than the age she claims.

Miss H. Lindsay, King St., Benalla, Vic.

Learn More Foreign Languages?

I THINK the main reason why so few Australian people make themselves familiar with foreign languages (Mrs. Simmonds, 11/2/'39) is the tremendous slice of one's life that must be given up to the study in order to reach anything approach-

Gestures sometimes help over language difficulties—but not always.

ing proficiency. Of course, some people are fortunate enough to find themselves constantly thrown into the society of bi-lingual friends or relatives.

As a young man I was very interested in languages, and while my friends were enjoying themselves with cricket, football, and tennis I was studying French, German, Spanish and Portuguese.

True, this gave me, in due course, a big advantage over my rivals in the exporting firm which employed me, but the results were scarcely commensurate with the constant effort and study required.

A. Surgey, 444 Sydney Rd., Coburg N13, Vic.

Begin Early

YES, why are not languages—French, at least—taught at an early age in our primary schools?

It would be a great asset if the first stages of at least one language were taught from early school days.

To take up study after leaving school is not always easy.

Miss D. Paige, Ballville St., Prospect, S.A.

HELP AT HOME

SO many girls think that when they begin to earn their living and to contribute towards the upkeep of the house they should not be expected to do any housework.

While they are not able to do any heavy work, surely they could do a few small jobs in the morning or evening.

It would mean only a matter of minutes to them, but would be a great help to those at home all day.

A home need not be turned into a guest-house simply because some members of the family contribute towards expenses.

Mrs. A. A. Knox, 38 Fisher St., Fullarton, S.A.

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SLIMMING

MANY girls and women diet continually in order to reduce. They think only of their appearance, and not of their physical fitness.

I have seen some girls who, after reducing, are physical wrecks.

Is it worth while?

Miss Joyce Baker, 12 Regent St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

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SHRINKING HOMES

NOWADAYS the home seems to be reduced to the minimum of space, with low ceilings and small windows. One-time spacious dining-rooms are now breakfast ingles! Tiny kitchens have very inadequate cupboard space, and often no appointed place for brooms, mops, and so on, and there is no box-room.

These conditions prevail often in expensive flats.

More serious still is the fact that no provision is made for children. In flats there is seldom a garden, but only a pocket-handkerchief lawn, which often faces a busy thoroughfare, where traffic keeps up its nerve-racking din day and night.

Are we ready to countenance the ever-increasing growth of these unhomelike homes? In America there is a great outcry over the fact that family life is being broken up, and parents are appalled at the result of their own want of forethought in failing to preserve it more effectively.

Mrs. B. M. LeQuesne, 85 Glover St., Mosman, N.S.W.

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FEET feel like HOT BRICKS?

Do your feet burn underneath the soles? Do aches and pains shoot all through them all the time? Do you sometimes feel you've got red-hot bricks to walk with instead of feet? If so, blame the Stale Foot Acid in the skin pores. Your feet have 3000 pores to every square inch of skin—more than any other part of the body. When these get choked up the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell, ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. **You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!** The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed. Swelling goes down. Tired, burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists, price 2/6 and 3/9 per packet.

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Month's Flask, 5/6. 12 Days' Flask, 3/6. At your chemist.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

None But the Brave

Continued from Page 18

THE rope wriggled like a pale serpent on the snow bridge. It gathered momentum, spun, and tautened with a jerk. Valio flung himself on to the lip of the crevasse, his weight upon the rope, his hands gripping it. In the fissure below he could just detect the top of Christine's scarlet beret. Valio knew that she was suspended in mid-air.

He called out desperately, "Hurt?"

Her voice came back faintly: "No . . . can't—you—lift me?"

He glanced over his shoulder; saw the axe slanting, but still firmly buried in the hard snow. Then he tried to pull the rope, but it wouldn't move.

"Keep calm. Don't struggle. Try to get your skis off. And the rucksack, too. Lessen weight. That's the thing."

The rope moved laterally an inch or two, and he heard her voice again:

"Can't raise my feet . . . no room."

The rope was perceptibly tightening now, cutting into his own ribs.

"Can't you lift me?" she called again.

It struck him that her voice was immeasurably calm, with the calmness that comes only in the face of mortal danger . . . Just then Valio heard a violent swishing sound, a species of upheaval, directly behind him. And he knew that the axe had given way.

He tightened his grip superhumanly upon the rope. But his own body was now beginning to slip towards the brink, the pressure on his ribs tightening to an exquisite, vicelike torture. He cried out in a shrill voice, which was not at all like his own voice, "I'm slipping . . . I'm slipping!"

The answer came instantly, remote but clear: "Cut the rope! No use—both going . . ."

There was a mountaineer's knife in his pocket. He always carried it. As his shoulders approached the crevasse he struggled, gripping an overhanging fragment of ice. With the other hand he found the knife. There was only time for instinct to play its honest part. Valio cut the rope . . .

At first he lay with his head over the crevasse, screaming out her name, again and again. But there was no answering sound, and nothing to be seen but the sullen, converging walls of ice. Then, for a long time, he lay inert, tears streaming down his cheeks. Then he crawled back to the churned furrow of snow where the axe had been buried.

Later he was surprised to find himself plodding on his skis towards the Bergli hut. But when he reached the hut he saw the long, undulating slope on the other side of the Bergli; and it looked like good ski-ing. So he passed by the hut without a glance. He only knew that he must keep on moving.

At the base of the plateau there were pinewoods, and here the track split in a fork. One of the forks, he knew, led down to Kirschberg. It seemed to him that it was the right-hand fork which led to Kirschberg, because it was wider and more travelled than the other. So he took it in a miraculous Christie-turn, which was like the thrust of a rapier on the hard, grinding snow. But the right-hand track wasn't a ski track at all. It was only the trail of an ancient, lumber-bearing sled which was occasionally dragged up the Bergli by a sad, weather-beaten little family of woodcutters. It veered again, this time sharply to the left, in a thick cluster of pines. And again he executed a turn that was beyond normal human power, because of its speed.

As soon as he'd made the turn, with a rasp of his skis' steel edges, he saw the wall of rock—directly in front of him. And there was no time to turn again or even to think about turning . . .

. . . . . .

At the summit of the cable railway Leutner left Dr. Mason for a moment, and went into the guides' room of the Kulm Hotel. He returned with a heavier, larger rucksack containing rope and axe.

While Leutner was adjusting the climbing-strips of fur, Dr. Mason said, "You're not seriously worried?"

Leutner shrugged his shoulders.

"They are very late," he said. "I do not understand it. Nobody could take two hours to cross this glacier."

"They've forgotten about the flag," Dr. Mason suggested. "They're in the hut, taking lunch."

Leutner shook his head. "He is an experienced climber, and knows the custom. The flag always shows when the hut is occupied, because there is no accommodation for more than one party."

He suddenly heaved a great sigh. "You must wait here, Herr Doktor. I will raise the flag—when I find them."

Dr. Mason waited, motionless. Ten—twenty—thirty minutes. Then he heard the slow, soft swish-swish of skis. It seemed to come from behind the nearest glacial ledge. A man appeared, dragging something, his body arched . . . The man was Leutner, and he was dragging a pair of skis, tied together. A figure was seated on the skis, almost doubled over itself, so that its hat—a bright scarlet beret—was in the region of the bent knees.

When Leutner reached him he released Christine Ellison, untying her bonds, and she slipped quietly on to the snow. Dr. Mason already had his flask of brandy ready, and he knelt beside her. He forced the bottle between her blue lips and rubbed her hands vigorously. So far he and Leutner had not exchanged a word. Leutner stood over him, removing his guide's cap and wiping the sweat from his brow.

He was suddenly appalled by the look in Leutner's eyes. Something primitive and bared. Something akin to and part of nature in a sublime mood of ferocity.

"I found her," Leutner said, "in the third crevasse. The snow bridge had broken, and she had fallen to the ice ledge fifteen feet below, on the right side. I know that bridge. We have never been afraid of the right side, because of that ledge. You cannot see it, though, because of the narrowness and darkness of the crevasse."

HE paused, his eyes shining with a mystic, baleful light. "But—Herr Doktor!" His voice shook. "The man was not with her when I found her. And the rope—Herr Gott in Himmel—had been cut! Cut—I tell you! And also I saw fresh ski tracks going towards the Bergli hut."

He stared for a while at the snow and his blue eyes seemed almost sightless. His sturdy body was trembling. Then he spat upon the snow with a great, retching upheaval, as if he were trying to expel something from his soul.

Dr. Mason saw that the girl's eyes were opening. . . .

It was dark when they reached the Kulm Hotel at the top of the funicular. Dr. Mason took Christine Ellison upstairs, gave her hot grog, and put her to bed.

It was past eight o'clock when Dr. Mason went downstairs to the Kulm Hotel's tiny taproom. Leutner was seated there, sipping hot wine, and he was engaged in an altercation with the hotel proprietor, a gross, bald-headed man in a striped apron. Their voices rang out harshly and gutturally among the rafters. They both turned, as if the sight of Dr. Mason's calm countenance suggested the possibility of an impartial judgment.

The proprietor attacked him first: "Herr Doktor, a skier has been found on the other side of the Bergli Mountain by some woodcutters. They are bringing him here on a sled. They are going round the base of the plateau, avoiding the glacier. He is badly in need of attention, and we have no doctor residing here. Can I count on your assistance?"

Dr. Mason, fatigued and aching, passed a hand over his brow. "I've been through a good many experiences to-day," he said, "but naturally I'm at your service."

Leutner sprang up. "You cannot bring that swine here!" he roared. "Herr Doktor Mason will not touch him! If you bring him here we will kick him out into the snow—both of us—until every bone in his body is broken."

Dr. Mason, tired as he was, suddenly understood.

The proprietor, ignoring Leutner, continued, "Both the man's legs are broken, and there is a possible skull fracture. The woodcutter who came here in advance said that he would never ski again."

Leutner shattered the stillness with one of his great, retching expectorations. "The Herr Doktor will not touch him."

Very quietly Dr. Mason spoke: "You once mentioned something about your mountain code, Leutner. My profession, too, has its code." He turned to the proprietor. His voice was like a cooling bandage upon raw and inflamed wounds. "I will attend to the man," he said. "But, meanwhile, find me a telegraph form. I must send an urgent wire, to France. You will have to send it down by the cable railway conductor, before the Kitshof post office closes. And also bring me a glass of clove wine, will you? Very hot, but not too strong."

(Copyright)

Homemakers

Sheets and pillowslips and towels,
Cutlery and kitchenware,
Breakfast cloths in gay design
Chosen with the greatest care.

Oh! so much to talk about,
Plans for this, and plans for that.
Sweet suburban garden house?
Or a modern, cosy flat?

Oh! I hope with all my heart
That the years that lie before
Find you rich with deep content,
Bless your dreams for ever more.

—YVONNE WEBB.

INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives

INSTANT RELIEF

"De Witt's Antacid Powder is the master of Indigestion." That is the statement of a once chronic sufferer unable to eat, in constant pain after meals, suffering terrible agony, although he tried countless remedies. Now he is in perfect health, able to eat and enjoy everything, thanks to the quick-action remedy for Indigestion—De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Here then is just one more of the host of cases where De Witt's Antacid Powder acts at once, soothing the tortured stomach and ending the misery of heartburn, wind, palpitation and that suffocating feeling of fullness after meals. Here is proof positive that you can quickly, surely end the most important thing in your life—the pain and danger that follows indigestion.

FIRST DOSE GAVE HIM NEW LIFE

Mrs. J. MacRae, Redland Bay Road, Capalaba, Queensland, writes:—"Two months ago I was a complete wreck from Indigestion. One day a friend mentioned to me De Witt's Antacid Powder, so I decided to give it a trial. From the time of taking the third dose I felt that I could almost eat anything without that dreaded feeling of Indigestion, so I can safely recommend to anyone suffering from indigestion, to try De Witt's Antacid Powder.

INSTANT RELIEF - LASTING BENEFIT

That is what De Witt's Antacid Powder gives to every sufferer from Indigestion because:—

1. **It neutralises the sour acid condition that leads to gastritis and dyspepsia.**
2. **It protects the inflamed stomach from further attack.**
3. **It cleanses the system of harmful germ-laden, fermenting matter.**
4. **It gently stimulates the digestion to regular, healthy action, so that you eat what you like and enjoy it.**
5. **It actually digests a portion of your food.**

Do not stay in pain and danger. Go to your chemist NOW. Ask for and see you get and take—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and Artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Alluring Lips

GET ALL THE KISSES

FIRST he holds your hands. He looks into your eyes. Then his lips search for yours. That is your moment—the moment when you win and hold him or lose him, make him remember you or want to forget. And that's where Michel seals a bewitching moment. Michel is well-balanced and doubly permanent. It has a special creamy base that gives your lips petal-smoothness, flower-like fragrance, vibrant allure. Michel bestows a charm that the strongest man cannot resist. In six fashionable shades, there is one to suit your type. *Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry.*

2/- *Michel*

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

WHERE'S TEACHER?

WHEN returning to duty by train after six weeks' vacation, a friend and I amused ourselves by trying to decide which of the men passengers was the new teacher appointed to our district.

One did not appear interested enough in the landscape for a newcomer. Another was not dressed neatly enough, while another's grammatical errors in conversation with a friend put him out of the running.

Finally we gave up and my friend decided to show me some photographs.

She brought a suitcase from the corridor, and, opening it, said, "I put them right on top."

But "on top" was a copy of the syllabus of the Department of Public Instruction!

We had opened the wrong case. Incidentally, by reading the label and asking for the rightful owner in order to apologise, we solved our former problem.

10/6 to J. I. Martin, Laggan, N.S.W.

LOST, ONE HAT

WHEN I was on my way home one night with a girl friend a severe gust of wind whipped the hat from her head.

The hat blew straight in through the window of a passing taxi.

Unaware of what had happened, the driver drove straight on with the hat on the seat of the car!

Onlookers laughed, but my girl friend could not see the joke.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Peebles, 16 Broughton Rd., Surrey Hills E10, Vic.

EMBARRASSING

MY husband and I were dining with friends. The meat course had just been removed, when my baby cried out from an adjacent room.

When, after quietening it, I returned to the table, a crystal sweets dish was near my place at the table.

I proceeded to eat the contents, when my husband said: "What on earth are you doing?"

To my consternation, and the amusement of the others, I discovered that I was half-way through the only dish of jam on the table!

2/6 to Mrs. D. Shelden, Birchip, Vic.

MEMORABLE JOURNEY

I WAS on my way to spend a holiday with friends, and had settled down to a train journey of several hours.

Suddenly I became aware that the eyes of all my fellow-passengers were fixed on me.

There was whispering and apparently I was causing some little excitement. Yet everything appeared in order. The journey seemed interminable, for all the way I was an object of curiosity.

When I reached my destination I mentioned my embarrassing experiences to my friends.

They looked amused, and handed me the morning paper.

There, on the front page, appeared the photograph of a girl, reported missing from home. The description of the clothes she was wearing when last seen tallied almost exactly with mine, while the photograph bore a remarkable resemblance to me.

2/6 to Mrs. I. Schmidt, Henson Rd., Woodville North, S.A.

OBLIGING BAKER

MY mother decided to go to town one morning, and wrote a note to each of the tradesmen.

She wrote another, intended for me when I arrived home from school. It read: "You might bring the washing in."

In the excitement of rushing to catch the train she inadvertently left this note addressed to the baker.

Imagine our surprise and amusement to discover in the evening that the baker had obliged!

2/6 to Miss J. Richards, Elliott St., Panania, N.S.W.

Menaced by wild Papuan natives

IN 1913 I was attached as surveyor to a party investigating the possibilities of an outlet for shipping at Port Romilly, in the Papuan Gulf, New Guinea.

I had occasion to go to Aird Hill, a high hill some distance inland, to take some observations. To enable me to get there from Kikori, where we were temporarily stationed, the Resident Magistrate provided me with a native dugout canoe, 19 prisoners to propel it, and three armed native constables to control the prisoners and guide me through the maze of waterways.

We left Kikori at about 7 a.m., and, after travelling for more than four hours in pouring rain, we reached a cannibal natives' village.

The head constable informed me that he was lost, and did not know the village, and that we were in danger of being killed and eaten.

As our canoe ran into the mud bank we were menaced by a gesticulating crowd of about 150 savages, who threatened us with drawn bows and arrows.

Those tense moments seemed like weeks. I was in the bow of the canoe, and nearest the crowd. My only means of defence was a fully-loaded Colt revolver. The armed constables were scared almost to death, and would not have been much use to us, I'm afraid, had the natives attacked.

I was obliged to think quickly. I could imagine my body being riddled with arrows.

The only comfort that flashed through my mind was that I might be able to pump the contents of my revolver into some of those oily bodies before I was accounted for.

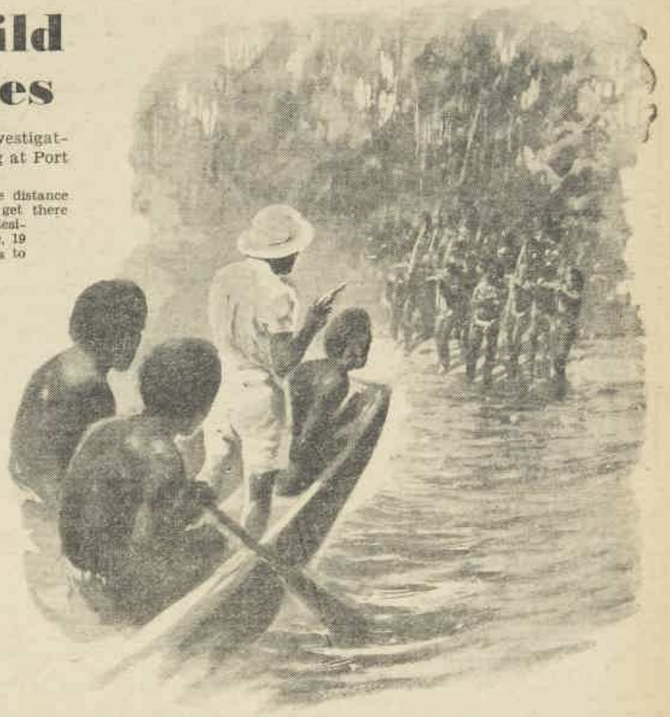
Then I thought of a ruse which might work. The chief of this tribe and I had our eyes fixed upon each other. Without taking my eyes from him, I quietly put my revolver down by my side. Then I waved my arms in a manner indicating that we did not want to fight.

To my great surprise, at a given signal from the chief, every bow and arrow was lowered.

The reaction was so great that I nearly fell out of the canoe, but quickly recovered and ordered the constables to pull out of the danger zone while our luck held.

Some time later the Resident Magistrate, his assistant, and native police had an exciting brush with these same savages, which resulted in several casualties.

£1/1/- to C. C. Boulter, Box 459, P.O., Innisfail, Qld.



"I COULD almost feel my body being riddled with arrows."

Flood-bound Night

WHEN I was 10 years old I lived with my parents on a dairy farm. I was the eldest of four. One night a terrific rainstorm began, and by midnight a large portion of our property was flooded.

My father was away, so mother and I went out to bring the cows to safety. The creek was rising, and I offered to go across and get them. I found the cows clustered on a small piece of land surrounded by flood waters.

I managed to drive some across to safety, but when I returned for the others the creek had risen to a dangerous height.

Shivering, wet, and frightened, I sat on the rise which formed an island all that night.

My mother was nearly out of her mind, but unable to leave the younger children.

So I sat until three o'clock the next afternoon, when father came home. He was able to come across the creek on horseback, and I rode the horse to safety while he swam behind.

2/6 to Miss Rosa Seids, Chelmsford Guest House, Box 8, Gladstone, Qld.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND SNAPPY STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life story each week.

For the best item published under the heading, "Short and Snappy," we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for all other items published on this page.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only. Address letters Real Life Stories, or "Short and Snappy," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.

Items submitted for this page cannot be returned.

Death Lurked Near

ACCOMPANIED by a number of friends, I left Adelaide for a motoring tour through the south-east.

After having pitched camp one day we started on a short walking expedition. We came to a swamp in which were growing bulrushes.

A girl friend and I ventured into the swamp to gather a bunch of these rushes as souvenirs. I laughed when she slipped ankle-deep into the mud, but my merriment was short-lived, as I slipped myself and we sank deeply.

Powerless to help each other, the terrible truth dawned upon us that we were being sucked under. As we struggled we sank farther.

Cautiously the others made their way towards us. After tremendous efforts we were both dragged out.

2/6 to Joan Cameron, c/o G.P.O., Adelaide.

CHILD WAS NEARLY POISONED

THE children had been playing in the horseyard, and had found some old bottles and a screw-top jar. Rob, my small son, managed to unscrew the lid of the jar, and soon had his fingers, first into the jar, and then in his mouth.

He came into the kitchen, where I was cooking, and began to wipe his mouth and grimace.

"What has Rob eaten?" I asked his baby sister. She showed me the jar and I saw that it contained a hard white paste.

A few minutes later Rob was seized with convulsions.

My husband was away riding on the property. My only thought was to get to my mother's home, three miles away. I pushed the two children into the car—an "old-timer"—and set off.

Only a few days previously there had been heavy rain. One gully near the house was flooded, and so was the swamp near the boundary gate.

Rob was struggling and my little girl, only two and a half years old, was restless, too.

I had to quieten them with one hand, and drive with the other.

My first worry was to cross the flooded gully. Fortunately I made it, and when I reached the swamp I met my husband returning.

He took me to mother's place, where I borrowed their car, a better one, and set off post-haste for Winton. Meanwhile, my husband rang the ambulance, asking them to meet us on the way.

When we reached the hospital the doctor at first held out little hope for Rob. He had become ill at 5 p.m., and it was 10 p.m. before he showed any signs of recovery.

For two days he lay with his eyes closed, but at last he recovered.

That screw-top jar had contained poison for crows, and had evidently been taken out of a saddle-bag and left lying about.

Nowadays there is not so much as a bottle or a tin left lying about within reach in the house.

2/6 to Mrs. J. Markwell, Balranald, Winton, Qld.

For giving robust health the whole year round—there is nothing like 'OVALTINE'

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-.
At all Chemists and Stores

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Use to completely remove stale make-up at HOME OFFICE PARTIES THEATRE or ANYWHERE

Look "Dressing-Table Fresh" on a Second's Notice!

When you're miles away from your dressing table and you need a complete new make-up before meeting HIM ... a dainty QUICKIES Cleansing Pad will save your face, your charm, and his enthusiasm for you! QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and refreshing lotion. One QUICKIES whipped out of the cute QUICKIES purse vanity magically wipes stale make-up away ... softens, smoothes, tones ... refreshes your face ... and leaves a base that powder will really stick to. Actually helpful to dry "winter skin." Carry QUICKIES with you always for a facial any time, anywhere.

Humidor Refill Jar of 100 . . 3/9
Air Tight Purse Vanity of 15 . 1/3

QUICKIES
Anti-Drying CLEANSING PADS

SICK KIDNEYS CAN BE CURED

For more than sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been proving to grateful users in almost every country that disorders of kidneys and liver definitely can be cured. There was a time, perhaps, three generations ago, when one might have been sceptical of the large claims made for Warner's Safe Cure. That time is now past. Scepticism has been drowned in a flood of thankful, voluntary testimonials — tangible, Black-and-white evidence that Warner's Safe Cure does not only give relief, but actually cures once and for all, disorders of these extremely important organs.

A typical letter came recently from a lady in Birdwood, S.A. She writes: "I have much pleasure in writing you regarding your Warner's Safe Cure. I had been suffering from liver and kidney trouble, and tried all sorts of medicine without much relief. I couldn't sleep at night until a friend of mine told me about Warner's Safe Cure, which I tried. I am pleased to say I am now free of all my trouble and can sleep well at night. I can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, biliousness, sleeplessness, etc., are only a few of the many dangerous symptoms that may occur when the body is flooded with harmful poisons from deranged kidneys or liver. The prompt application of a proven remedy is most essential to prevent these symptoms becoming chronic.

Warner's Safe Cure has been thoroughly tried and proven by more than sixty years of constant use. It has been found the cheapest effective remedy by three grateful generations. Warner's Safe Cure may be had at all chemists and stores.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.***

Everyone's Eyes can be beautiful . . by using MAYBELLINE
the non-smarting tear-proof mascara
Just a touch of Maybelline and thin, colorless eyelashes appear long, dark and luxuriant, making the eyes look larger and wonderfully expressive. Insist on MAYBELLINE, because it is non-smarting, tear-proof, and absolutely harmless. Brown, Black and Blue.
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Standard size 2/6 Vanity size 2/6
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Keeps lashes soft and silky. Easily applied without water, and wonderfully effective. The very newest addition to the smart women's ensemble.
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What Women are Doing

Teaches girls radio and Morse code

AS an electrical engineer with an extensive knowledge of radio, Mrs. F. V. McKenzie gives instruction in general radio principles and the Morse code to members of the Australian Women's Flying Corps.

In their airforce-blue uniforms these girls, whose average age is 21, are attractive as well as alert. Two hundred and thirty members are learning the theory of all branches of aviation, and bursaries are being made available so that outstanding girls may have practical flying instruction. The organisers hope to extend the scheme to all States.

MRS. McKENZIE spelling out words on a Morse code buzzer.

In her section Mrs. McKenzie conducts extra classes for advanced pupils. She has been interested in radio for many years, and holds a transmitter's licence.

"I think everybody should understand Morse," she says. "Apart from its everyday use, there have been innumerable cases—such as that of the fisherman in distress on the N.S.W. coast recently, who flashed an S.O.S. call from his boat to the shore—where it has saved lives."

As president of the Australian Electrical Association for Women Mrs. McKenzie has a city office, part of which is equipped as a model kitchen.

The objective of this association is similar to that of an organisation of the same name in England—to teach women the safe use of electrical appliances.

With the same aim, Mrs. McKenzie some years ago published a little book for children, called "The Electric Imps." This outlines the principles of electricity, and warns against the danger of careless use.

Two copies were accepted by Queen Elizabeth for the little Princesses.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Victorian Singer's Success As Radio Star

AN Australian girl who has made good in English radio work has been visiting her parents in Melbourne.

She is Mrs. Reginald Oliver, formerly Muriel Petty. She is known to B.B.C. listeners as Olivia Lee.

Mrs. Oliver

Comedienne, singer, composer, and actress, she left for England three years ago.

"I was lucky enough to secure an audition with the B.B.C.," she said. "I was terrified—but I got a job, and have been doing radio work there ever since."

Diminutive and pretty, with beautiful eyes, she is amazingly energetic. She writes many of her own sketches for broadcasts, and can toss off a series of original rhymes as easily as she can sing swing numbers or light opera.

Since she went abroad she has married an Englishman, Mr. Reginald Oliver.

★ ★ ★

Planning to Establish Nurses' Call Depot

ALTHOUGH Sister E. G. Barnes, assistant matron of the Adelaide Hospital, has retired after 30 years with the institution, she is still keenly interested in nursing.

She plans to establish a nurses' call depot, which, besides serving a useful purpose, will keep her in touch with former colleagues.

The depot will act as an agency through which nurses will be employed for private cases. In this way it will be similar to nurses' clubs, but it will be non-residential.

Sister Barnes saw three years' war service in hospitals in Egypt and France. After returning to South Australia she rejoined the staff of the Adelaide Hospital, and in 1923 was appointed to the then new post of sister-tutor.

Later she became assistant matron, and during the absence of Matron Daw on a trip abroad last year she acted as matron.

Energetic Workers for Victoria League

MRS. R. STOURTON, M.B.E., of Tasmania, is planning to make one of her frequent trips to Europe early in the year.

Although more than 80 years old, she is still the very active deputy-president of the Victoria League in Tasmania, is vice-president of the National Council of Women, and president of the Lyceum Club, which includes literary, musical and social circles.

Another enthusiastic member of the Victoria League is Mrs. Francis Foster. The rapid development of the organisation's Young Contingent is largely the result of her enthusiasm. Until last month she was chairman, but she has now handed over the leadership of the contingent to another committee member.

However, she intends to remain an active worker, as her heart is in the League's work, which includes the provision of good reading matter for country schools, hospitals and lighthouses, and the entertaining of young visitors to Tasmania.

★ ★ ★

Here to Organise Toc H League of Women

VISITING hospitals, conducting hospital libraries, and befriending the blind and crippled are some of the activities of the League of Women Helpers to Toc H.

They were described by the general secretary of the League, Miss Helen Benbow, who is visiting Australia from London. She has been on the staff of general headquarters for nine years.

In Australia she has been busy organising units of the League in various States, and is attending the Toc H festival in Hobart this month before going to West Australia.

"Although separate from Toc H the League has the same tradition and ideals," she says.

"Both organisations co-operate. The League builds up fellowships of different types of women so that each may understand the other, and together give service to the community.

"Before membership is granted a 12 months' probationary period is necessary."

Wife Rides Tricycle: Husband Walks

CLAD in navy slacks and blouse, and riding a neat tricycle specially designed to carry their luggage, Mrs. D. H. Constantinou was a picturesque figure when she arrived in Adelaide from Sydney with her husband, a Greek writer, who has devoted the past nine years to walking round the world.

Before her marriage four years ago, Mrs. Constantinou was a French journalist, and she still acts as correspondent to a number of French journals.

Although Mrs. Constantinou rides a tricycle on their travels and her husband walks, they manage to maintain an even pace, averaging about 30 miles a day.

On tour they prefer to obtain lodging and meals at hotels, but when a halt is made in the larger cities they take a flat, and Mrs. Constantinou has an opportunity of displaying her skill as a cook.

Knitting is her favorite recreation, and she also assists her husband, who is a keen photographer, in taking pictures.

After continuing their wanderings overland to West Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Constantinou intend to set off for Alaska.

★ ★ ★

Helps to Raise Funds for Children's Home

A MUCH-TRAVELLED woman who has made her home in Tasmania is Mrs. Riddell-Stanley, widow of the late Dr. Riddell-Stanley, of Melbourne. For some years she has been secretary of the National Council of Women, and has ably represented the Tasmanian Council at conferences abroad.

Recently she was appointed president of a society which is raising funds to provide a sunshine home near Hobart for undernourished children.

★ ★ ★

To Train as Sister-Tutor At London College

ONE of the activities of the Florence Nightingale Foundation Committee, which has branches all over the world, is to assist outstanding nurses to obtain special qualifications in the higher branches of their work.

First recipient of the scholarship presented by the West Australian branch is Miss M. R. Campbell, a trainee of the Perth King Edward Memorial Hospital. She is at present completing her infant welfare course at that institution.

Miss Campbell will go to England to attend lectures at Bedford College, London University, in August. Her study there will qualify her as a sister-tutor, and when she returns to Australia she will be appointed in that capacity at the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Perth.

★ ★ ★

Designed Patterns for Rugs and Carpets

DESIGNING patterns for Brussels and Wilton carpets and for Oriental rugs was for 15 years Mrs. Miles Evergood's work in America.

Mrs. Evergood

She gave it up after her marriage to the late Miles Evergood, the Australian artist, and they came to Australia in 1932.

A charming woman, Mrs. Evergood made many friends in Queensland and in Victoria, where her husband painted many of the beauty spots in and around Melbourne. After his recent death she organised a memorial exhibition of his work at the Athenaeum Gallery, Melbourne.

Although her future plans are indefinite, Mrs. Evergood may again take up carpet designing.

"It is fascinating work," she says, "especially in the combining of colors in Oriental rugs.

"These are, of course, merely replicas of the famous Eastern products, but the growth of the industry in America enabled every home to have replicas of the expensive originals."

How to be free of MONEY TROUBLES

The early days of married life are the time when a man should start to build up his assets so that he may be always free from financial anxieties.

Responsibilities come with the years, but by becoming a member of the A.M.P. Society these responsibilities will sit lightly on his shoulders.

A certain member married in 1912 and at 36 took out an A.M.P. policy for £1000 for the protection of his bride. If he were to die tomorrow his wife would receive £1681, so greatly have the A.M.P. bonuses added to the policy. This man and wife have eliminated financial anxiety and have built up an asset against which they recently borrowed to build a home.

Ask that an experienced adviser be sent to explain what YOU CAN DO in the way of creating an immediate estate for your own and your wife's old age. If you live far from an A.M.P. office, particulars will gladly be sent by post.

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Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your Chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you. 2382.

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Sufferers may address their correspondence to:—

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Avail yourself of the Mac-Ray Radio broadcasts on the treatment of Skin Diseases from the following stations:—

2UW, Wednesday, 18.20 a.m.; 2GB, Wednesday, 18.45 a.m.; 2BM, Thursday, 9.30 p.m.; 2HD Newcastle, Thursday, 9.20 p.m.

This advice direct from the Mac-Ray Clinic will be of great benefit to all Skin sufferers.***

New names needed for institutions...

Gloomy titles depressing to patients and relatives

Unnecessary distress is being caused to many people in New South Wales by the gloomy names given to several public institutions.

Doctors, psychiatrists and social workers interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly agreed that, while all the institutions were doing valuable work, names such as the Home of Peace for the Dying and Homes for Incurables did not reflect the modern attitude towards illness.

DR. A. H. MARTIN, Director of the Institute of Industrial Psychology.

MEDICAL science to-day, it was pointed out, takes into account the psychological effect on a patient of his surroundings.

"The name of the place where he is living affects a patient's attitude towards his illness," a doctor said. "A gloomy name gives him a hopeless attitude; a cheerful name builds up his urge to get better.

"Even in an institution for cases that have no chance of ever returning to the outside world it is surely essential that patients and relatives should be spared unnecessary distress.

"Our attitude o the illnesses and misfortunes of others is gradually improving. For instance, an Act of Parliament in Victoria several years ago changed 'lunatic asylums' to 'mental hospitals.'

"The names of some institutions have been changed for the better, but there are still a number whose names cause misery and hopelessness for patients and their relatives and friends."

Modern Trend

"NEW names for institutions with depressing titles would be a very desirable change," said Mrs. Bernard Muscio, of the National Council of Women.

"Such a move would be in keeping with modern ideas. The trouble is that old names cling.

"I would not like to send anyone to a 'home for incurables,' however efficient that home might be. The name implies so bluntly the function of the home.

"I would hate to be a 'ragged school' child or a 'rescued' child, but I would be quite proud to be a 'Barnardo' child.

"Could not such institutions be given either pleasant or non-committal names? For instance, homes for the dying or for incurables could be named after a person who has done good work for the home, or given a name that will identify it with the surrounding district.

THE gloomy name given to one of the institutions heads this page from its annual report.

"As most of these homes are built in garden areas, why not a pleasant name that suggests fresh air and sunshine?

"The name would then suggest the good the home was doing rather than the affliction that brought the patient there.

"Though the purpose of the home would, of course, still be well known, the reason for his being there would not seem so glaringly obvious to the patient."

"An excellent principle if it could be adopted," said Dr. A. H. Martin, Director of the Institute of Industrial Psychology.

"The gloomy names of some institutions must undoubtedly affect the patients adversely.

"One of the most important factors in any problem or illness is a person's attitude, and a patient's attitude to illness is not likely to be improved when an institution is labelled 'for incurables' or 'for the dying.'

"Names are very important. For instance, we call a boilermaker a 'structural steel maker,' a school for mental deficients an 'opportunity school,' reformatories 'farm homes.'

"The old names are unpleasant and suggest unpleasant things; the new names are pleasant and optimistic and do not imply any stigma."

Officials' Views

"THE suggestion that the name of our organisation should be changed has come up at meetings from time to time," said Mr. E. M. Saville, secretary of the Homes for Incurables.

"The word 'incurables' is perhaps unpleasant, but I don't think it is any worse than the 'Austin Home for Chronic Diseases,' which is the name that was substituted for the original 'Austin Hospital for Incurables' in Victoria.

"The name of our institution reminds the public of the work we are doing.

"But we do not use the full name of the institution where patients are concerned.

"There is no notice outside our Homes, and in any documents which patients have to fill in the Cancer Home is called only 'Moorong,' and our other Home 'Ryde.'"

The Homes for Incurables were founded in a small cottage at Redfern 35 years ago by a blind woman named Susan Sharpe.

Later, homes were opened at Ryde and Moorong. The president of the institution is Mr. Justice Halse Rogers, and the chairman Mr. R. C. Dixson. Patients of all ages are accepted. The homes have their own farms and are dependent on voluntary contributions, receiving no Government subsidy.

The Home of Peace for the Dying was opened 32 years ago to provide an institution "for those who are so ill that their life's journey is thought to be drawing to a close and are without means to secure in their own homes the necessary skilled care and attention."

The home is conducted by the Church of England, but patients of all denominations or of none are admitted after examination by the medical officer.

More than 4000 patients have been admitted since the establishment of the home. There are 56 beds and patients of any age are eligible.

The home receives no Government grant, and is dependent on legacies and donations for its upkeep.

The president of the institution is the Archbishop of Sydney and Lady Gowrie is its patron.

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Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be easily lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frozol-Ice, says grateful user.

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INDIGESTION SUFFERERS GET QUICK RELIEF WITH PANAZE

Nyal Company Sydney
Please accept my personal thanks for your product. . . Panaze. I have suffered with indigestion for years, and have tried countless remedies but always came back to plain baking powder, until Mr. Richards of Red Cliffs, advised me to try Panaze. Results amazing!
(Sgd. H. R. H., Red Cliffs Vic.)

Nyal Company, Sydney
I have been a chronic dyspeptic for about 15 years. I could not eat or drink without vomiting. Mr. Boyers, Chemist, of Wyong, recommended and gave me three Panaze powders. They gave me instant relief to I bought a box to give them a fair chance. I gained 12 lbs the first month, and now I am a different man, feeling in the best of health.
(Sgd E. C., Wyong, N.S.W.)

Here's good news for indigestion sufferers! Panaze, the amazing new digestive agent, is now available in NYAL PANAZE . . . a new complete treatment for indigestion, colitis, hyper-acidity and other gastro-intestinal disorders.

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A complete Panaze treatment of 24 powders (each a complete dose) costs only 2/6. Panaze is obtainable from all chemists.

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The Movie World

1 **FLORENCE RICE** is to be married at her home.

2 **DENIS O'KEEFE** interrupts Florence's wedding on the grounds of the bridegroom's unsuitability.

3 **DENIS BECOMES** Reginald Owen's business partner as well as son-in-law after a runaway marriage.

4 **FLORENCE AND DENIS** quarrel bitterly just two years later.

5 **SMART** Paris lawyers plot a quick divorce which will be based on false testimony.

6 **HUSBAND,** wife and wife's father on their way to the divorce court show the marks of preliminary trouble.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

Gable with Lamarr

IT'S becoming quite a jest the way MGM keeps announcing new stories for Clark Gable . . . a check-up would probably show at least one a week. One is specially interesting—"Wings Over the Desert," a tale of England's difficulty with the Arabs. Most important is the fact that Hedy Lamarr is chief contestant for the feminine lead. The studio has been itching to get Lamarr and Gable together in a picture, for quite obvious reasons.

* * *

Fire Danger

BUT for the quick thinking of a warbrobe woman, Bette Davis might have been seriously burned.

Resting in her dressing-room between takes of "Juarez," she leaned over a table and brushed the full skirts of her period dress against an open gas-stove. The petticoats caught fire, and almost instantaneously the wardrobe woman pounced on Bette, pulled her to the floor, and smothered the flames with her own clothes.

Bette is deeply grateful for the bravery and kindness of her rescuer.

* * *

Wrong Build-up

WENDY BARRIE is limping around with two broken toes on her left foot, and the RKO publicity department gets embarrassed when asked how the injury occurred. They had been ordered to build her up as a "glamor girl," and it seems she cracked the toes when she removed her shoes and socks for a backyard romp with her dog and stumbled over a lawn sprinkler.

Ducks Without Quacks

DID you ever hear of de-quacking ducks? For Merle Oberon's new picture, "Wuthering Heights," a dozen ducks were taken to the veterinarian to have their quacks removed.

It seems that every time Merle and David Niven went into a love scene the ducks on the set became talkative and spoiled innumerable takes. Finally the property man thought of consulting the veterinarian, and the painless but effective operation was performed. Now the ducks open and shut their bills but no sound issues forth.

* * *

Kind Father

PAT O'BRIEN is one father who knows how to please his youngsters. He's cut a hole in the youngsters' bedroom floor and installed a real brass fireman's rail so that the little O'Briens can slide down to their playroom instead of using the stairs. No casualties so far!

* * *

In Conference

SAN FERNANDO valley's actor mayors seem to be taking their jobs seriously. Comedian Bob Burns, who was recently elected mayor of Canoga Park, one of the little valley townships, has inaugurated a system of regular conferences for the screen star mayors of the valley, at which they will discuss methods for improving their communities. The first conference was attended by Burns, Al Jolson of Encino, Andy Devine of Van Nuys, Glenda Farrell of North Hollywood, and Hugh Herbert of Studio City.

Young Comedy Team

MARITAL holidays are common in Hollywood, and MGM has used the notion as the basis for a comedy of married romance, "Vacation from Love." Denis O'Keefe and Florence Rice are the two attractive young players who marry, squabble, part, contemplate divorce and then decide that marriage can be happy only when wife and husband part once a year to give their romance a vacation. Reginald Owen and Herman Bing support them.

Kind Heart

THE name of Cecil B. de Mille arouses fear in many a heart, but underneath his harsh exterior is the proverbial heart of gold.

The other day he was directing a scene in which a once-famous director was playing a bit. Cecil nearly wore himself out taking the scene over and over again, and finally he sent the player off with a word of praise, a kind smile, and a handsome pay-cheque.

As soon as the old-timer was gone de Mille called for a substitute and went to work.

* * *

Souvenirs

ON leaving Warners, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell took along their little portable dressing-rooms to set up in the garden of their new home as playrooms for their two youngsters.

Now try

POND'S NEW DOUBLE INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

NOW you can use the one lipstick, Pond's new Double-Indelible Lipstick, to look glamorous always . . . in the bright daylight, or in the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color by night or day. And Pond's is *really* indelible. Stays fresh and dewy on your lips for hours. Six smart shades. 1/- and 2/6 at all stores and chemists.

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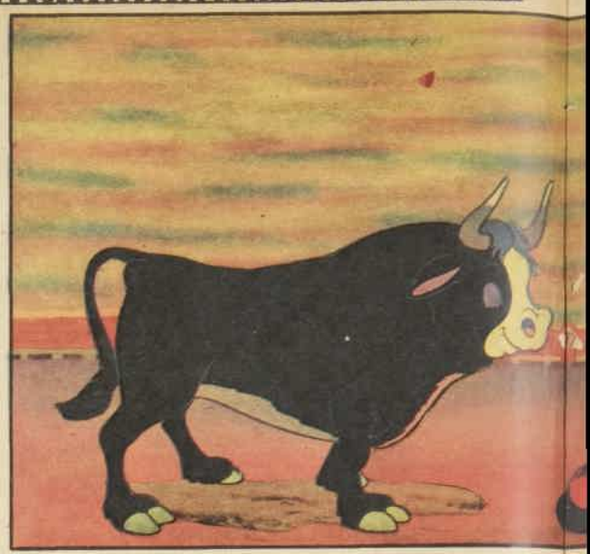
Madrid was hung with bunting and there were flowers and music everywhere on the day of the great bullfight, to which Ferdinand had been brought from the peace of his home.



Disney's "Ferdin

WALT DISNEY has made another source of gurgling delight for film audiences in "Ferdinand the Bull." "The Story of Ferdinand" was written by Arthur Munro Leaf, 32-year-old American,

1 Ferdinand was born in a flowery field outside old Madrid. He was a quiet little chap and liked flowers better than anything in the world.

2 His mother was very surprised to find that he preferred sitting under a favorite cork tree smelling the flowers to playing with other little bulls.

5 There were rousing cheers for the brave Matador from the dark-eyed Spanish senoritas, who came from far and wide to the bullfight.

6 Everyone was frightened when Ferdinand put his head inside the arena, but no one was more nervous than Ferdinand, misnamed "The Fierce."

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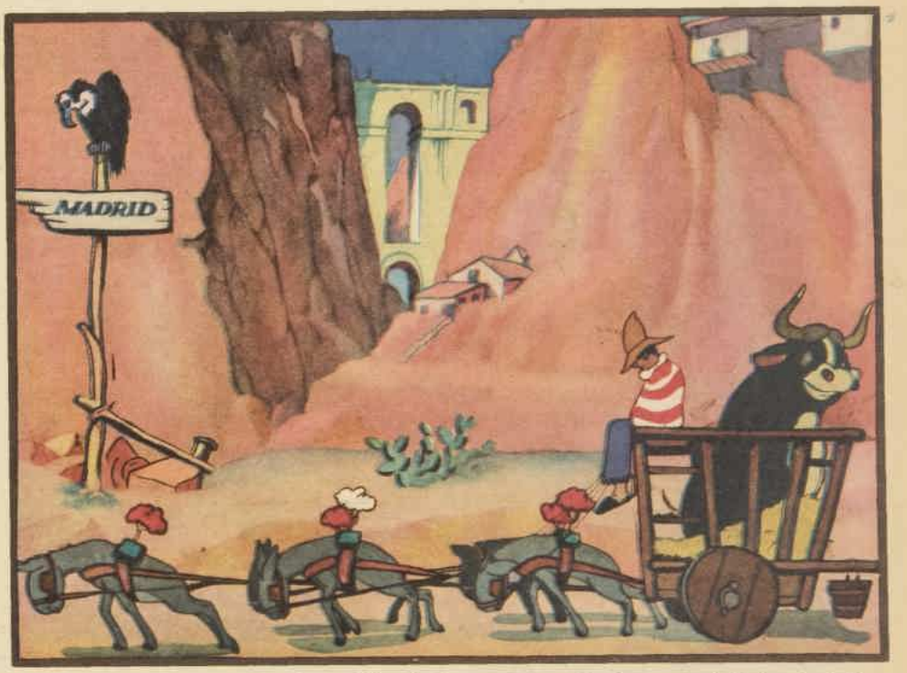
An imposing procession followed the brave Matador across the arena when he arrived to do battle with Ferdinand. He was ready to risk his life to amuse the great crowd.

nand the Bull"

one Sunday afternoon, in 40 minutes. It was published in 1936, and is netting him a small fortune. Disney's Ferdinand is as richly appealing a creature as the joyous creations of his previous films.

3 He was three when one day he sat on a bumblebee. That made him snort and cavort savagely.



4 His antics were mistaken for real ferocity by men in search of a savage bull for the bullfights. They called him Ferdinand the Fierce and took him to the great arena in Madrid.

7 Then a senorita threw a bouquet into the arena, so Ferdinand sat down quietly to smell the flowers. The Matador danced with rage.

8 Nothing would make Ferdinand fight, so they took him home. He still sits under the cork tree smelling the flowers and is very happy.

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Without Benefit of Beauty....

SOME ODD TALENT OR COMEDY FLAIR BRINGS FAME TO THE NON-GLAMOROUS

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

UGLY ducklings, take comfort. Beauty isn't all. There are women in Hollywood without one ha'p'orth of glamor who have won fame and fortune as great as that of the loveliest ladies.

Consider Patsy Kelly. With the best will in the world, no one, not even a loving mother, could see beauty in Patsy's homely Irish face.

But she has something rare and heartening, a human, lovable sense of comedy, which she uses for better things than slapstick and wisecracks.

Patsy gives you the plain girl who has the courage to look in her own mirror and grin. She gets sympathy, not pity; she gives you the comic resignation, not of despair, but of good honest grit. You laugh with her more often than you laugh at her.

Not for her the problems of grooming, the worries of the wardrobe. She leaves that to the glamor girls.

She has, however, one special enemy—her bathroom scales. Homely or not, Patsy can't afford to be fat, for even a comedienne must make that concession to the standards of charm.

Patsy found out about fat when she finished "Merrily We Live." Usually, she finds a line-up of demands for her services. That time she didn't. So she went away and communed with herself and decided to blame the superfluous forty pounds of flesh she was carrying around.

She entered a sanatarium and scientifically but strenuously lost that forty pounds.

Now they are asking for her again—louder than ever.

A MORE boisterous line of fun has given Martha Raye her standing. A talent for broad burlesque and a cheerful willingness to be laughed at most of the time are combined with a voice of robust timbre.

Martha has been a trouper since the age of three. She appeared then with her parents, Pete Reed and Peggy Hooper, in their vaudeville act.

She had been around quite a while before Norman Taurog, Paramount director, heard her at the Trocadero Cafe in Hollywood one night and chose her for a comedy role in "Rhythm on the Range," the Bing Crosby epic.

The public liked her, and she's getting her name in big letters now.

JOAN DAVIS has cashed in on an ability to pull grotesque faces and to "act awkward." She skids on her heels, trips, falls and crashes through most of her roles and the public applauds.

Joan manages to be an exaggerated version of so many people's ordinary errors. We are always sorry that her love affairs border on the ridiculous.

Joan is not a clowning comedienne; she keeps her characters within the bounds of reason. But they get the laughs just the same.

All these girls are outside the standards of glamor. They prove that beauty is not the only ingredient for celluloid success.

● *PATSY KELLY, laugh-maker and scene-stealer, who can hardly be called a beauty. At the right is MARTHA RAYE, Paramount's clown-artist, who also does not measure up to glamor standards.*

● *JOAN DAVIS, Fox player, and talented grimacer. You would scarcely guess she is quite good-looking.*

GLAMOUR

lives in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I-LO" makes tired eyes brilliant and clear, with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds.

"I-LO" is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist—it soothes, cleans, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain.

Age signs begin at the eyes—"I-LO" arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

★★ MAN'S CASTLE

(Week's Best Release.)

Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young. (Columbia.)

IDYLL of a couple of unemployed, who camp in New York's city dump by the East River, this poignant fairy tale shows both Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young at their best.

And you might spare a clap for director Frank Borzage, whose charming sentiment is braced by Tracy's superbly casual underplaying.

Actually, the film is stronger upon character than plot. For its drama is in the struggle between Tracy's wanderlust and his growing tenderness and responsibility towards his young wife, Loretta.

They meet on a park bench; he takes her back to the encampment. They are married and befriended by old Walter Connolly—in the serious, idealistic role of a Bible-quoting nightwatchman. They are menaced by the cunning of another vagrant, Arthur Hohl.

But in the end they both escape from the encampment together.

Novelty angle to the supporting cast is the appearance of Glenda Farrell as a torch-singing actress who nearly steals Tracy from Loretta.

And the other angle is the age of the film—made years ago and never released here yet. But don't let that disconcert you. Tracy is the magnificent actor of to-day—the only thing is that he wasn't "discovered" by the public then: and Loretta is exquisitely moving.—Embassy; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.
★ One star—average entertainment
★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

★ SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST

John Boles, Lull Deste. (Columbia.)

FAIRLY frothy entertainment, this film lays much more emphasis upon comedy than on romance.

In fact, John Boles, as the American artist who marries a Paris dress-designer, is frivolous to a degree that is at times almost embarrassing.

The laughter provoked for an easy-going mood is mainly inspired by character actress Helen Westley, in the role of housekeeper, manager, boss and tyrant to the pair.

As crisply as it can be put, the plot goes as follows:

Dress-designer Lull Deste—a pretty but forgettable player—arrives in New York with a two-fold purpose: to hold a show, and to meet her old friend, Mr. Boles.

She meets him, marries him—and then finds out that his work and his beautiful model, Frances Drake, are in the way of their sailing to Europe on a honeymoon.

All the tantrums, complications and comedy misunderstandings in the world follow.

Film's chief merit is the restrained attitude taken by the director towards the crazy side of the comedy.—Embassy; showing.

★ CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY

Jack Holt, Marcia Ralston. (Columbia.)

SURPRISE, surprise! Or a story of a racket-busting district attorney which is different.

Indeed it is so different that it would spoil suspenseful melodramatic entertainment to go into the details of the plot.

Sufficient to reveal that Jack Holt is the district attorney, and that he is, for the most part of the film, a thoroughly baffled man.

Australian Marcia Ralston—she was Mascotte Ralston on the variety stage—makes a less than average heroine. She is too self-conscious for words.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

THE RENEGADE RANGER

George O'Brien, Rita Hayworth. (R.K.O.)

GEORGE O'BRIEN handles better than average material in this Western—which is set, for a change, in the colorful Texas of the Spanish ranch-owning days.

Heroine is a dispossessed ranch-heiress, who forms a guerrilla band and is up agin the law—until George, with his riding and his fisticuffs, clears her name.

It's good stamp-and-whistle stuff. —Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

John Garfield, Rosemary Lane, Victor Jory. (Warners.)

THE people who made this film were not quite certain whether they were producing a howling satire on racket films or a serious attempt to shock with a glimpse of "what can happen."

Stanley Fields plays a gross racket boss, who enjoys murder in the same light-hearted way as he enjoys playing with toy trains. (Field-Marshal Goering, Hitler's playmate, also plays with toy trains).

With high city officials in his pay, he manages to avoid most of the raps until a sentence of six months on a minor charge lands him on Blackwell's Island, in prison.

We are then asked to believe that so great is his power that the prison is run entirely at his bidding, the warden and guards being squared even to the extent of arranging "nights out" for him. That's too much.

The only flash of quality in the production is the appearance of John Garfield as the tough young reporter who gets himself sent to prison in order to uncover the racket.

It is to be hoped that Warners' have better plans than this muddle of improbable melodrama for an actor of such outstanding ability.—Capitol; showing.

"I STAND ACCUSED"

Robert Cumming, Helen Mack, Lyle Talbot. (Republic.)

ANY more for the crime wave? Roll up and join the D.A. in his latest fight against the inhuman racketeers, the "big shots," the "tough guys," who mercilessly blow up, shoot up or beat up the few honest people left to oppose them.

Excuse me. A morning among the gangsters has been too much for me.

"I Stand Accused" does attempt to use the clash of personalities on both sides of the racket war to vary its routine clean-up story.

Two young law graduates set out from college.

One becomes the "silver voice of crime," the other fights him as Assistant District Attorney.

Lyle Talbot turns in a nice piece of acting as a racketeer with a twitch in his trigger finger, Robert Cummings and Tommy Beck are adequate as the friends turned enemies, and Helen Mack makes an appealing typist.

But for all their efforts, this is just another racket-buster. It is tedious rather than tough.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Pygmalion.** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 11th week.

★★ **The Great Waltz.** Musical biography. Liberty, 11th week.

★★ **If I Were King.** Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone in period drama. Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★★ **Climbing High.** Delirious comedy with Michael Redgrave, Jessie Matthews. State, 2nd week.

★★ **Keep Smiling.** Gracie Fields at her best. Mayfair, 2nd week.

★ HEART OF THE NORTH

Dick Foran, Gloria Dickson, Gale Page. (Warner's.)

HERE'S a vigorous yarn of Canada's famous Mounties, full of strong-limbed, two-fisted manpower, and the good, clean, open-air romance inevitable in such an outdoor action melodrama.

If this film had had just one subtle or one unexpected incident or angle, it might have ranked above average entertainment. It is saved from falling below only by the fresh appeal given by Technicolor to the green woods, the red coats, and the blue river.

The Mackenzie River boat bound for Edmonton has its gold and fur cargo stolen, and the gallant hero, Sergeant Alan Baker, Dick Foran, takes a man or two into battle and fists and bullets fly in the rugged manner of the north.

Gloria Dickson and Gale Page provide a blonde and brunette contrast as competitors for Foran's romantic interest, and Janet Chapman is intended to creep into your heart. This five-year-old has moments of sparkling appeal—and a voice that would cut through wood. —Plaza; showing.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

THERE is no keeping track of George Brent's affairs of the heart. Just as everyone was sure that Bette Davis was his big interest, he turns up with Nancy Torres. He telephoned her from Honolulu, and Nancy was the first to meet him on his arrival in Hollywood.

His fine performance in "Dark Victory," with Bette Davis, won him a three-year contract with Warner Brothers.

THAT box-office favorite, Sonja Henie, will be coming out in an Irving Berlin musical with the original great crooner, Rudy Vallee. The little fancy figure skater has come a long way since the days when sceptics argued that an athlete would never make a real actress.

* * *

CLARK GABLE and comedian Andy Devine, who are close pals off-screen, have formed a sort of business partnership whereby they plan to breed a sturdier type of cow pony than is at present found in California. They have bought a slice of property in the San Fernando Valley, and will start out by importing a few South American ponies which have been bred for endurance.

* * *

GREAT doings over at Charlie Chaplin's studio. In preparation for the filming of "The Dictator," new sound equipment is being installed, and, for the first time in years, Charlie is rising at seven in the morning so that he can supervise the work closely.

He is asking his brother, Sidney Chaplin, to come back from England to help him direct the film. You will remember that Sidney Chaplin was, in his day, a famous comedian in his own right.

Charlie is trying to get Fannie Brice for one of the leading roles. If he succeeds, "The Dictator" will be the first Chaplin picture to feature another star of such magnitude.

* * *

LATEST gusts from "Gone With the Wind": Vivien (Scarlett) Leigh is in the throes of losing her British accent in favor of a southern drawl. She hopes to sound like a real Southerner any day now. Meanwhile Leslie Howard is bleaching his hair for the Ashley Wilkes role.

* * *

MARLENE DIETRICH is losing weight rapidly on a chop suey diet.

James Cagney will lift his baritone voice in song in an early picture.

Studio MGM is trying to get Cary Grant for Greta Garbo's next picture.

Dolores Costello is writing her memoirs for publication.

* * *

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW will soon face the cameras again, in Universal's "Spirit of Culver," for which he has been "loaned out" by MGM. In the picture, a story of life at Culver Military Academy, well-known American boys' school, Freddie will share honors with Jackie Cooper.

CLARK GABLE and Norma Shearer were recalled for a few re-takes on "Idiot's Delight." The picture went over very well at the sneak preview, but a slight change in the ending was then made. Originally, the ending of the stage play was used—Gable and Shearer singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" as an air-raid roared above them, their fate being uncertain. In the new ending they'll change the hymn to "Abide with Me," and show that they survive the raid.

* * *

ERROL FLYNN, whose literary urge has been fairly strong of late, has whipped up a special screen treatment of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and is pestering the brothers Warner to let him star in it.

* * *

THE bright Lane girls, Rosemary, Lola, and Priscilla, will continue their sister act in Warners' "Fly Away Home," screen version of a New York stage success. Since "Four Daughters" they have been working separately. In the new picture they will again appear as three sisters, with Fay Bainter playing their mother.

* * *

WILLIAM POWELL has spent his final two weeks in hospital, and is now ready to go into the long-deferred "Return of the Thin Man" with Myrna Loy. After two years' absence from the screen Bill is delighted that he is making his come-back in the famous detective role. Myrna could not reconcile herself to doing the part with anyone else.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

FLASH — "THE CITADEL" voted *Best Picture of the Year* by five different groups of authorities in America!

FLASH — "THE CITADEL" breaking all records currently at *Empire Theatre, London!*

FLASH — Film industry declares that FIVE OUT OF TEN *best box-office stars* are M-G-M stars!

FLASH — Every list of *Year's Ten Best Films* includes at least THREE M-G-M films!

FLASH—While *"Sweethearts"* and *"The Great Waltz"* continue to charm all Sydney, *"Marie Antoinette"* and *"Boys Town"* create unprecedented public interest throughout Australasia!

Doesn't it beat all how Leo, the Roaring Lion of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, *leads the procession in motion picture popularity!!*

Producing only a small proportion of all the films made each year, *M-G-M* always captures *at least* 30 per cent. of the honours *(and now we're told we have 50 per cent. of the top box-office stars)!*

* * *

It's wise to watch for *M-G-M* films when you're looking for *the best* in entertainment!

Your friend,
LEO, of M-G-M.

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Betty's "racey" narratives

I was one of the mudlarks who cheered Ajax at Caulfield

By Telegram from BETTY GEE in Melbourne

What could a girl wear to Caulfield for the Futurity Stakes on Saturday? It rained and rained, and I looked out upon the world from a screen of cellophane over my quietest model.

The lawns were under water, and my shoes were almost torn off my feet by the mud, but Ajax won—and I was there to see history made.

I did the wise thing in lunching when my tip, Baveon, was scratched for the St. Clair Trial, and whom should I meet but Mr. Harry Greville, the caterer, who tells me of his flying trip to Sydney to meet his relatives, the Hon. Richard and the Hon. Ambrose Greville, second and third sons of the Earl of Warwick.

We got out just in time to see outsiders fighting out the finish of the first race.

National won, but lost it on protest because his jockey hit the other horse on the head, and that's not done in the best jockey circles, even on a wet day.

I couldn't find out whether my tip, Wilson, for the first Alma Stakes division, was fancied in the wet until I saw someone taking £700 to £100.

So, gathering my cellophane round me, I hastened to the far end of the ring. I got me £7 to £1, and Wilson arrived only in the last stride, all covered with mud, to win me my money.

Everybody was tipping High Caste from New Zealand for the second division, and when the books wanted odds-on, I tip-tilted my nose at them, and wouldn't have bet, but they repented, and offered 5 to 4 against, and I popped £4 on.

Teddie Bartle played at a game of cat and mouse with the field, and then came on to win by a loose three lengths, and, believe it or not, it could have been thirteen.

Hard-fought Race

Then, of course, there was the good thing, Spear Chief, for the Woodcliff Handicap, and Mr. Joe Harris, of Sydney, his part-owner, swore in my presence that he couldn't possibly lose, so in such circumstances I am bound to accept the tip, and I take £6 to £4.

But what short odds, and you can accept it as gospel from me that it was no certainty after all.

He won by half a head, and that only because Maurice McCarten rode the most desperate race I ever saw.

I did not bet on the next race, the Futurity, because Ajax was 3/1 on.

So we partake of afternoon tea in those delightful rooms with which Caulfield sets the example to all Australian racecourses, and, of course, Ajax won it.

I learnt too late that you could lay 2 to 1 on if you had enough money.

Then followed a Steeplechase, and they ought to know Sydney people don't bet on them, either.

But it was a thrill to see Gaskill and Lone Boy go like tornadoes at their fences, and I shall back them next time I see either in a race. For the last I backed Disdain at 3/1, and it won easily.

Well, we come to dear old Flemington next Saturday, and I'm pinning my faith to little Freddie Shean in the Newmarket.

He's riding Pamelus, and hasn't he won every big race this season in Melbourne and Sydney?

Pamelus To Win

Shean will win this because it's the first time Pamelus has had a good jockey on his back, poor old fellow. He's been struggling to win big races for years.

The jockeys have done their best, but I think matters will be different when Shean gets into the saddle. As a big betting gentleman said to me at dinner: "It's good form to follow the jockey with the wind behind him." Well, Shean has won the Gimcrack Stakes, Sydney Cup, Caulfield Cup, Melbourne Cup, and the Williamstown Cup—besides a lot of other races, since last October. Pamelus has been galloping long enough to know that he must help Shean add the Newmarket to the bag.

It might not be a bad idea to take the double Pamelus and Mac O Roni for the Newmarket and Cup.

On Saturday, in the Sires' Produce Stakes, you can keep putting money on High Caste until the bookies' clerks get tired of writing your bets in their big wide books.

He's a "can't lose" proposition if ever there was one.

Another Ajax

High Caste is another Ajax and you can take my advice that he won't be beaten this year; and about this time in 1940 you'll all be saying, "Well, High Caste has won his 16th race."

Good luck to an owner who puts out 7000 good golden goblins for him.

Ajax runs for the King's Cup on Saturday. That is a mile and a half race with a present from the King of England for the owner.

Connections have been doubtful about tackling the distance with Ajax with top weight, 9.5. But, if you want to know my opinion, he could carry all three of his owners—and they're no featherweights—and win it.

I've a special tip from Herbert Englebert to be on Panax for the Brunswick Stakes, and he ought to have some idea about its possibilities because he owns the creature.

The Sydney hurdler, Frassadale, is in the Pines Hurdle Race on Saturday, and perhaps one may venture modestly without infringing the betting rules, because little Bobbie Abbott, his owner, says he's a ton better than when he won the Caulfield Hurdle last Saturday week.

They race again at Flemington on Tuesday, and Respirator in the Leger is one we can pop the housekeeping money on without fear of loss.

It's still raining as I telegraph you these notes, but, persistent as Melbourne can be, it must clear up before Flemington.

GIRLIGAGS

WHEN a daughter gets so extravagant that her father can't keep her, he usually marries her off to some fellow who can't even support himself.

Only a small percentage of salmon is Sockeye

Captain SALMON IS ALL SOCKEYE

RICH RED JUICY SALMON STEAK

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Captain Rich Red Sockeye SALMON STEAK

MAKE FRIENDS WITH CAPTAIN CRAB TOO!

How love for girl inspired Irish poet

Tense drama in new radio feature

When the girl beloved by Tom Moore, the famous Irish poet, became stricken with smallpox, she refused to let him see her face. She feared he would not wish to see her again.

He insisted, drew the covering from her face, and, in the thrill of creative inspiration, he recited words which came to life as he spoke: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms . . ."

MARY MACGREGOR, who plays a leading part in the new 2GB series, "Thrills."

THAT is one of the stories which make up "Thrills," the programme which has proved outstandingly popular on a national network throughout America.

The Australian production of "Thrills" will be heard from 2GB beginning on February 28.

In "Thrills" are told stories of human experience—of music, of literature, of adventure.

In the life of the great Beethoven, there is a charming story in which the thrill of creative inspiration gave to the world one of the most beautiful things in music.

Beethoven found that words could not convey to a blind girl the beauty of moonlight. He went to the piano, and he played—and then was born the first movement of what the world now knows as the immortal "Moonlight Sonata."

If we go back 400 years, we find Shakespeare and Ben Jonson seated in the old Mermaid Tavern in London, vieing one with the other in their admiration of a comely wench who passed their window. They compete in expressing their adoration in written words.

Shakespeare produced the sonnet, which the world still admires: "Should I compare thee to a summer's day."

Ben Jonson wrote, "Drink to me only with thine eyes" . . . which is as fresh to-day in its appeal as it was when Celia passed by their window.

Not alone in music and in literature, however, are there stories which thrill. An extraordinary amount of research outside the history books has brought to light thrills of devotion, heroism, speed, escape, remembrance and stark adventure.

Each story is historically authentic, and each gains in the telling.

Egyptian Secret

THERE is a thrill in the story of the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, and of the years of research which followed until science achieved its triumph, and a scholar used its secret to unlock the door on ancient Egypt.

It was a thrill of human experience, too, which saw Schumann bring peace to the mind of his wife when he wrote "The Traumerei."

Memory and reunion thrill with laughter and with tears.

There is the story, for instance, of the group of men who emerged from the American Civil War, a tattered remnant of a battalion, and bought a bottle of rare wine with which to endow "The Forty Club."

They fixed a meeting-day each year, and the last survivor was to open the bottle. There came a meeting when he sat with thirty-nine empty chairs. But the end came as he stood to drink the toast—and the wine was never drunk.

"Thrills" will be heard from 2GB each Tuesday and Thursday night at 8.45.

Session for Blind

A SESSION conducted by gifted sightless people for the benefit of blind listeners has been inaugurated at 2GB. It is held each Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Demonstrating what can be achieved by those who have lost their sight, the session also provides a means by which the blind may establish friendships by telephone.

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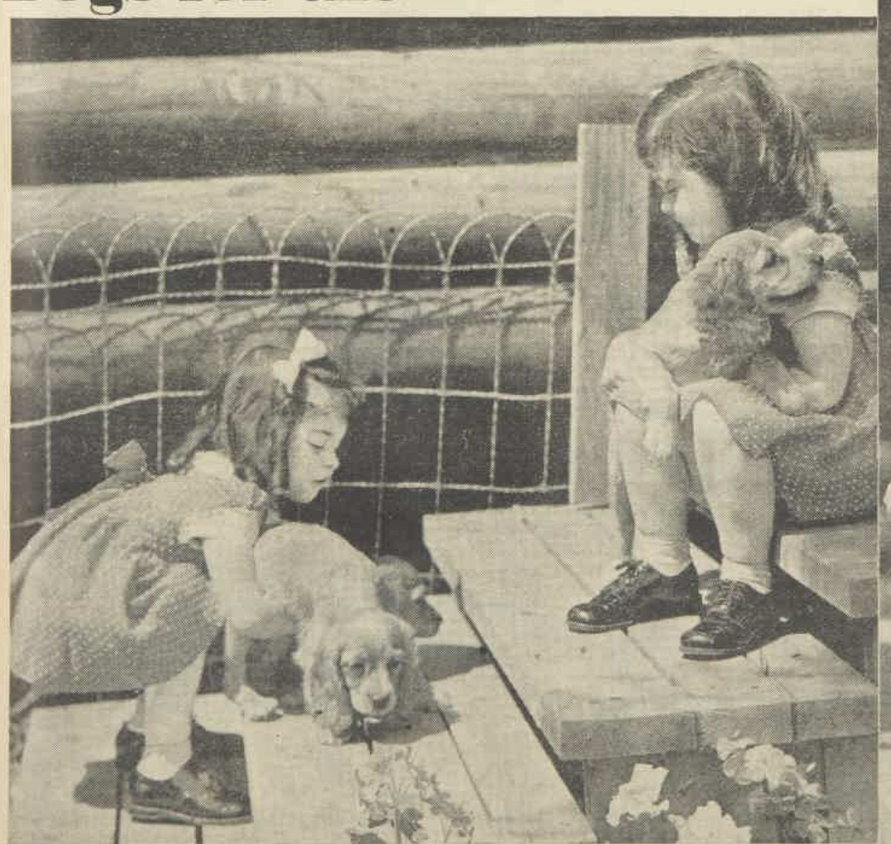
FIVE PUPPIES for five "Quins" who will soon be five years old. The pets, red cocker spaniels, were given to the children by Jean Hersholt, who has starred in pictures with the "Quins." The "Quins" are rushing to admire in this order:—Yvonne, Emilie, Cecile, Annette, Marie.

Dogs for the DIONNES . . .



YVONNE, comfortably seated, watches sister Cecile's attempt to gather two of their new playmates. The pups, of course, persist in going in different directions.

Pictures exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

YVONNE hasn't yet mastered the proper technique of puppy holding, but you can tell she's very pleased with her new playmate.

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Read them column by column every day. It's a habit that will prove of help and interest.

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COLORFUL LIFE ended in mystery

Ben Boyd's dreams of great Australian city

Ben Boyd was an Australian pioneer in the grand manner. Where other men planned to take up land or run a business in the new colony, Ben Boyd planned in terms of whole cities.

Will Lawson tells the remarkable story of his gigantic enterprises in his book, "In Ben Boyd's Day."

THE ENTRANCE to Ben Boyd's headquarters at Boydtown, built in 1842.

WILL LAWSON, novelist and historian, who wrote "In Ben Boyd's Day."

A YOUNG English sharebroker, Ben Boyd, came to Australia in 1842 in his yacht, The Wanderer, carrying gold from the company he had formed in London to found the Royal Bank of Australia.

Within a few months he had laid the foundations of what he hoped would be a city, on the shores of Twofold Bay. Within a year he had become a large landowner with twelve cattle stations and trading enterprises between New South Wales and the other Australian colonies.

After seven years he left Australia, his dreams of a city defeated by opposition from Sydney business interests and the winding-up of his own company.

He sailed to California in The Wanderer, with dreams of a gold fortune, but in a few months he was planning a commonwealth of South Sea islands.

Sydney's boisterous youth is recreated in the book. The harbor is filled with sailing ships, the first steamers, and whaling-boats with their tough, rum-drinking crews. Ships greet new arrivals with a salute of guns.

THE horse-ferry plies across the harbor on the stretch of water now spanned by the Harbor Bridge. Young men pay extravagant compliments to ladies in rustling taffetas at the regatta and the Governor's ball. Bullock teams plough through the mud in the main streets of the city. Police are kept busy at Rushcutters Bay watching for pickpockets.

Pioneering in the grand manner seems to have been a simple, straightforward business when the pioneer was a man of such ambition and forcefulness as Ben Boyd.

In a few brief sentences he envisaged the city that might have been bigger than Sydney or Melbourne if he had not made so many enemies who defeated his plans.

"Set up the tents in a sheltered place and build a hut of slabs to hold the stores and tools. Then we shall start in earnest. It looks a good place. This flat will hold the main buildings, and the gentle slopes around will one day carry hundreds of homes. On that headland there, which I now name Wanderer Head, I'll set up a beacon with a light. Later a lighthouse shall be built on South Head."

Women played little part in Ben Boyd's life. Will Lawson, in making the real man into a character in a novel, provides him with a romance.

Janet Raymond falls in love with him but disapproves of his attempts to indent black labor from the Pacific Islands. After several shiploads of frightened, miserable natives have been brought to Sydney and Boydtown she decides that in spite of her love for him she cannot marry him, and sails away sadly to England.

There were many incidents of suffering and misery in the native labor experiment.

Natives' Suffering

"ONE draft was going inland and a special steamer had been chartered to carry them to Parramatta on their way to Bungaribbee station, in the Riverina. Crowded to her rails with her brown, half-naked human freight the vessel reached Parramatta safely.

"No provision had been made to house the natives, who straggled through the old town in a disorderly way, frightening the residents. The weather was bitterly cold.

"Finding no place in which to shelter, some of the Kanakas made their way back to the river-landing where the steamer still lay, and crept on board.

"Captain Morris, of the Parramatta River steamer Emu, was a kind-hearted man. One night he heard shouts and moaning on the river bank and, on investigating, found a Kanaka in the last extremity of exhaustion and illness. His comrades had been shouting for help. This man was got on board, but he died, and the captain carried his comrades back to Sydney."

Ben Boyd's spectacular career ended in mystery.

On his trip in The Wanderer to organise the South Sea Island Empire, he called at an island where his ships had made several visits to collect natives. He went ashore to shoot pigeons and never returned.

"No trace was ever found of Ben Boyd, though on two occasions warships were sent to investigate rumors of his having been seen in Guadalcanar.

"Not only did Ben Boyd pass from the world of men; his yacht, The Wanderer, went, too, on her way from the Solomons to Sydney. Off the coast of New South Wales, when she was almost home, she ran into thick north-east weather.

"Off Port Macquarie she was driven on the rocks and sank in deep water.

"So Ben Boyd's Wanderer—his beloved ship—went down, the saloon with its handsome furnishings and portrait of Janet; the quarter-deck, where he and Janet had stood so often, happy together; the cabin where she had slept sank under the ravening waves; her tall masts bowed their queenly height into the flood; her shapely hull that had braved so many oceans, so many storms, and had left the waters of many ports, it, too, slid into the depths. The Wanderer had passed."

"In Ben Boyd's Day." By Will Lawson. (New Century Press). Our copy from the publishers.

Joyce is off to school without any breakfast again this morning.

"She just won't eat anything at breakfast, and she's getting so thin," says Mother to Mrs. Brown. "Give her Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," suggests Mrs. Brown, "my kiddies love them."

Now Joyce sits down happily every morning to a brimming bowl of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. They go "Snap! Crackle! and Pop!" when she pours the milk on. It's fun to eat Rice Bubbles . . . they're crunchy and delicious, and they're packed full of easy to digest, energising nourishment.

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles sold at all grocers, oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive Waxtite packets, and all ready to serve.

CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

Ingredients: 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2½ ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, 2½ ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 8 ozs. Copha. Stir dry ingredients together, melt Copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. Enough for 30 or 36 Chocolate Crackles.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, signs a contract with Granite Films, of which the director is
MR. FLEMING: Another of Mr. Fleming's stars is
SONNY: A noted boy actor, but an extremely bad-tempered child, who causes a great deal of trouble to his parents and to Fleming. He is rude to boys who live near, and when one, Whitey, strikes him, they are told by a policeman not to play in the neighborhood. One day Sonny on the way to the studio decides to sack his chauffeur and make George, his valet, do both jobs. While George is dressing the child star, Mr. Fleming brings Mandrake to introduce him to Sonny. Sonny remarks that he has been wondering how to improve his career, and Mandrake, who has overheard his rudeness to the valet, shows him. Meanwhile Sonny's mother and Mr. Fleming are listening outside the door. NOW READ ON—

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TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS

Get Oxygen in Your Blood and You'll Get the Pep that Sends You Bounding Up the Stairs.

People who smother to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale, flabby, often pimply. Your nerves may become jittery—you tire quickly—feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world famous pills help you make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today at your chemist or store and see for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep. ...

Trunk Call

Continued from Page 16

"THE fool! You don't make poetry out of life," Robin said to himself. "You make life out of poetry. There aren't any fine words when you care like we used to, but the metre pounds in your hearts and rhymes in your eyes, yours used to—oh, lord; what am I talking about?" And discovered that his throat hurt him. "To heck with it all. Thank heaven, it's over—and stuff like that," he said to himself. But there was something the matter with his eyes, and he supposed he'd been reading too much late at night.

Week-ends were terrible because everyone assumed he'd be dashing down to the country, and he was too proud in his pretence to accept even the few invitations people did think of offering. "Awfully sorry," he would say, "but you know what Susie is like."

"About you," they said, and grinned at him. "Well, go to it, old boy."

Then he'd have to spend his time dodging like a criminal into movies, in neighborhoods where he'd be sure he would meet none of their friends.

And now, here he was this morning, sitting by the telephone, pretending to call up Susie. Jones put his head in at the door and he put a big, foolish grin on his face and mumbled into the receiver. An instant later Parnley yanked open the door and stuck in his old busybody head.

"Wait a minute, Susie," Robin said to the astonished operator, who was still chirping "Number, please!" "There's someone here——"

"Tell her to come home," Parnley said. "We've just been talking about giving you a party to celebrate. Here, let me talk to her."

"Talk when you're paying for the call!" Robin said, and he good-naturedly elbowed him out and closed the door with his foot. But there was a trickle of dampness between his shoulder blades, and he wished he were a million miles away from all this wounding make-believe.

Uncle Matt was waiting for him as he came out of the room. "Naturally you're on your way down to Susie, I suppose?"

"Naturally," Robin said.

"You'll be driving down in your own car?"

"No; Susie's got the custody of that," and he grinned as though he could afford to joke about custodies.

"Well, I was thinking," Uncle Matt said. "How about my running down with you? I've got some business to do in Bristol. I could drop you and see Susie for a minute."

"That would be great," he stammered. "I know Susie'll be delighted; surprised, too."

"Perhaps we ought to wire her," Uncle Matt said considerately.

And that was the first moment that Robin remembered the telegram which he had jammed unread into his pocket before the conference. He took it out and looked at it, and suddenly was afraid to open it. In his blur of excitement about the conference he had assumed that it was some routine office business, but now he realised that only personal telegrams were delivered during important meetings in the boardroom. And Robin had no personal business except Susie—and no personal business about Susie that could be anything but bad. He mumbled an apology and turned a little aside to open the orange envelope.

"Please come immediately. We must talk things over with you.—Signed, Prentiss."

SO all that romantic business between Susie and the Major had come to a head. And now he was sending her telegrams for her—ordering her husband to appear, so that he could tell him just what was expected of him. And now Susie had learned about love, and, being modern people, another man was going to tell him about it.

"That's good," he said to himself. "It's about time we cleaned this up. So Susie's going to marry the Major."

Under the numbed pain of knowing he felt separately forlorn and hurt, because he saw now that all these dialogues which he had been carrying on in his mind with Susie were undoubtedly one-sided, for Susie falling in love again would certainly have no time to be muttering vindictive exchanges with him in her mind.

"We'll make a party of it," Uncle Matt was saying. "I'll take down a case of champagne, and we'll drink to the new contract."

"The new contract," Robin said. "That's the stuff to drink to." He liked the irony of that. He laughed bitterly to himself at the double meaning of that.

Uncle Matt's eyes, so gentle and blue behind their glasses, looked a little bewildered at all this vehement response.

When they were in his car he said, "You'd better drive, Robin, you know these roads. I imagine you could find 'em in your sleep, the number of times you've been to and fro this summer."

That would be just one more wretched thing to cope with, because Robin had no idea at all where the little west-country village was or how to reach it. He might just as well stop here and now, and tell Uncle Matt the truth. But when he glanced at him the old gentleman looked so kind and defenceless, so utterly unprepared for what must soon come out, that Robin didn't know how to begin.

"SUSIE seems to have liked it down here in the country," Uncle Matt said. "I was quite surprised when her father told me she wouldn't go abroad with them this year. But I suppose we can't expect scenery to compete with romance, can we?" he beamed fatuously.

So they'd gone abroad and Susie hadn't gone with them. Even in the early summer she must have cared enough about that idiotic, fancy-named Major to give up travelling so that she could hang around some sleepy little village where he was—learning about love.

They drove and drove, and Uncle Matt talked on happily and innocently.

"It's Hillwood we're heading for, isn't it?" Uncle Matt said. "I have a friend who lives there myself—a doctor. Matter of fact, he wrote and asked me if I could do a favor for him. Wanted me to have a special prescription made up and bring down with me for a patient."

"Did you do it?"

"I did. But doing favors is sometimes thankless work."

It was getting dark now, and Robin was weary and sick of all this. Even if he found Hillwood, he'd have to stumble round the place trying to find the house.

Now they were on the road leading to Hillwood. Houses went past them along the quiet street, but there was no gracious white house in which Susie might be waiting, looking up happily into her new lover's eyes.

Suddenly the street ended in a field, like a sentence trailing into silence. Robin stopped the car behind a battered coupe standing before the last house on the road, and jumped out, determined to ask someone the way, and never mind what Uncle Matt thought.

"When you see Doctor Parsons, my boy," Uncle Matt said, "tell him I've got all the faith in the world in his prescription. And good luck, Robin." And the vague old boy reached out and grasped Robin's hand.

"What's he talking about?" Robin muttered to himself, as he dashed up the drive and knocked at the door of a rambling old house. He was trembling with weariness and chagrin at this dismal errand. The door opened, and a middle-aged woman, tear-stained and rumpled looking, peered out resentfully.

"Will you tell me, please, if Mrs. Robin Upton lives anywhere near?"

"Come in," she said, and gulped. "The doctor's still here, but I think you'd better go up, Mr. Upton," she said surprisingly.

Three old ladies, blurred and vague looking, stood in the hall behind her, all whispering at once. Without quite comprehending, Robin darted up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs was a small, dimly-lit room, with three people in it, still and solemn, as though they were waiting for death itself.

Light spilled across a broad bed, and in the centre of it lay Susie, a pale-faced, burning-eyed Susie, with curly golden hair spraying over the pillow. All the despair and stubbornness, all the self-pity and the silly shame of caring what anyone thought, drained out of Robin's heart when he saw her.

A bent, white-haired man sat beside the bed, holding her wrist in his waxy old fingers, and murmuring something-or-other in the comforting way of old country doctors. A tall, tanned young man stood beside the blue window, looking as if his heart would break if anything happened to Susie.

Robin was suddenly on his knees beside her bed.

"Susie, don't die," he was saying. "Go away and stay for ten years, if you want to. That'd give me time to learn to take care of you, Susie. But if you die, what'd life be for?"

Her dark, sweet eyes stood quiet a long moment and looked at him. "I won't die. And I'm not going anywhere, now that you're here."

Please turn to Page 38

What 'B.O.'? Me?... Impossible!

BUT— ... It's quite possible for anyone to have "B.O." (Body Odour), no matter how many baths they take with ordinary soaps. The only sure protection against Body Odour is the regular use of Lifebuoy — the soap specially made to give protection. Lifebuoy lather is penetrating. It goes right into the skin pores, and with the help of its special purifying ingredient, cleanses away all perspiration deposits. It leaves the skin cleansed, purified and healthy.

..AND LIFEBUOY IS *EXTRA* MILD *here's proof!*

Don't make the mistake of thinking that Lifebuoy is severe to your skin just because it's so very thorough and deep-cleansing. The special ingredient that makes it so thorough also helps to make it *mild*. Regular Lifebuoy users *know* how extra mild Lifebuoy is—how it keeps the skin soothed, clear and healthy. For those who have not yet enjoyed Lifebuoy mildness, here are the words of a famous Australian Specialist who made 6,000 searching tests — "Lifebuoy is one of the mildest soaps available . . . certainly *milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women.*"

LIFEBUOY SOAP

PREVENTS "B. O." (BODY ODOUR)

A LEVER PRODUCT

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For Holiday Trips SAVE WEIGHT WITH A **GLOBITE** SUIT CASE

Light, strong and weather-proof, in brown grained finish or smooth, glossy brown, blue or black. At good stores everywhere.

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Elizabeth Vallie Woodside, of Melbourne (centre), and her bridesmaids, her sister Jean (left) and Kathleen Grant Hay. Vallie's wedding with Ronald Gordon Smith, of Bunyarra, Merriwa, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Smith, of Byron Hall, Potts Point, will be celebrated in Melbourne on March 8.

I LIKE—

Mrs. Langford Gibson's quaint flapjack—a tiny suitcase, about three inches long, of pale pink enamel, with colored labels from all parts of the East printed on it.

❖ ❖ ❖

Lazy Days at Seaside

LAZY days surfing and swimming at Terrigal have been Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster's answer to one of Casalis' hottest summers.

With their daughter Thelma they have taken Mrs. H. E. Swallow's attractive cottage overlooking the beach.

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Per Utility Truck

SYBIL SIMPSON has departed for Orange to stay at the Duntryleague Club for the next six weeks. The visit is an annual event, or has been, since her brother Dick bought a property in the district over two years ago.

Dick, who has been holidaying in town, motored down in his utility truck, which, Sybil told me, was also going to be her means of conveyance on the journey west.

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Their Happy Day

A HAPPY day was spent recently by 70 members of the Free Kindergarten Mothers' Clubs and the Dramatic Club, when they were taken to see the Kindergarten Holiday Home at Thirroul. Mrs. Frank Whiddon (president) and members of the home committee arranged the outing, the trip being made by car via Bulli Pass.

The mothers were much intereated in seeing over the home where many of their children spend three weeks' holiday in the care of the matron, Mrs. Stewart.

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Romance in the Air

TELEGRAPH wires in town and country have been kept busy these last few days with congratulatory messages. Betty Anderson, of Mullaley, has hardly been able to leave the telephone at Carlaminda, Cooma, where she announced her engagement to Jan Lang last Friday at the start of Cooma's picnic race festivities.

A solitaire diamond is being worn by Jean Gibson, of Vaucluse. Jean's engagement to Hugh Louden, announced at a supper party at Prince's last Friday, was a surprise to many of their friends.

There is considerable interest, too, in the engagement of Gwen Munro to Hubert Francis (Togo) Middows, of Elizabeth Bay, announced on Friday. Gwen, you remember, is the attractive young Melbourne actress who played feminine lead in "Orphan of the Wilderness." She was in Sydney last week, but left for her Melbourne home on the day the announcement was made. The wedding will be a quiet family affair in Sydney shortly.

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With those attractive twins, Peter and Georgina, the John Gadens, of Whepoo, Dunedoo, are holidaying at Collaroy.

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Visitors from London

IN Sydney once more from their home in England, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Rudder are staying at 52 Macleay St. Their elder son Brian, who has been jackerooing in the country, came to town to join them. It was only last year they all travelled out to Australia together, as, after finishing with Cambridge, Brian decided that a life on the land was to be his future metier.

After seeing him settled at Widgiewa with the Otway Falkiners, Mr. and Mrs. Rudder returned to England. Now they will make an indefinite stay here.

At the moment Brian is studying engineering, but will probably go back to the country later. His brother, Lionel, had just rejoined his regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, when Mr. and Mrs. Rudder left London.

Mrs. Luke Bice, who had a flat at Birtley Towers, Elizabeth Bay, while in town, returned to Inverell last week. She will, as usual, entertain a house party at her home, Osterley, for the Inverell picnic races on March 16 and 17.

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Paddy White's First Novel

HERE'S news of Mrs. Victor White and her daughter Sue. They were just leaving for the winter sports in Switzerland when they last wrote. Mrs. White's son, Paddy, who had been staying with them at their Mayfair flat, returning to his Regent's Park abode.

Mrs. White has sent to Sydney friends a card printed on the back with comments on Paddy's recently published book, "Happy Valley." Says author Graham Greene, "The most mature first novel in recent years, and the best Australian one since H. D. Lawrence's 'Kangaroo'."

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Dr. and Mrs. Bill Uther are down from Cobar and have a cottage at Collaroy. Staying with them is Mrs. Bill's sister, Mrs. Jim Vivers, of Nombi, Gunnedah.

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Just Out from Cambridge

WITH every intention of spending the summer at their station property, Mr. and Mrs. Mick Kater and Roderick went up to Wellington, but droughty conditions decided otherwise, and they have returned to town. They've just moved into the David Morris' charming house at Bellevue Hill.

Very nice for Mrs. Kater with her brother, Bill Milne, just out from Cambridge, planning to make his home in Sydney. He has taken a flat at Point Piper. Also her young sister, Betty, after staying with another sister, Mrs. John Russell Clarke, at her station home in Victoria, has returned to Sydney and is staying at 52 Macleay Street.

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To Visit Daughter

I'VE just heard that Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern are off to England.

They will leave some time in April to visit their elder daughter, Doreen, and her husband, Oscar Peall, who, with their two little daughters, when last I heard, were living in Hampshire. Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern will be seeing their younger granddaughter for the first time.

Family Reunion

THE beginning of March will see Mr. and Mrs. W. G. De Gruchey and their son Dick under the same roof for the first time in more than eight months. Last year Mr. and Mrs. de Gruchey went abroad—a not unusual thing for them—leaving Dick in a flat at Darling Point. He, by the way, will go to New Zealand some time this year to make his home there for a few years. Returning to Sydney some months ago, Mrs. De Gruchey then left for New Zealand, where she has been ever since.

During their absence overseas their lovely home at Edgecliff has had as tenants Mr. and Mrs. Howard Giblin.

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Mr. and Mrs. Basil Piermont, who were married recently at St. Stephen's Church, Chatswood, motored to Victoria for their honeymoon. They will spend a week or two in Melbourne, where Mr. Piermont has many relatives. Before her marriage Mrs. Piermont was Miss Marie Macauley.

Lady Wakehurst Sails

TO say au revoir to some of her friends before leaving Sydney last Friday to join the Orcades in Melbourne for England, Lady Wakehurst gave several small informal tea parties at Government House.

On one afternoon last week, when she entertained the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Norman Nock), Lady Wakehurst had the tea-table arranged with huge bowls filled with yellow rosebuds. They looked so attractive that on entering the dining-room every guest instantly said, "Oh, what lovely flowers."

Fellow guests with the Lady Mayoress were Mrs. J. C. Windeyer, Mrs. Alexis Albert, Dr. M. Harper, Mrs. Harald Bowden, and Mrs. W. P. McElhone.

Lady Wakehurst said she was enjoying the prospect of a leisurely sea trip and visiting her family in England, but that she would look forward to returning to her Sydney home in six months' time.

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Mrs. V. Laidley Dowling, of Rose Bay, is spending a holiday in New Zealand with her son, Rick.

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Holidaying at Forster

THE Julian Mackays—like most of Scone and district—are holidaying at the seaside. They've taken a cottage at Forster for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Mackay, still faithful to Terrigal, are spending lazy days on its golden sands.

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Taking Up Country Life

AT the end of the month, Gordon Spiller-Brandon goes "bush." He will take over the property he has bought at Orange. Tells me there'll only be occasional jaunts to town on high days and holidays, and also that sister Vita goes up to housekeep for him.

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Looking for a Flat

HUGO BRASSEY, who spends most of his spare time either lunching or dancing at Prince's, was lunching one day last week with Mrs. Fred Payne, of Melbourne.

Mrs. Payne is staying at the Australia, but is looking for a flat, which must have a view. She tells me that Mrs. Patrick Hore-Ruthven, Lord and Lady Gowrie's daughter-in-law, whom she has known for years, is a most charming girl.

Governor-General's Son

ADMIRALTY HOUSE will be early astir this Wednesday morning to welcome Lord and Lady Gowrie's only son, Captain the Hon. Patrick Hore-Ruthven, and his bride, who arrive aboard the Strathallan at the crack o' dawn. These happy honeymooners will spend a short holiday in Australia—the trip is a wedding gift.

Their marriage on January 5 was celebrated in the seldom-used Henry VII chapel, Westminster Abbey, because Lord Gowrie is a Commander of the Bath.

Mrs. Hore-Ruthven was formerly Miss Pamela Fletcher, of Irish descent. She is a clever horsewoman, and a linguist, too, as she was educated abroad. It is her first visit to Australia, and though her husband returns to his regiment in April she hopes to remain for a while longer.

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Cruise to New Zealand

LUCKY Mrs. Thiel Maurice! She has been holidaying with her young family at Jervis Bay, from Wellington, and I now hear that she's going farther afield.

With her sister, Mrs. Ted Chapman, she leaves by the Strathallan this week on a holiday cruise to New Zealand.

❖ ❖ ❖

DO YOU KNOW—

That the Hunter Whites have been spending a nice cool summer in Tasmania? With their daughter Connie they have been there for some weeks.

Coty

"AIR SPUN"

Finer Texture . . .
Smoother Covering . . .
Longer Adherence . . .
Richer Fragrance . . .

Ask for it in the following classic perfumes

MUGUET—*Lily of the Valley.*
AIMANT—*The Perfume of Magnetism.*
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Large Box 3/9
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And for Complete Loveliness finish off with
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and
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Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense.

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."***

FOR SEWING MACHINES
Sweepers and all household appliances
•
LUBRICATES
CLEANS
PREVENTS RUST
3-IN-ONE OIL
("Trade-Mark")

And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 6

In time Kate came to agree with her. She found no hatred in the Torrington household, except of drink. Mrs. Torrington was an ardent prohibitionist. Her only reference to Ridley was not hostile.

"And so your sister is going to be married," she said. "We all heard she was going to marry that Crane, but I'm glad she's not. I always say to Alma, whatever you do don't marry a drinking man."

Kate colored deeply. "Mr. Crane can't very well drink in prison, you know," she said.

Mrs. Torrington shook her head. "What an end for a gentleman like that. See what the drink will do."

The end of a gentleman? Oh, dear, Kate thought, and yet was grateful that nothing worse was said. The visit didn't go badly. Alma looked wonderfully well in Helen's blue serge, which would need a little letting out. Mrs. Torrington kept her visitor in the sitting-room that day, but on the next visit allowed her to penetrate the series of mysterious enclosed piazzas and sheds at the back of the house where all the serious work of the family seemed to go on. They were full of washtubs and flowerpots and milk bottles and ironing boards, and the sun poured in all day long. Here Mrs. Torrington worked and Alma sat and listened to the radio. Kate found out the reason was that Alma meant to write radio scripts. While Zillah whirled in and out, really doing the work of the household.

Kate learned to consult Zillah in private about every detail. Could Alma write?

"Not a chance," Zillah answered, "but it keeps her happy at home, and someone has to stay at home for mommer to talk to; the boys are no good for that."

"Benny says that he wants to join the Boy Scouts. That would be all right, wouldn't it?"

"Sure, the best thing for him; keep him out of mischief."

Each day Kate went home and wrote a long account of her visit to Ridley. She let her pen run freely. Surely in prison a long letter cannot be a bore. She felt she had made a good beginning of the mission he had given her.

But the other injunction he had laid upon her—to stop hating Helen—that wasn't so easy. Helen was so calm, so competent, so much the perfect bride, and so very busy. The two girls seemed never to have a minute alone together. Nor did Mrs. Lattimer make it any easier; the approaching separation increased her adoration of her elder daughter.

The Harridges had a dinner for Helen the night before the wedding.

Kate looked across the table to where Helen was bending her yellow head to listen to Mr. Harridge, as if no words were as important as his, but Kate could see that her eyes were cold and desperate and roving here and there; that she wasn't really listening at all.

How horrible to be going to marry a man who bored you. No wonder she looked desperate. And yet Kate couldn't pity her; couldn't be really sorry. Nevertheless, in order to keep her word to Ridley, she must make some gesture. She remembered that in her childhood, if she could bring herself to say that she was sorry, she sometimes actually became sorry. Perhaps that would work now.

That night she worked for the first time on the door between her room and Helen's. None of the wedding party was staying at the Lattimers' house, and Mrs. Lattimer had sent both girls to bed early. "Brides must get their sleep," she had said, "and bridesmaids too."

The door did not open. Helen's voice said: "What do you want?"

"I want to speak to you."

There was a pause; Helen was thinking it over. Then the door opened.

"Helen, I want to say that I'm sorry."

"A fine time to think of that."

"Well, anyhow, let me say it. I'm sorry you're unhappy, and I suppose you are, though you don't show it. You see, I like Freddie, and I didn't think——"

"That perhaps I didn't?" One of Helen's eyebrows shot up.

"I didn't think anyone could help liking him."

"Get engaged to him and see how easy it is."

"Helen, do you hate him?"

"Of course I hate him. Oh, don't look startled. Everything has worked out just as you planned it. I must hand it to you, Kate; you've done a good job. You've got me just where you wanted me—better than you know. There are some little fine details you haven't heard about yet. Come in and let me tell you." Helen moved from the door, where she had been partly blocking Kate's entrance, and sank down on the edge of the bed. "Let me tell you what happened to-day, just to make everything perfect. Freddie was offered a partnership in Mr. Prince's firm."

"Mr. Prince's firm! Oh, Helen!"

"Now don't say 'Oh, Helen' as if you thought I liked it. One reason why I am marrying Freddie is because he was being sent abroad for six months or a year by his old firm. That was a bait, to get away from you all for six months, especially from you, my dear little sister. Well, you see how it's worked out. I marry to get away from the Crane case and find that I've married one of his lawyers. Oh, you've done a very fine piece of work, Kate. If ever I want to make someone wretched, I shall certainly call you in for a little expert advice."

"You don't seem very wretched, Helen. I notice you sleep and eat and take a lot of interest in your trousseau."

"That's what you think, but would you like to know what I was doing when you knocked? I was going through the medicine cabinet to see whether there wasn't something that I could take an overdose of. There wasn't, and if there had been I probably wouldn't have taken it."

A great idea swept into Kate's mind. "Helen! It's not too late!"

"To take an overdose? How sweet of you. Oh, I see; you mean to break my engagement."

"No, I don't. I mean it's not too late to confess."

"Confess?" Helen laughed. "You think ten years in prison would be better than a lifetime with Freddie? Maybe you have got hold of something there."

Please turn to Page 39

With thousands of fastidious people this is a daily habit

Dental authorities agree that a dirty, stained denture is a constant menace to health as it provides ideal conditions for dangerous bacteria. Why not clean your false teeth, *and keep them clean*, by the method dentists are now recommending? This is the regular bath in 'Steradent' solution. 'Steradent' will make your false teeth spotlessly clean, fresh and natural-looking—*and keep them that way.*

Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap.

Stains disappear. Dull teeth gleam white again. 'Steradent' penetrates into every crevice. Your whole denture is purified. Your mouth feels cool, smooth and refreshed. *'Steradent' is superior to anything I know of,* writes one dentist. *'I wish everyone wearing dentures knew about it,'* writes another.

'Steradent' is guaranteed harmless to dental materials. Sold by all chemists. Price 2/-. Double size 3/6.

TRIAL OFFER. Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Rechitt (Over Seas) Ltd., Box 2515 BB, G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Steradent
cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Thousands Reduce Safely 28 POUNDS IN 6 WEEKS

"My friends used to tell me a year or two ago I had one of the nicest figures they had ever seen," says Mrs. A.F.R. "I weighed 8st. 4lb., and felt wonderful; I was popular everywhere—never a wallflower, and always had a wonderful time at parties, etc. However, I began to get fat. Then my weight went up to 10st. 12lb.

"Goodness, but I felt dreadfully old, I seemed to have put on 10 years, and must have looked a fright. And I was too tired to move about. I was advised to try Youth-O-Form, and it was marvellous. In a few weeks I had reduced to 8st. 10lb., and never felt better. I was full of energy, and everybody said how wonderful I looked. I began to be invited everywhere again—and it was then I met my present husband. I know he is proud of my slim, youthful figure, and I think to myself, 'thank heavens for Youth-o-Form.' Youth-o-Form makes you feel so fit—and it's easy to be happy when you're feeling really well."

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Miss ALFREDA GREY
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Weight, 8st. 4lb. Calf, 12½ins.
Bust, 34ins. Neck, 12½ins.
Waist, 26ins.

YOUTH-O-FORM

Trunk Call

Continued from Page 36

The tall young man came over and touched the old white head bent and unnoticed beside the bed. The young man said to Robin, "You'd better be alone with her a few minutes. But be careful. She's pretty bad. The child has worked herself to death."

Robin looked up into his fine brown eyes, and a flood of understanding flowed through him, for this man, who, loving Susie, was suffering as he had suffered himself because of her.

"I know, old man," he said.

The major and the doctor went out of the room, and Robin thought, "this may be the last time we'll ever be in a little room alone together."

"I'm not delirious," Susie was saying. "But I'm so happy that I might just as well be."

"Don't talk, precious. The major's a grand chap, Susie. I don't blame you."

"I was so lonesome, Rob. I didn't want you to suspect. You said you didn't miss me."

"I nearly died of missing you. I've been dead, walking about, pretending to myself. It nearly finished me, Susie."

"I've saved a hundred pounds," Susie said. "I earned it myself. I've taken in boarders, Robin—sweet old people with nobody belonging to them. I can make a bed without any wrinkles; I bake pastry every morning, and I painted all this furniture."

"Oh, Susie. You must love that fellow, darling."

"I do," she said. "I always have."

"Then don't you worry about anything," he whispered. "I'll arrange it for you. You needn't tell me about it, darling. I understand. In six months you can have your divorce, and marry Major Prentiss."

"The major?" Susie said wearily. "But—he's seventy, darling."

She motioned weakly towards the vacant chair where the old man had sat, and Robin understood dizzily then that the burning-eyed young man on the other side of the bed was not the major, but the doctor. The doctor, of course, who had asked Uncle Matt to see that he got up here to-night. All that prattling about a prescription Uncle Matt was bringing with him—why, he was the prescription!

He saw then that Uncle Matt's maddeningly stupid intrusion all through this day had been just an old-fashioned gentleman's manner of helping a man to manage his own affairs. He had brought him here and dumped him, and then had gone about his own business.

"Don't let them suspect, Robin, that we quarrelled," Susie was whispering. "I've never told them. They're old and they believe in things, and I just told them—little lies—about how much we love each other. I just pretended we had parted for a time to help each other. I've got used to thinking of you as a very—gentle person."

"I am, underneath, Susie."

"I've worked and worked to make myself into somebody who would be a help, not a hindrance, if you ever wanted me to belong to you again," she continued.

"You couldn't belong to anybody else," he said. "You've always been crazy about me, haven't you?" And there he was back again, the old bragging Robin. But his mouth was trembling.

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And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 38

"IT wouldn't be ten years for you, Helen. They'd be lenient with you. You'd roll your eyes at the jury, and the Judge would fall in love with you, and, of course, Ridley would work to get you out, although you never turned your hand over for him."

Helen didn't answer, but Kate saw that she did not wholly reject the idea. She sat staring, with a slight frown, at those black slippers of hers.

Helen spoke: "Do you know what Ridley thinks of it all—of me? Does he hate me?"

There was a sort of sacrilege in speaking to Helen of that conversation in the prison, and yet Kate couldn't resist: "Oh, Helen, he is so wonderful. He doesn't hate anyone. He won't even let me hate you."

Helen's blue eyes were on her like a flash of lightning. "You've heard from him?"

"I've seen him. I went to the prison to see him. He sent for me."

"Oh," said Helen, as if things were beginning to get clearer. "I see. He sent for you to find out about my engagement." A faint smile curled up the corner of her mouth. "And what did he think of it?"

"He doubted if you and Freddie would be happy."

"He doubted that, did he? What a sage! What an observer of life!"

"Helen, you don't care anything for Ridley?"

"Well, you won't think I'm exaggerating if I say I like him better than Freddie. He's an attractive man—the most attractive man I ever met—and he has other advantages. A man doesn't lose his fortune because he goes to prison. If I have the courage to go through with all the horrors of confessing—"

"It's a pity you didn't think of it earlier."

"I didn't think then that he was in love with me. Well, I did think of it——"

"I bet you did."

"——but I couldn't be sure, and I certainly wasn't going to ruin my life for the sake of a total stranger. If it hadn't been for this little chat with you, I might never have seen it at all. I have you to thank for an excellent idea, Kate. What a romance! We may go down in history as the great lovers of all time. First he goes to prison to save me, and then I go to prison to save him—if I do."

"It will kill Mums."

"I was thinking of that."

The sisters looked at each other. They still had one feeling in common.

And at that moment there was a step in the hall, the handle of the door turned, the door opened, and Mrs. Lattimer came in in her dressing gown. She wore her severest face.

Kate went over and kissed her mother: "Don't be cross, Mums."

"I am cross. You're a thoughtless little person."

"I was telling her about Freddie's new firm," said Helen.

Mrs. Lattimer's face softened, but she said firmly: "Tell her to-morrow. Why do you young people always want to talk at night?"

There was nothing for Kate to do, of course, but to go back to her room and shut the door until her mother had gone. She could hear the low murmur of their voices. She knew what they were saying—a wonderful chance for Freddie . . .

In the darkness of her own room, Kate flung herself face downwards across her bed—the attitude in which, since her childhood, she had expressed complete despair.

LYRIC OF LIFE

ONWARD

Like wind in an eternal desert
Time swirls by, blindingly . . .
A perpetually obscuring dust.
Behind us, dimly, are the faint tracks
Our stumbling feet have made.
But ahead, to right and left,
Is long obscurity.
And in our hearts the great, inevitable urge
Of exploration.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Suddenly she sat up. Perhaps it was already too late. Perhaps at that moment Helen was telling her mother the truth. She bent her head forward, trying to catch the tone of those murmuring voices. Then, as she listened, she heard the click of Helen's light being put out, and her mother's voice saying firmly, just as she used to when they were babies: "Now, go straight to sleep, dear."

Kate waited a few minutes and then softly opened the door. The light was still out, but a waning yellow moon shone under the maple trees, so that she could see that Helen was lying in bed with her hands under her head. She did not move an eyelash as the door opened, but she spoke:

"You nearly stampeded me into making a colossal fool of myself, didn't you? What a mess it would have been if I had confessed."

"I thought you had worked it out that you and Ridley could live happily ever after."

"So we can. But there needn't be any melodrama and scandal."

"I must say I don't see how you can get him out of prison if you don't confess yourself."

"He'll be out anyhow in a few years."

"And you mean that you'll just wait?"

"I'll just wait, like you, for the happy moment of his release."

There was a long silence. Kate stood in the darkness, considering the stretch of years—herself and Helen waiting for Ridley's release. At last she said: "Did you tell Mums that you were breaking off your marriage?"

"No."

"You haven't much time."

"I'm not breaking it off."

"I thought you said you were going to wait."

"So I am."

The truth dawned slowly on Kate: "You mean you are going to wait—as Freddie's wife?"

"That's it exactly."

"I did not think that even you could imagine anything as vile as that."

Kate's voice was charged with emotion, but Helen's sounded as clear and cool as ever: "I'm not sure my motives are vile—rather the other way. I simply couldn't have put Mums through all that, even if I had been sure I wanted to do it myself. It really would have destroyed her to find out that it was I who ran over old Torrington, and then seeing me go to prison—she couldn't have borne it."

"You must be crazy if you think I'm going to let you get away with anything like this."

"Just how do you imagine you could stop me?"

"By telling the truth. By telling everyone that you ought to be in prison instead of Ridley."

"IN the first place, you have done that already—you told Mr. Harridge, at least—and no one believes you. You won't have Ridley on your side, you know."

"Then I'll tell him what you're planning. I'll tell him every word of this conversation to-night."

"You'll tell him that I love him and would like to marry him. Do, by all means. I think he'll be delighted with your news."

"I'll tell him that you don't care a snap of your fingers for him, but that you mean to marry him for his money; that you are marrying Freddie in the meantime to save a scandal, but that as soon as he's free——"

"Tell him, tell him anything you want, kid; abuse me to your heart's content. Go and see him every day and do all his dirty work for him—and see what it gets you. When I'm ready, I'll put out my hand and take him."

"You don't know him as well as I do."

"All the better. Remember what happened at Mr. Harridge's—your dear old friend—the day you tried to tell him that I was the guilty party. That wasn't a great success, was it? And Mr. Harridge isn't in love with me. He judged it all quite dispassionately. You won't be able to persuade Ridley; nothing you say will matter at all in comparison with what I say. You'll shock him; he'll think you're an envious, jealous, spiteful child; he'll tell you not to hate me, just as he did the other day. Only he won't be too hard on you, because I'll plead your cause; I'll say that you've always been in love with him in your childish way."

Kate interrupted: "You make a mistake to despise truth so utterly, Helen, because truthful people know it when they hear it."

"Did Mr. Harridge?"

"Ridley is cleverer than Mr. Harridge. He will believe me when I tell him what you're really like; and I mean to tell him—before heaven I mean to tell him—what you've always been like since we were children—that he might better trust a rattlesnake——"

In the midst of a sentence, Helen sprang out of bed with one long movement and, taking her sister by the shoulders, shoved her through the door and locked it behind her.

. . . . . .

Helen's wedding day was clear and blue—more like midsummer than late September—so windless that when a red leaf from the maple or a yellow leaf from the plane tree floated down on the lawn it seemed like a miraculous gift from heaven.

KATE breakfasted alone with her mother, who said as she kissed her: "I'm sorry I was cross last night, dear. It was perfectly natural that you two sisters who have been so much together should want to talk on your last night together."

"I didn't think you were cross, Mums."

"It was natural for Helen to want to tell you all about this wonderful thing that has happened to Freddie. She must feel very proud of him—so entirely without backing—he won it entirely on his own."

Kate avoided answering this: "I suppose it's the most important firm in the country, isn't it?"

"Oh, quite, I should think. Freddie wanted me to ask Mr. Prince to the wedding, and I telephoned him last night. You look a little pale, dear."

"And he's coming?"

"Of course he's coming." Mrs. Lattimer's tone suggested that no one invited to Helen's wedding was likely to stay away. Mr. Prince—the only other person who knew the truth. How strange that he should be coming to Helen's wedding. He knew the truth about something else, too—whether or not Ridley had urged him to offer Freddie the partnership. If she dared ask him, that would answer all her questions. She was ready to stake everything on that. If the idea had been Ridley's, she would find it hard to deny that he loved Helen; and if he did love Helen, then everything was hopeless—for him, for her, for Freddie, but not for Helen.

Helen did not appear until it was almost time for her to dress for her wedding, and there was a great deal for the rest of the household to do—furniture to be moved, last-minute presents to be opened and listed, telegrams to be received — some already addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Alcott.

Please turn to Page 40

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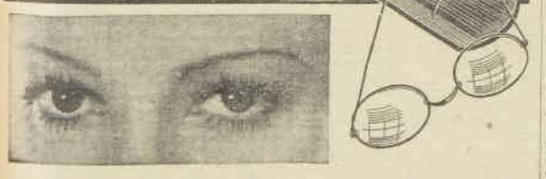

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And One Was Beautiful

HELEN, in her dressing-gown—an old one that she was now abandoning to Kate—stood in the middle of the empty sitting-room and took the telegram into her hand and stared at it.

Her mother smiled: "You'll have to get used to it," she said gaily.

"Don't I know it, Mums!"

Then Mrs. Lattimer drove both girls up to dress. Through the closed door, Kate could hear that Jane and Mrs. Lattimer were helping Helen with her veil. "Not too tight, dear—it's less becoming—and the orange blossoms a little further forward."

No one came to help Kate dress; she needed no one.

A little after eleven, the girls' uncle Geoffrey Lattimer and his wife arrived in their car. He was to give Helen away. And soon afterward the Alcotts came. Then everyone, including the cook and old Michael, were invited to go upstairs to see Helen in her wedding finery. Kate heard Michael, as he came down, declaring that Miss Helen certainly looked a picture.

Kate drove to the church with the Alcotts to show them the way. As she got out, Joe Havens was standing there in his morning coat with a large white carnation in his buttonhole. She introduced him to the Alcotts, so that he would know where to put them—the groom's parents—and he said: "My, Kate, you look lovely in that big hat." She knew it was frivolous, when there was so much tragedy in the air, to be as pleased with this as she was.

She waited alone in the dark vestibule, trying to keep her bouquet from rubbing against her white dress, but not long. Presently the old car, higher and blacker than ever, lumbered up the little hill to the church, with the Geoffrey Lattimers' more modern car behind. Mrs. Lattimer disappeared into the church on the arm of the most important usher. Kate spread out Helen's train, Uncle Geoffrey offered his arm, the ushers lined up, the wedding march burst out, and the next thing Kate knew they were all walking up the aisle.

"Dearly beloved brethren, we are gathered here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman——"

Join at least for a time. Kate could see nothing but Helen's profile; so calm, so beautiful, just the faintest dusting of rouge, but no one would have seen it except Kate. Helen evidently did not mean to be one of those pale brides whom her mother despised so heartily.

Kate hadn't heard the marriage ceremony so many times that it had lost its meaning for her. The words sank deply into her troubled heart.

"——love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him as long as ye both shall live?"

"I will," said Helen.

HOW could she say it? How could she take these solemn vows with the plans she had enunciated last night? Kate was so busy thinking of this that she forgot to take Helen's bouquet, which the bride was now rather crossly holding out to her. Kate knew so well what she was thinking: "So like Kate; only one thing to do for me in the entire company, and she almost missed that."

"I, Frederick James, take thee, Helen, to be my wedded wife——"

Well, he meant it, anyhow—every word of it. Poor Freddie, he was giving his whole life and soul.

"I, Helen, take thee, Frederick James——" To Kate's ear, Helen's voice had a faintly amused tone at this unaccustomed appellation of Freddie's, but it went on vowing herself to him, giving him her troth. Her troth, indeed! ". . . those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The clergyman hurled his defiance at the civil courts with all the strength of intense conviction. Then the other wedding march began, breaking out in uncontrollable joy at the union of two loving hearts; Helen gave Kate a look which meant, "Can't you remember to spread out my train?" and then stopped to give her mother a kiss, and went on down the aisle with her hand on Freddie's

Continued from Page 39

arm, and a faint murmur broke irresistibly from the congregation as they caught the full vision of her loveliness.

"Didn't it all go off nicely?" said her mother. She and Kate were driving home alone together in the dark old car. "Such a beautiful service, and Doctor Cole reads it so well—especially for Helen. He has always adored Helen." Mrs. Lattimer's voice broke suspiciously.

"Don't cry, Mums. It will make your eyes red."

"How can I help it?"

"Well, Helen used to say pinching did good. If you'd like me to pinch you——"

Mrs. Lattimer laughed and regained her self-control.

Kate, in the living-room, took her stand beside Helen and listened to the flow of congratulations. Helen was good at this sort of thing—a long training in receiving point-blank compliments—she knew how to look gently surprised at everybody's kindness.

"Such a lovely bride . . . Such a pretty wedding."

"Isn't it a dear little church? I've been going there since I could walk."

"How lucky Freddie is."

"But don't you think I'm lucky, too?"

Then someone thought of speaking to the bridesmaid. "Ah, Kate, what are you going to do without this lovely sister of yours?"

Fortunately, no answer was required to this, except a silly smile, which, Kate thought, she could do as well as anybody.

Then, in the approaching line, she saw the high grey head of Mr. Prince. She felt her arm grasped so tightly that it hurt, and Helen hissed in her ear: "Does he know?"

"Of course."

Helen had only a few seconds to prepare herself. She might be a coward about some things, but she seemed marvellously brave to Kate as she turned to greet the great man.

"Oh, Mr. Prince, how wonderfully kind you have oeen to us—and to come to the wedding, too. Is it disrespectful to kiss the senior partner?"

The grey head bent, the golden one stretched upward. Helen's soft lips on the cheek of one who had been something of an expert in beauty in his time. "So," Kate thought, "she's going to get him, too; she'll need him." Freddie beaming and rejoicing over this meeting of the two most important people in the world.

Kate turned away. A short, fat figure with a face like a friendly walnut and a wad of grey hair like a silver doorknob — Margaret, their old nurse; perhaps the only person Helen had ever deeply loved.

"Hullo, Margaret," said Kate.

The old woman didn't even hear. She was staring at Helen. Helen saw her at the same instant and, forgetting Mr. Prince, grabbed her in her arms.

"Margaret, if you hadn't come to my wedding——"

"Oh, Miss Helen—Mrs. Alcott, I should say—I do hope you'll be as happy as a queen."

"Oh, I mean to do better for her than that, Margaret," said Freddie.

Margaret passed on, wiping her eyes without even speaking to Kate, who had always been considered an inferior baby. Though she knew it was silly, Kate couldn't help feeling wounded—Margaret, of all people, to forget her so utterly!

Then, at her elbow, she heard a voice saying: "Drink some of this. You must be tired with all this standing," and there was Joe Havens with a glass of her mother's champagne. She did drink a little, though she hated champagne, smiling—because she wasn't accustomed to this sort of attention—at Joe over the rim.

He sat next to her at breakfast and said that, in his opinion, she was worth twenty Helens, and he hinted that he would like to be asked up to spend Sunday. She answered: "Oh, Joe, would you really? I'll speak to Mums at once." Her tone was cordial, almost like Helen's when Helen was being charming, but in her heart she was resolving that the visit should never take place. She had no time in her strained, unhappy life for a pleasant visitor who would want to go to parties and talk about Helen. All the time she was talking to Joe she was watching Mr. Prince for a moment to speak to him alone. But he was the most important of the guests. Uncle Geoffrey hovered at his side, doing him honor. Mrs. Lattimer kept introducing him to all the older ladies, though, quite evidently, his eyes were more drawn to the younger ones.

She almost missed him. He left unostentatiously as soon as breakfast was over, and she only just caught him as he stood at the front door waiting for his car—the car and the chauffeur that she remembered so well. He was leaning on his stick and examining their tree-tops with the eyes of an expert.

"Oh, Mr. Prince, you remember me? I'm Kate Lattimer."

"Of course, of course." Only she wasn't sure he did remember. He smiled that slow, thin, curving smile. "How beautiful your sister looked. Upon my word, I think she's the prettiest bride I ever saw, and I've seen a great many in my time."

"Mr. Prince, I wanted to ask you something."

"I was just looking at those elms. You don't seem to have had any trouble with your elms, whereas we in Connecticut——"

"Mr. Prince, I want to know something, if you won't think it impertinent to ask. How did you hear about Freddie, to make him your partner?"

"HEAR about him?" Mr. Prince seemed to be considering. "Why, clever young lawyers of high character are not so easy to find. We are always on the lookout for them."

His car had drawn up now; the chauffeur had opened the door. Her time was short.

"Did Ridley speak about him?"

"Speak about Alcott?"

"Did you make him your partner to oblige Ridley?"

"Poor Ridley," said Mr. Prince. "We would all do a great deal to oblige him, wouldn't we?" He sighed. And then, before she took in his intention he got into his car and drove away.

Kate turned back into the house. Well, it was obviously true—if it hadn't been, Mr. Prince would have denied it—but it didn't prove that Ridley loved Helen. She had said to herself that she would make this the test, but that was silly. It didn't prove that Ridley loved Helen; it proved that he was kind, generous and noble, just as she had always known.

The parting between the sisters was different from what Kate had imagined. Helen came running downstairs in her fawn-colored dress, trying to avoid rice and confetti. Then, just before she and Freddie got into the car Kate felt a wave of affection and pity for Freddie; she alone knew to what disappointments and sufferings he was now setting out. She took him in her arms and gave him a good hug, and he, touched by her emotion said: "That's right, Kate. I'm glad you are not angry with me for taking her away."

Helen heard the words, and over Freddie's shoulder the two sisters exchanged a smile—a smile with that faint touch of conspiracy, so characteristic of the relations of most brothers and sisters.

Then, when the last guests had gone, Kate was obliged to stop thinking about herself and her sorrows, and think about her mother, who was utterly exhausted and distracted by the disorder of the house and the strange extra servants trying to put everything back in the wrong places.

Kate made her get into her little car and they drove away back into the hills, while they talked over the events of the day and laughed at those incidents that had ben laughable, as if neither had a care. Uncle Geoffrey, who had so clearly felt himself to be the central figure of the ceremony, and had been standing squarely on the lace edging of Helen's veil, until at the last second, by some miracle, he had lifted his foot. And the fawn-colored going-away costume, which had been most culpably expensive. "Only, I thought, coming from such a good place, she could wear it for years," and Kate agreed, although they both knew that Helen never wore anything for years. And, of course, they talked about Helen and her beauty and charms.

"I'm afraid you'll find a great change in your life, my dear. Helen attracted so many people to the house without making any effort. I doubt if you know how much of the gaiety and amusement of your life came from her. I was glad that you asked that nice Havens boy for next Sunday."

Please turn to Page 41

IT'S THE FINISHING TOUCH THAT COUNTS IN MODERN HAIR STYLES

Californian Poppy BRILLIANTINE

gives that touch of Perfection

With all eyes on *your* newest hairstyle (and to be really smart this season you must have a very individual one!), make sure of its perfect finish with a touch of Californian Poppy Brilliantine. This fine, light brilliantine gives new lustre and colour to even the dullest and most lifeless hair, and makes lovely locks more lovely still—lustrous, exquisitely glossy.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY perfectly blended, from the finest, costliest oils.

Only the lightest, most delicate brilliantine should be used on a woman's precious hair. Californian Poppy is the safest choice, because it contains costly fine oils that are really beneficial.

Rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands, then lightly pat it on the hair. See how it keeps the wave in place and smooths away frizziness . . . how beautifully it brings out the colour and gleaming highlights.

1/6 Per Bottle

Californian Poppy Brilliantine

ATKINSONS OF LONDON

24 *Old Bond Street, London, W.1*

Atkinson's Brilliantines also in English Lavender, White Rose, or Unscented.

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And One was Beautiful

Continued from Page 40

"I KNOW it, Mums, better than you do. Only, really, I don't want a lot of amusement in my life any more." She paused, for she saw she had at last attracted her mother's attention. "I've been meaning to tell you for a long time that I didn't go to see the Torringtons just by accident or from kindness of heart. I went because Ridley asked me to go. I saw him once in prison."

"You went to the prison, Kate?"

"Yes, and I am going again the day after to-morrow. I know that you won't approve, and I'm sorry, but I must go!"

There was a pause. It hurt Kate to see that sorrowful look come over her mother's face, as if she ought to have known that life always had another blow.

"I was afraid something like this was going on," she said not unkindly. "Of course I disapprove, because I know you are going to make yourself unhappy. That's always the reason why parents disapprove. It always comes down to that."

"I know it, Mums—that I'm going to be unhappy. I am unhappy."

"It is so unnecessary, darling—useless pain. You can't do him any good. This would be an excellent time to forget him. You could if you made up your mind to. Oh, I know what you say to yourself—that he loves you, only he's too honorable to tell you so while he's serving a prison sentence. Has he ever said that he loves you?" Kate shook her head without speaking, and Mrs. Lattimer went on: "Then he doesn't. Nothing keeps a man from letting a girl know he loves her, if he does. If he doesn't let her know, he doesn't love her. Girls would save themselves such a lot of suffering if they could get that simple truth into their heads."

"I believe it thoroughly."

"Then act on your belief. Stop this whole thing now."

"No, Mums. You don't understand. It doesn't change anything that Ridley doesn't love me. I never thought he did. But, you see, I do love him, and he's in prison and there's no one to go to him but me. If you were in my place——"

"And if you were in mine?"

They looked at each other, and, rather unexpectedly, smiled. Yes, Kate supposed that if she had a daughter she would say just what her mother was saying.

Mrs. Lattimer went on: "It lacks all proportion, to ruin your life just to give him the pleasure of an occasional visit. How do you know that there is not some other woman with a better right than you?"

"I don't know it, Mums."

They could not agree, but their disagreement did not separate them in spirit. On the contrary, Kate felt that from this moment she would be able to talk quite easily to her mother about Ridley and the Torringtons. Her mother, even while disapproving, had granted her the right to her own opinion.

Fortunately for her, the second day after Helen's wedding was a visiting day at the prison. She could not have lived much longer as she was—hardly eating or sleeping.

Her mother made no effort to stop her, but stood in the doorway looking at her rather sadly as she got into her little car.

"Good-bye, my dear."

"Good-bye, Mums." They smiled at each other like friends whose paths were dividing.

She had made up her mind to ask Ridley point-blank whether or not he was in love with Helen. It was quite simple. If he said he was not, she would believe him and be happy. If he admitted that he was, then she would tell him the truth—the whole truth, not just the story of the night before Helen's wedding, but the whole long story of her cruelty and perfidy — everything since she was a baby. How easily she remembered all Helen's evil deeds. She could hear her own voice saying: "It's always been so, Ridley, even when I was a child and boys came to take me to a school dance. Helen would be there, waiting to dazzle them and make me seem uncouth and childish in their eyes. She isn't even loyal to her own friends. Poor Lydia Lee was engaged to an Englishman last year, and because he was handsome and had some sort of title Helen couldn't let him alone—not that she wanted to marry him."

It was all true. Why didn't it sound more convincing? Was it because she couldn't help remembering other deeds of Helen's? Once, long ago, when Kate had been ill, quarantined with scarlet fever, Helen had sent her a new doll that Uncle Geoffrey had just brought her from Paris—a golden-haired marvel in pink muslin with gold earrings. Yes, and how many times Helen had protected her at parties, and stood between her and authority. There were strange deep bonds between sisters, even when they hated each other.

SHE remembered how, when they were babies and old Margaret had been sent for to bring the children downstairs to see some of their mother's visitors, Margaret would always get Kate's best blue beads out of the box and put them them about Helen's neck. She liked to hear the visitors exclaim that they were just the color of Helen's eyes, and even in those days Helen could make her eyes large and round, as if she didn't know she was being praised. At the very last moment the visitors would turn to the smaller child and say: "And she is a dear little thing, too—such a nice fresh complexion." And then Margaret would lead them away, feeling that the excitement was over. Kate hadn't resented that, or even the blue beads. What she resented was Helen's ability to make her appear at her worst—gawky and silly—whenever it suited Helen's plans. It had reached its climax two nights before, when Helen had told her to go ahead and say and do what she liked; Helen would always get what she wanted. Well, she always had, but this time Kate was going to fight; this time she was going to let Ridley know just what sort of a woman they had to deal with. She was going to denounce her.

Continued Next Week

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

£1000 for Recipes

Conditions and Coupons

Here are the rules and entry coupons for The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 Recipe contest.

The sections and full prize list are set out on Page 3 of this issue.

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

All who enter must be regular readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Three coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes at Easter.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Readers may save their coupons and submit all their entries at a later stage in the competition.

Entries submitted now, however, are eligible for consideration in the weekly prize awards.

Recipes entered in any other current cooking competition will not be eligible for this competition.

Write your recipe clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. State whether measurements are level or heaped spoonfuls, etc. Give weights exactly.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

Entries are sent at readers' own risk and The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept responsibility in the event of loss.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

You must use these coupons

1. BEST CAKE RECIPE
Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
4/3/'39.

2. DESSERTS, PUDDINGS, SWEETS, PASTRIES
Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
4/3/'39.

3. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS
Is this your own recipe?.....
State on the recipe when and where you originally got it.
4/3/'39.

Remember.—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. A coupon must be attached to each entry. Address entries: £1000 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. See full address at top of Page 3.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Sleep Sound All Night

The largest selling medicine for bronchitis and asthma in all of blizzardly-cold Canada is Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—now sold in Australia—a blessing to thousands. There's nothing so safe and sure in the world—2 or 3 doses in sweetened hot water just before bedtime and many a sufferer from strangling, choking Asthma, has found relief and a good night's rest—and that bad, old, persistent, bronchial cough has left you. Get a 2/3 bottle at any good chemist or store. You can depend on it, BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture gives definite quick relief from that choking, gasping struggle for breath.

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

In Seven Days Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Sure Relief

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more toward helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin diseases than anything you've ever used.

Not only is this great oil antiseptic, but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczema spots and sores. The itching of Eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other skin eruptions and inflammation.

You can obtain Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle at any modern chemist. It is safe to use, and failure in any of the ailments noted above is rare indeed.***

Violent "remedies" now unnecessary

Crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal relieves constipation naturally

IF you are constipated—always taking strong aperients and purges to keep yourself regular—it's ten to one that your *food* is to blame!

You see, our modern food lacks "bulk." Meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes and milk—nearly all our daily staples—contain so little bulk that they get almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue of waste-matter they form is too slight to make the bowels act. And so you get constipated.

This is what a doctor means when he says a patient is suffering from "common constipation." And, as he will explain, no amount of harsh griping purgatives or strong cathartics can give permanent relief. This is because they don't get at the primary *cause* of common constipation—moreover, their unrestricted use is harmful.

What you need is "bulk"

The surest, safest way to get permanent relief is to eat the kind of food which provides enough bulk to make the bowels act normally. You should eat *regularly* the kind of food that forms a soft, bulky *mass* of residue that the bowel muscles can easily "take hold of"! Fruit and vegetables provide this bulk—but seldom in sufficient quantity for your needs.

But there is a far better way: that is to eat this crisp, nut-sweet cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—every day for breakfast! All-Bran is a natural "bulk" food that acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables—*but much more surely, much more thoroughly!*

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of" and which gives them the gentle exercise they need. And it does more: as it passes through the intestines it *cleanses* your system like a water-softened sponge, wiping away the clogging impurities that make you feel wretched.

And, in addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this every day, and drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with common constipation. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

Eat it every day and "never miss a day"

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Do You Know?

When the girls gathered round and asked Bet How her hair was so beautifully set—

"It's easy," she said,

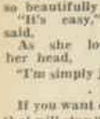
As she lowered her head,

"I'm simply just using DAMPETTE."

. . . . . .

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just damp your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F . . .***

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says:—"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 3/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

So Martin, sighing a little, read:

"Dear Christine,

"It was good of you to answer a letter written so impetuously. A smaller person might have thought it indiscreet. I confess I was not thinking of discretion—but of a nostalgia, almost overwhelming, for our yesterdays. I am quite sure, Chris, that you have not changed! Seven years are long in the life of a lonely man—not long in the life of a lovely woman. Of course you realise how good it is to hear that you are happy. I myself have never married. It is not possible for me to tell you why—although it is possible that you do not need to be told. These few words across the years—you cannot know how much they mean to me, my dear. I am, in a very real sense, yours faithfully,

"Robert."

"That," agreed Martin, "is quite an outburst."

"Of course," said Christine, coloring a little, "he knows how hopeless it is—he knows I'm your wife, Martin."

"Yes, but I don't think he's quite right in the head," said Martin frankly.

Christine bit her lip. She had started to say something—then she had changed her mind. Martin observed this fact. Martin could be, when he wanted to be, a most observant young man—in spite of all those hoary myths which surround his profession.

"You don't want me to be serious

Whisper of a Ghost

Continued from Page 5

about this?" he asked her, gently. "Do you, Christine?"

"No-o, but . . ."

"I really don't object to this correspondence—if it gives you any pleasure, my dear."

"There's no reason for you to be jealous—or anything silly like that."

"Of course not!"

"Well, here's what I've written to him," she said. "Please! I want you to see it!"

So, dutifully, Martin read:

"Dear Robert,

"I could almost have cried over your last letter. I hate to think of your being lonely. But then I realised you were probably teasing me. We really must be sensible, Robert. We're too old for this sort of thing—or possibly not old enough. And it is a mistake, I think, to re-live the past. After this we must be to each other—just a boy and a girl we both used to know. It will be better that way—for both of us. With all my good wishes,

"Christine Blair."

"Well!" said Martin. "He'll burst into tears!"

Christine ignored this puerile comment.

"I really wonder," she said, "how he'll react."

"You'll soon find out," said Martin cheerfully. "He hasn't any inhibitions, that chap."

"He can express himself—if that's what you mean."

"He certainly can!"

"Martin, do you love me?"

"Why, of course not. Whatever gave you that idea? My dear girl . . ."

Christine was not amused. Martin looked a little bit abashed.

Three days later there was another letter from Robert. Christine was obviously nervous. She was playing about with the letter—tracing designs on the table with one sharp corner of it—attempting to draw Martin's eye from his newspaper and blushing violently when, at last, she was successful.

"For mercy's sake!" cried Martin's aunt. "What have you got there, child? A bill?"

But now Martin was eyeing the folded scrap of paper with a certain apprehension.

"No," he said. "I imagine it's something from the whisper."

"The whisper!" echoed his aunt. "The whisper?"

"The whisper from the past," explained Martin gravely. "The whisper from our yesterdays."

"I think you're very rude," said Christine. "Here's the letter."

He turned plaintive eyes upon her.

"Do I have to read this one?"

"This one," she said grimly, "is the important one." And so Martin read:

"Dear Christine,

"I cannot believe that you were deliberately cruel. Yet you were cruel, weren't you, my dear? You must have realised how much your other letter had meant to me—I had tried to tell you, without offending you, how very much it had meant. But if I have offended you—you must forgive me, Christine. You must really understand, dear, that I'd rather die than have a breath of distress or scandal touch you. You have always been so utterly remote from the women who have in any way cheapened themselves—as remote as the stars from anything sordid! It is quite unnecessary for the most beautiful woman in the world to talk of herself as a hausfrau. I'll not have another word of such blasphemy.

"And now I have a suggestion to make. Do you remember your old friend, Sally Henderson? She's staying at the 'Castleton' in Knightsbridge. Why don't you come up and spend the week-end under her sheltering and highly respectable wing? The fact that I'd be hovering about would only bear witness to excellent judgment on my part—and not to any indiscretion on yours. Please wire me about this, Christine. My patience has all-too-human limits.

"Robert."

Martin refolded the sheet of notepaper neatly.

"I didn't know," he said, "that people could write letters like that."

"And why not?" cried Christine.

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it possible—that's all."

Martin restrained a broadening grin. His aunt looked anxiously at Christine. But Christine was squaring her slender shoulders.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, furiously. "I—I—Martin, I'm going to London!"

. . . . . .

"I'm not at all sure," said Martin's aunt, afterwards, "that you should have let her go."

"You have no feeling," said Martin reproachfully, "for the dramatic interlude."

"I think Alice should make us some coffee—strong coffee," said Martin's aunt. "And now—if it's not too much for a doddering old woman to comprehend . . ."

"It's Christine," said Martin. "I haven't been paying enough attention to her."

"Light dawns at last!" muttered his aunt.

"And I let Christine go," Martin went on, "simply in order that I might pelt her with telegrams—begging her to come back."

"Good!" said his aunt.

"Yes—and when she comes back I'm going to see that she has her gardenias—bless her!"

His aunt eyed him reflectively.

"This recent correspondence . . ." she said. "It's had something to do with this — er — decision of yours?"

Martin lit a cigarette.

"Well, perhaps it did enlighten me—a little," he said.

But he would make no further admissions, either then or afterwards. He finished his drink—then he left his aunt and went upstairs.

He lifted the lid of the rickety typewriter and fingered its keys for a few moments, gently. It had occurred to him that he might buy Christine a new typewriter for her birthday—and encourage her to go on with her writing. This machine was in very bad shape; the small a was out of alignment, and the spacing was rather bizarre. Of course, he would never let Christine know that—being an observant person—he had long since noticed these oddities in the letters she had received. But it had been evident, from the beginning, that a single typewriter had spoken in the voice of a wistful wife—and in the whisper of a ghost.

(Copyright.)

PETER PIPER

NEXT week will conclude the tongue-twisters from Peter Piper's alphabetical series. Walter Waddle is the subject of this week's simple one.

W W W

WALTER WADDLE

Walter Waddle won a walking wager.
Did Walter Waddle win a walking wager?
If Walter Waddle won a walking wager,
Where's the walking wager Walter Waddle won?
(Next week the X Y Z tongue-twister.)

TONE UP YOUR SKIN

with Pears Tonic Action

Skin drawn and weary? Then give beauty a lift with Pears'! The refreshing lather not only removes grease-laden dirt. Its tonic action braces up underlying cells and tissues . . . stimulates jaded skin to sparkling loveliness.

Pears' transparency is a sign of its absolute purity. A unique maturing process removes every trace of harshness.

Economy note

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

Now only per tablet 6D *City and Suburbs*

A. & F. PEARS LIMITED 10-101-39

Afraid to Sleep!

Nervy children scared of the dark—their imaginations working overtime. Give BROMURAL TABLETS occasionally—inducing deep, refreshing sleep, calming nerves, establishing confidence. Non-habit-forming, non-depressive, harmless.

BROMURAL [KNOLL]

ASK YOUR CHEMIST (2 K 39)

THERE ARE MANY INSECT SPRAYS.. BUT ONLY *ONE*

FLY-TOX

THE INSECT SPRAY THAT

KILLS

It pays to insist on Fly-Tox when you buy insect spray, for Fly-Tox KILLS. Fly-Tox is recognised throughout the world as the best insect spray made. Flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, and all other insects die when it is sprayed. Insist on Fly-Tox, and refuse substitutes.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

B7.36

INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS

FORTY POUNDS OF FAT VANISH

Wonderful Result of Taking Kruschen

Here is another authentic case of a woman who is successfully reducing by taking Kruschen Salts, on the advice of her doctor. After taking four bottles she has lost 40 pounds of her excess fat. As she is still overweight, she is continuing the treatment. She writes:—

"I am taking Kruschen for reducing flesh. I weighed 17 stone 4 lbs., when I started to take it, and I have gradually lost weight. I am now taking my fifth bottle. After the first, I was 16 stone 8½ lbs.; after the second, 15 stone 13½ lbs.; after the third, 15 stone 4 lbs.; after the fourth, 14 stone 6 lbs. I am under a doctor, and he advised me to take Kruschen Salts. I have proof of my weights, as the doctor has weighed me every time. As I am 59 years of age, I think the result is wonderful." —(Mrs.) F.P.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.***

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THE HOMEMAKER

March 4, 1939 The Australian Women's Weekly First Page

Take a two-day rest cure

...for your beauty's sake

By Janette

AUTUMN is upon us. There's no doubt about it, because that new season's longing for some new clothes is attacking most of us.

AND feeling a little jaded after the summer, not to mention heat waves thrown in for extra measure, you are wondering how you can acquire some new season's pep, so you can wear your autumn clothes with utmost enjoyment.

You may even feel so tired and depressed after the "dog days" of late summer that you are getting that "want to be alone" feeling. And even a dream prince can get on your nerves if you're in that mood.

Of course the lucky ones throw a few things in a bag and rush off for a quiet week-end—destination unknown.

But, if you can't get away, you CAN get away from it all.

Just treat yourself to a rest-cure week-end at home. You'll feel just as top-notch as the girl who got away, and it won't cost a penny.

Take a couple of days off and get a much needed between-seasons rest.

If you are in business all the week you should be able to arrange to be left alone for the week-end.

If you are a busy housewife, take a firm stand with your family, and insist on a week-end to yourself. It won't hurt them to look after themselves for once, and it will do wonders for you.

On Saturday go on a liquid diet, and plan to spend most of the day in bed.

You can drink all types of fruit juices, clear broth, milk and tea, either plain or with lemon.

Have a hot beverage at the beginning, middle, and end of the day, and have a glass of fruit juice, tea, milk, or broth every two hours.

Put on fresh nightclothes and prepare for a day of lolling around.

Comfortable Position

SMOOTH the sheets on your bed and place the pillows in the position that is most comfortable for you.

You may want to read or catch up on a good-grooming rite that you like to do.

So get yourself a good-sized bedside table and keep it very tidy.

On the second day of your home week-end go back to your regular eating habits, and take a long walk in the morning.

Then devote the remainder of the day to a beautifying routine.

Give your hair a shampoo and set it so that it will look its best on Monday.

Cleanse your face and spread on a coating of your favorite lubricating cream.

Now take a long, luxurious bath with all the trimmings.

Revel in bath salts and scented soaps.

Rub on toilet water and dust yourself with talcum powder.

Do you use a perspirant? If so, now is the time to put it on.

Read the directions before applying it and obey them carefully.

WHENEVER POSSIBLE, Rosemary Lane, Warner Bros. player, spends a week-end in the country out in fresh, exhilarating air.

THE TWO-DAY rest cure, clad in comfortable and attractive lounging pyjamas, is followed by Florence Rice, MGM player, whenever she feels the need for some "pepping-up."

ABOVE: She has that sparkle of robust health and abundant vitality that brings beauty with it—Carea Lehman, G.B.D. She believes in plenty of rest as a beauty tonic.

BELOW: A liquid day every now and then with plenty of fruit juices and milk is the way Lucille Ball, R.K.O. player, recuperates.

Young Judy is smart, and she's gay,
She was shopping for stockings one day,
She said, "They look grand,
"But I shop by the brand,
"If they're stockings by KAYSER—O.K."

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now

I insist on Kayser. They do wonderful things to my legs and my hosiery budget. Kayser Mir-o-Kleer Sheers and Service Weights from only 4/11. Ultra Sheer Mir-o-Kal Twist are 7/11 pr.

"Introducing a new sheer . . . an extra twist gives more durability . . . a lace welt gives irresistible appeal . . . at 5/11 and they're called 11X."

I insist on KAYSER HOSIERY GLOVES WOOLIES

H. 4. 9.

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. . . Faulty eating can cause
A breakdown in health

PATIENT: I suffer a great deal from gastritis and other digestive disorders. Can you tell me the cause?

What My Patients . . . Ask Me . . .

By A DOCTOR

DOCTOR: Gastritis is one of the most disagreeable of the many disorders of the digestive organs.

None but the afflicted person can really appreciate the misery it causes. In the majority of instances this condition is the result of careless food habits.

PATIENT: What is gastritis exactly?

DOCTOR: Gastritis, as its name indicates, is an inflammation of the lining of the stomach.

Though usually caused by long-continued, faulty eating habits, it may also result from a sudden irritation of the lining of the stomach from an excessive use of alcoholic beverages.

The rapid swallowing of coarse or uncooked foods may cause the stomach to rebel.

Inflammation of the lining of the stomach may be due to some toxin or poison circulating within the system.

It is sometimes associated with constitutional diseases, with influenza, pneumonia, measles and scarlet fever.

In those cases, the irritation subsides as soon as the general infection is under control.

PATIENT: Can faulty eating habits cause gastritis?

DOCTOR: Persons who are careless about their eating habits are sooner or later quite likely to suffer from gastritis.

Irregular eating hours, insufficient chewing and bolting of food, and the excessive use of spices and greasy foods will cause gastric disturbances, usually gastritis.

The sufferer complains of a sour taste, or of an excessive amount of gas formation after meals.

Persistent heartburn, indigestion, nausea, loss of appetite and constipation are other symptoms.

In severe cases vomiting and diarrhoea may be present.

PATIENT: Is gastritis a very serious complaint?

DOCTOR: In and of itself gastritis is not a serious disease, but neglect of it may lead to some more important disorder.

It is easy to understand that the victim of gastritis will suffer from loss of appetite, loss of weight and general lowering of resistance of the body against all infections.

In course of time, he may be carried away by some minor ailment which could easily have been overthrown if his health had been good.

PATIENT: Does the presence of the symptoms you mentioned always indicate gastritis?

DOCTOR: It is a good plan never to accept any of the signs I have mentioned as being due to indigestion, or even the result of gastritis.

If you suffer from gas formation, or any other digestive disturbance, consult your doctor.

It is important to do this because any one of these symptoms may be the beginning of something really serious.

Early recognition of stomach disorders is our best weapon for complete cure and speedy return to perfect health. Delay in applying the needed treatment may ultimately mean inability to correct the disorder and to prevent further discomfort and illness.

● It is a good idea to take a milk shake now and then as Danielle Darrieux, Universal star, is doing here, but don't make it a substitute for lunch. Irregular eating habits bring on digestive complaints and chronic disorders.

Faulty Circulation

PATIENT: Does poor circulation cause ill health?

DOCTOR: Many ills of the body are thought by the layman to be due to poor circulation. To be frank about it, the circulation is too much blamed for the ailments of mankind.

Yet, there is no doubt that some of the chronic disorders of middle age are made worse by faulty circulation.

It is a blessing to be born with a sturdy and healthy body. Persons so endowed rarely suffer from any disturbances of the circulation.

Others fall victims to them in spite of all precautions. It is probable that heredity plays an important part in this disturbing disorder.

PATIENT: Why is it that some people have faulty circulation?

DOCTOR: There are some individuals who are careless in their choice of food and have other faulty health habits, yet show no changes in circulation.

Others have signs of wear and tear and have trouble with the circulation at an early age.

The condition of the blood vessels gives a pretty good idea of the physical age, if not of the actual age, in years.

There is a well-known expression, "a man is as old as his arteries." This saying states a pretty accurate fact.

The heart and blood vessels, the veins and arteries constitute the "circulatory system." The good or bad circulation of blood depends on the efficiency of this system.

PATIENT: What is the cause of the arteries hardening?

DOCTOR: One of the most common disturbances of the circulatory system is that known as hardening of the arteries.

Although the actual cause is not known, many factors have a part in its development.

Excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages, as well as in salty, spiced, fried and greasy foods, has something to do with bringing on this trouble.

Undue strain on the heart, prolonged exertion, fatigue and worry are other causative factors which must not be overlooked.

Disturbances of circulation can often be traced to a focus or centre of infection located somewhere within the body.

Diseased tonsils, teeth and nasal sinuses are singly and collectively a danger to the body. They may affect the circulation.

Obesity, excessive fatness, is often a forerunner of faulty circulation.

Overweight individuals are prone to develop varicose veins and hardening of the arteries. Sometimes they have inflammations and other disturbances of the veins.

Since no two cases are alike, definite rules for the prevention of faulty circulation cannot be provided. But everybody can guard against the progress of disabilities in this field by reporting to the doctor for physical examinations at periodic intervals.

All weaknesses and disorders should be overcome when possible.

Diet and the mode of living should be regulated to the needs of the individual.

YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Maintaining Perfect Health

"THE health of the mother is the health of the babe." This is why health during the nine months before baby comes is so important.

A leaflet outlining complete general care of health and dealing with diet and exercises has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau.

Readers interested in this subject may obtain the leaflet, "First Essentials During Pregnancy," free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

State if you have written before

Keep Your Smile a Winning Smile!

"Sally the bookworm" they called her. Yet only a few months ago Sally was one of the most popular girls in town. (But a dingy smile can darken and overshadow the loveliest face—ruin any girl's bid for romance.)

Then one night little Anne showed her how to help win back a radiant smile. (Anne's only seven but she's wiser than many grown-ups, for her teacher has taught her the value of gum massage to a sparkling smile.)

Now it's parties for Sally—instead of books! Romance, instead of lonely evenings! For a sparkling, irresistible smile is the one thing a man notices first, remembers always. (Sally knows, for she has found how a daily routine of Ipana and massage helps keep gums healthier—teeth brighter—smiles more winning, more attractive!)

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

DON'T GAMBLE with your smile! *"Pink tooth brush" neglected—dull teeth and dingy gums—what a penalty they can exact of loveliness, beauty and charm!*

That first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush is only a warning. But when you see it—*see your dentist* for the sake of your health and your happiness. You may not be in for real trouble, but only your dentist should make that decision. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

CHANGE TO

IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE

MODESS

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION ... SOFTER ... SAFER

SANITARY NAPKINS that give absolute protection because of a special moisture proof backing.

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A Delicious Dessert Discovery

COLOURED, FLAVOURED JUNKETS

Now Junket claims a place in the limelight. Now you can serve it coloured, flavoured—and attractively decorated. Just make junket in the usual way with Hansen's Junket Tablets, colouring and flavouring it with Vanilla, Coffee, Chocolate or Raspberry from your own pantry. Serve in individual dishes—decorate with whipped cream, and fruit, nuts, jelly, etc., and you have a delicious dessert as inviting to the eye as to the taste.

This is the new pleasant way of giving your children the milk they should have, without nagging or scolding. And milk in the form of Hansen's Junket is more easily digested than milk by itself.

Order Hansen's Junket Tablets from your grocer to-day, and stand by for compliments when you serve the healthiest and most sensible of all summer sweets to your family . . . coloured, flavoured Hansen's Junkets. *Hansen's Junket Tablets are the world's best—Strength and Purity Guaranteed* 100%.

Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence: Hansen's also make a Fruit Junket Essence, which sets, colours, flavours —all in one. Ask your grocer.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND"

MAKE ICE CREAM AT HOME.. *Half Price*

IT'S F-R-E-S-H, and you know just what goes into it!

Ask your grocer for Hansen's Ice Cream Mix. It comes in three flavours —Vanilla, Strawberry and Chocolate. With these flavours, a score of marvellous Ice Creams and Milk Sherbets are possible. You can make the flavours plain and serve with interesting toppings — or you can add fresh fruits which have been crushed and sweetened — marshmallows — nuts — grated chocolate — preserves — and unlimited other things — to make tempting ice cream varieties that are impossible to buy. And so easy to make . . . just add the Mix to milk and cream, and put in the automatic refrigerator or hand churn to freeze. *No stirring is required while freezing.*

HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX

STRAWBERRY • CHOCOLATE • VANILLA

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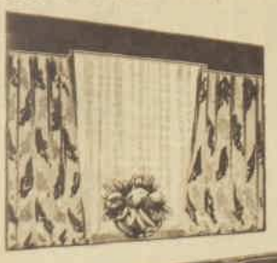
By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Now we decorate a dining-room

—*Suitable for the average small home-owner*

THIRD of a series of articles which are appearing from time to time in The Australian Women's Weekly on interior decoration for the average home-owner.

To-day's article gives suggestions for decorating a small dining-room or meal alcove.



AN IDEA for a dining alcove. The two-way lounge is upholstered in chocolate with white piping. The chairs are covered in off-white cottage weave, and the curtains take up the color scheme of white, brown, and deep sapphire-blue — the latter shade being used for the carpet.

SMALL dining-room with compact furnishings. The long, low buffet and the built-in cupboards are lacquered in french-grey. The color scheme for the room is french-grey, black, deep orange and light yellow. Notice the floor lamps and the candles on the table.

BOTH period and modern furniture can be used to good advantage in the dining-room of to-day.

This room is perhaps more expressive of the essential standards of living than any other room in the house, for it seems to embrace both manners and customs.

Contrary to some beliefs that a dining-room should be stimulating or provocative, rather it should express a feeling of tranquillity and poise, where personalities and conversation expand and the stimulation is provided by the food and company.

Though once the largest room in the house, and the centre of entertaining, the dining-room has diminished so much in size that it is in danger of disappearing altogether from the average household.

Now the dining-room is often an appendage of the living-room. And, being smaller, it is more intimate and is decidedly a room with a purpose.

THE most compact dining corner of all. The built-in buffet has a flap table-top which folds down when not required. The centre upholstered stool can be pushed back in line with the other two.

In small homes to-day, there is a liking for the dining alcove. The table is installed in a corner and the seating accommodation is grouped conveniently around it.

These modern tables, with spare leaves, drop sides on a circular table, or with small semi-circular tables that can be placed at the head and foot, are extremely versatile, and can shrink to quite small proportions or become larger as required.

Multiple Purposes

SIDEBOARDS are designed to fulfil multiple purposes—that of the cocktail-cabinet, book-case, china cabinet, radio, etc.—and all this without detracting in the least from the efficiency as a sideboard or the artistic fitness as a piece of furniture.

Service is made easy with attractive electric table equipment for toast, coffee making, grilling, and so on.

The use of contrasting colored wallpaper or paint in the dining-room will set it off as a separate unit and give a feeling of depth and space to the rest of the room.

Lighting is important. Candles on the dining table are traditionally the most charming form of illumination, and provide enough light for eating but not enough for service.

The extra light needed should not be suspended over the diners' heads, as this creates a rather tiring effect, but should be supplied with wall fixtures or standard lamps placed well behind the chairs.

The main idea is to have the room or alcove for dining illuminated softly but efficiently.

If you are the happy possessor of a mahogany dining suite in period design, say, Hepplewhite, wedgewood-blue walls and drapery with chalk-white as a relief for doors and window - frames would form an excellent background.

Entertaining is easy in the compact dining-room illustrated. Designed for service, the long, low buffet and built-in wall cupboards are lacquered in french-grey.

The attractive color scheme is french-grey, black, deep orange, and light yellow.

Tucked away in a corner, the small buffet with its flap table-top, shown in the second picture, is the newest idea in labor and space saving units. It can be disguised when not in use by simply pushing the upholstered stool in line with the other two, which gives the appearance of a long, low, upholstered wall-seat.

Instead of the usual curtains, the window-frame is bordered with scalloped brown organdie muslin bound with tangerine, while the venetian blinds are painted cream to match the walls.

Oak was the timber chosen for the wall fitting and stools, with tangerine leather for the loose cushions and inlaid rubber tabletop.

Another idea for the dining alcove is the use of the two-way lounge and small table that can also be used for bridge. The grouping in the third picture shows two chairs upholstered in off-white cottage weave. The two-way lounge is chocolate-brown piped with white. The curtains take up the color scheme, white, brown, and the deep sapphire-blue of the carpet.

To Keep Busy Hands Beautiful

POND'S "SKIN-VITAMIN" HAND LOTION

No one need ever guess how hard you work . . . you can keep hands soft, smooth and alluring always, with Pond's Hand Lotion containing Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" essential to skin health and beauty . . . the same "skin-vitamin" as in Pond's two creams. Housework, typing and washing make hands rough and wrinkled because they dry out this precious "skin-vitamin" . . . but now Pond's restores it!

Pond's Hand Lotion feels soothing and silky on your hands. Never sticky or greasy. It sinks deep into the pores—quickly! 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

• USE POND'S EVERY TIME YOU WASH YOUR HANDS

One quick, easy coat of Solpah gives shop-like freshness—new color—to the shabbiest linoleum!

Any Solpahed surface is easy to clean—scrubproof! This is the same Solpah Paving Paint, made by Taubmans, that wears like iron on your front verandah and garden path. Fourteen colors. Three new ones—Kanimbla Blue, Cigar Brown and Grotto Green.

Every Shop that Sells Paint Sells TAUBMANS SOLPAH

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Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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Your handy hints scrapbook

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

Simple Bed-Table

When there is an invalid in the house, a card table with two legs folded makes an excellent table for use over the bed.

Scrambled Eggs

Next time you scramble eggs, try adding a dessertspoonful of breadcrumbs. They will improve the flavor and increase the quantity.

Sealing Bottles

For sealing bottles of fruit or pickles an excellent wax is obtained by melting together equal parts of resin and beef-suet.

Mushroom-Growing

Mushrooms are very easy to cultivate at home and the work is most interesting. Why not add to your income by growing these delicious edibles?

—Says The Old Gardener.

ONE of the most important parts of the home garden is the vegetable plot, where all kinds of vegetables can be grown to meet the demands of the kitchen.

Why not include mushroom-growing? The demand for this popular food is greater than the supply, so you can add to your income by growing mushrooms at home, as well as supplying your own table.

A leaflet on the growing of mushrooms has been prepared by the Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly. This may be obtained free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4239YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope, "Mushrooms."

To Preserve Tinware

New tinware should be rubbed over with fresh lard, and thoroughly heated in the oven before being used. It will never rust afterwards.

Stiff Lock

Locks that are stiff and difficult to turn should be oiled with a feather dipped in good machine oil. Insert the feather through the keyhole and twist from side to side. This oils the parts and loosens dirt.

Cooking Tender Meats

Any of the tender steaks is cooked by one of these methods: To grill, place the steak on a rack under griller pre-heated to moderate, and let cook until well browned on one side. Season that side with salt and pepper and turn to brown the other side in the same manner. Season the other side and serve the steak sizzling. A steak 1½ inches thick requires 15 minutes to a side as a rule. This is for cooking to the medium-well-done stage.

Cooking Fruit

The skins of plums and other fruits often become tough when cooked. To avoid this boil the fruit for five minutes before adding the sugar. This applies to jam-making as well as to ordinary stewed fruit.

Flower Arranging

In some bowls and vases it is difficult, when arranging flowers, to make them stand up. If a piece of wire netting is pressed into a ball, placed in the bowl, and the stems of the flowers stuck into it, this difficulty is overcome.

Grease on Books

Grease spots on the pages of books may be removed by sprinkling with finely-powdered pipe-clay. Then place a piece of tissue-paper over the pipe-clay, and press the page with a warm iron. Rub off with india-rubber.

Care of Furniture

Moisture is not likely to form on polished or varnished furniture if a little linseed oil is rubbed over the surface of the wood after it has been polished. A final rubbing over should be given.

To Clean Decanters

Salt and vinegar make an excellent mixture for cleaning water-bottles and wine decanters. Put a dessertspoon of rough salt into a decanter, moisten it with vinegar and then shake the decanter till the stains are removed.

The A.B.C. of Cookery

THIS glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Demi-Glace: A rich gravy; frosting.

Doucette: Corn salad.

Eclair: French pastry (choux pastry) with cream or custard filling.

En Caisses: In cases. French term usually applied to small steaks, etc., grilled in paper cases.

Entree: Savory dish with a basis of meat, vegetables, game or poultry, such as cutlets, vol-au-vent, or fricassee served at dinner after the fish but before the main course.

Entremets: A subsidiary course at dinner, consisting of dainty vegetables or sweet dishes, coming in between or after the main course.

Escallops: Thin round slices of veal or other meat, usually dipped in egg, crumbs, then fried.

Espagnol: Rich brown sauce.

Epigrams: Entrees in which alternate materials are arranged, usually of different color, so one will overlap the other.

BE SHOPWISE

NO TRUNK IS STRONG WITHOUT GOOD HINGES — THE BEST HINGES ARE MADE OF COLD ROLLED STEEL. INQUIRE ABOUT THIS FACT WHEN BUYING.

Oak Furniture

There is no better way of cleaning fumed oak furniture than by washing it with hot water in which a little borax has been dissolved. Dry thoroughly and rub with a cloth moistened with linseed oil.

Starched Curtains

Curtains that need a starched appearance if they are to look their best are often a problem because their stiffness so soon wears off. Here is a way to keep them looking crisp and fresh much longer.

When washing curtains add about two tablespoonfuls of flour to the starch. This will make the curtains much stiffer and will keep them so longer.

Darning Gloves

When darning, the fingers of a glove, push an old-fashioned clothes peg down the finger. You will find this a great help.

Jam Tarts

When cooking jam in pastry tarts, mix a little water into the jam and then it will not become so hard and dry.

To Polish Paintwork

To prevent paint looking dull after it is washed, wash it with the following mixture: Into a quart of hot water pour a tablespoonful of turpentine, half a tablespoonful of milk, and half a tablespoonful of soap jelly or powder. It is a splendid reviver for "tired" paint.

"Granny says she has proved that Horrockses Sheets outlast all others"

I never knew that choosing the right sheets could be so easy until Granny told me that the most important thing about sheets was the name on the selvedge. "Look for the name 'Horrockses,'" said Granny . . . "That's the advice your great, great-grandmother gave me when I was married, and I've proved that she was right. You'll find that Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases will outlast all others . . . you'll find they still have the same good old-fashioned wearing qualities for which they were famous in my great-grandmother's day."

QUALITY + COMFORT + ECONOMY

are assured when you insist on

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SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

H29.18

It's a TASTY HAM all right

but it DOES NEED MUSTARD!

Yes, that's a fine ham, cured by a master hand. So pass the mustard, and let's begin!

Ham—and all meat—needs mustard. Good, pure mustard, Keen's Mustard, gives a zestful tang to food, stimulates the digestive juices and quickens and simplifies the process of digestion.

For good food and good digestion, serve fresh mustard at every meal.

and MUSTARD means . . .

KEEN'S

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"—and so the poor dog had none"

The remains of yesterday's joint was made into "To-day's special," with "GRAVOX." It makes "left-overs" into tasty dishes and provides rich gravy for ALL DINNERS.

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS instantly.

Send 1d. stamp for FREE SAMPLE.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Many Pisceans are inclined to think others know better than they do, or feel that it's too much trouble to fight the other fellow anyhow.

THEY lack self-confidence, but, by the same token, can turn on charm and sympathy in such a way that their weakness becomes the strength by means of which they win their battles.

Pisceans are those whose birthdays fall between February 19 and March 21, though people of other signs of the zodiac often possess Piscean traits, especially if the moon were in that sign, or if Pisces happened to be directly in the east, at birth.

Owing to their lack of self-confidence Pisceans are inclined to let life master them, instead of trying to master life for themselves. Through this acquiescence with whatever the fates like to send their way, they are apt to lose much of the pep and excitement of life; to be left out of things and ignored, when fun and opportunities are offering, and to be handed many of the less desirable tasks and responsibilities which others are only too anxious to discard.

Many will accept this sort of thing all their lives. A good many more will stand it for a long time, and then go on a never-ending strike. And just a few (very few) wake up to things very early in life, and, if aided by fate and their parents, turn round and confound their stars by becoming as hard as nails and as cheerless as wild cats to live with.

There is a happy medium, and Pisceans must find it, for neither extreme makes them happy. Their inherent nature is soft and pliable, so that when acting "tough" they are living a life of bluff, and not really enjoying themselves in the least.

They are too intelligent and fond of the ordinary happiness of life for that.

They should therefore try to find a good middle course and follow it consistently. They should realise that they are more capable and brainy than they imagine, and that other people might really like to hear their views on things.

They should make a determined effort to slough off the cares of life, and seek relaxation and enjoyment assiduously.

They should cultivate that spirituality which is inherently theirs, but not over-cultivate it.

And they should have some hobby which would allow them plenty of self-expression, preferably something musical, literary, artistic, and changeable.

Pisceans are restless people, loving change of all kinds.

This love of change, however, is seldom spectacular.

A change of curtains will please a Piscean woman, and a new and semi-blatant tie will make a Piscean man feel different.

Both sexes are usually attracted to occult and scientifically spiritual matters at some time in life, and are therefore found in great numbers among the members of churches, creeds, and occult clubs.

All told, they are nice people. They are usually rather easy to live with, bursting with sympathy, good for a loan, and very appreciative of any happiness brought to them.

Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Unspectacular. March 4 and late 11 just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): You can turn March 5 and 6 to fair account.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Weep and you'll weep alone this week. Try to control things, especially on March 5, 6, and 11. Don't attempt new ventures or changes. Avoid arguments and difficulties if you can.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Do not procrastinate, especially on March 9, 10, and 11 (till noon). Matters started then are favored by your stars, and have a better chance of succeeding. Go after what you want, make changes, seek promotion, be optimistic.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Let important matters wait. March 4 and 11 (late) just fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Go slow. Let your ambitions take a back seat, for disaster can overtake them on March 5, 6, and 11 particularly.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Unspectacular. March 7 and 8 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Keep your plans, your brains and your feet moving, for the race is to the swift . . . and most Scorpions can get something they want if they work hard at this time. Waste no time on March 9, 10 and 11 (till noon). Be confident, but not over-confident.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): You can't take it with you, so don't struggle for too much at this time. Hibernate for a week or two, or at any rate on March 5 and 6. Your stars can bring difficulties then.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): March 5 and 6 can be fairly productive.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): An unexciting week for most Aquarians. March 7 and 8 just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): The stars favor hard-working Pisceans this week, particularly on March 9, 10, and 11 (to noon only). Chase ambitions and opportunities; cultivate self-assurance and optimism; start new ventures; make changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Nautical Notions

ROSEMARY LANE, of Warner Bros., wears her white summer felt gob style. The grosgrain ribbon trimming is tucked so as to form a feather-like ornament, and a long white curved quill is placed down the centre to complete the effect.

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The Case of MR. JOHN B——

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Special Royal souvenir patterns . . .

STYLES WORN BY THE DUKE OF KENT'S TWO LOVELY CHILDREN

HERE are the sketches of the charming little styles worn by Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra shown in color on Page One of the Fashion Portfolio.

As a special souvenir of the forthcoming visit of their parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, we are giving free paper patterns of these styles to our readers.

WW2763.—Girl's Smocked Frock. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Material required, 2 to 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

Needlework Notions

WW2764.—Little Boy's Suit. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Material required, 2¼ to 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

To obtain patterns send 3d. in stamps to Pattern Department and state whether one or both styles are required and age of child.

The only charge made is 3d. to cover the cost of distribution and postage.

For addresses of Pattern Departments see pattern page in this issue.

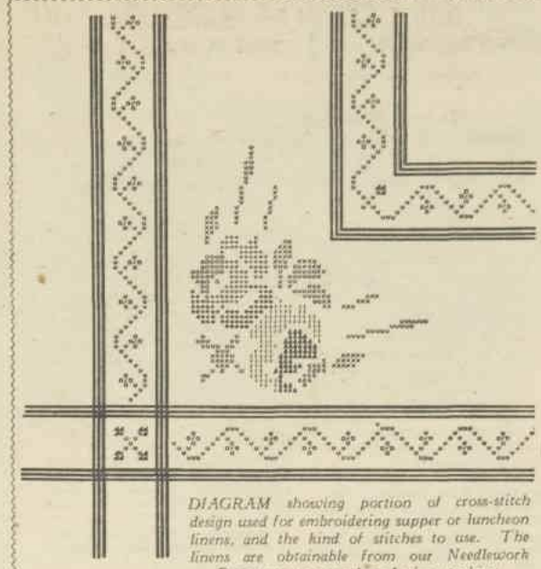

DIAGRAM showing portion of cross-stitch design used for embroidering supper or luncheon linens, and the kind of stitches to use. The linens are obtainable from our Needlework Department stamped ready for working.

New supper or luncheon set

In a fascinating cross-stitch that is very easy to work.

Complete set traced for working obtainable from our Needlework Department.

COMPLETE cross-stitch supper cloth which is very easy to embroider and very colorful in effect.

THIS unusual cross-stitch supper or luncheon set can be obtained traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

Edges are finished with spoke-stitch ready for crochet or left plain for hem finish.

Prices are:—
Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9.
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.
D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.
Sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.
Tea Cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 2/6.
Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6.

The following Anchor stranded cottons are required for working:

Two skeins each F. 443 (buttercup); F. 476 (light brown); F. 477 (brown); F. 478 (mid brown); F. 507 (very light marine-blue); F. 508 (light marine-blue); F. 510 (dark marine-blue); F. 497 (light grass-green); F. 498 (grass-green); F. 501 (very pale cream); F. 668 (light goldfish); F. 669 (goldfish); F. 816 (mid terra).

Cottons obtainable for 11d. a skein.

This diagram indicates the shade of cotton you should use for the various kinds of stitches used in the cross-stitch design. The diagram at the top of the page shows where the different stitches are placed.

◪	= 443
◎	= 476
⊞	= 477
◉	= 478
⊡	= 507
◪	= 508
⊠	= 497
⊍	= 498
I	= 668
G	= 669
A	= 816

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

NEW ICE DEODORANT
vanishes completely
non-greasy and non-sticky

Checks Perspiration Instantly

Easy to use — Vanishes completely as you put it on.

Protection — Keeps the underarm completely dry 1-3 days.

Non-Greasy—Non-sticky—will not soil clothing.

Unperfumed—The odour of the pure alcohol evaporates immediately, leaving no musty, tell-tale odour, does not interfere with your own favourite perfume.

Fresh and cool — It leaves the underarm refreshed and cool.

Use Odo-ro-no Ice according to the directions on the label of the jar. One size only, 2/6.

ODO-RO-NO
Ice Cool and non-sticky

Your Problems Solved
ASTROLOGY

YOUR FUTURE FORECAST
By the Famous Eastern Astrologer
KNOW WHEN & WHICH LOTTERY TO INVEST IN
Lucky Numbers and Periods for Life, Love and Marriage, Finance, Travel, etc.
FREE YOUR OWN GOLD-PLATED ZODIAC LUCKY CHARM
Will Always Bring You Luck.
Send P.N. 2/6. Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope.
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BOX 2213T, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

GEORGE III COFFEE POT 1775

Your Silver . . .

How much more gracefully does coffee put the finishing touch to the hospitality of a good dinner when it is served from a set of immaculately shining Silver! And nothing can outshine Silver cleaned with Silvo; it brings out the full rich beauty of the metal and contains no harmful acid or mercury. For all Silver, whether servants or the housewife do the cleaning, make sure that Silvo is used, nothing else can so quickly give it a perfect polish.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

A BECKITT'S PRODUCT. MADE IN AUSTRALIA.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

IS SERIOUS . . YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES . . ONLY A TRUE KIDNEY REMEDY CAN DO YOU GOOD

Kidney Trouble is serious and only a genuine remedy that will cleanse and strengthen weak, sluggish kidneys can stop the suffering this trouble causes.

Many victims of kidney trouble experience sharp stabbing pains in the muscles all over the body. Sometimes joints swell and become inflamed, hard to move. These rheumatic pains start with weak kidneys.

When those vital organs, the kidneys, become clogged up, sluggish and weak, poisons and impurities (especially excess uric acid) accumulate in the system and then your pain starts. So now you see why only a true kidney remedy can stop the pain caused by weak kidneys—the pain you call rheumatism. It is your kidneys that want cleansing and strengthening.

There is no finer remedy for Kidney Trouble than De Witt's Pills. They are made specifically to give new life to weak kidneys so that these organs can clear the system of the waste and impurities that cause your pain.

PROOF IN 24 HOURS

De Witt's Pills act quickly. In 24 hours you will see and know they are acting directly on the kidneys. Many a one-time sufferer from Kidney Trouble, Backache, Rheumatism and kindred troubles say De Witt's Pills have given relief after just a few doses—relief which has quickly turned to permanent benefit.

FOUR DOSES ENDED PAIN

Mrs. Barrett, 340, Railway Parade, Carlton, N.S.W., writes:—"For three years I suffered severe pains in my kidneys and with dizziness. My mother used to use De Witt's Pills so I gave them a trial. Four doses benefited me, and now I am perfectly healthy. Yes, I am thankful for De Witt's Pills."

ONCE CRIPPLED—NOW FIT

Mr. N. Macmillan, of 20, Victoria Road, South Northcote, Victoria, writes:—"I have been taking De Witt's Pills for kidney trouble. Just half of a medium sized bottle brought benefit and two bottles gave me complete relief. I have recommended De Witt's Pills to others because I am very thankful for benefit received."

Heed These Warning Symptoms

Here are a few of the symptoms revealing the fact that behind your constant pain lies deep-seated Kidney Trouble:—**Sharp stabbing pains in the back; burning pains shooting down the legs; stiff, aching muscles; swollen joints; baggy eyes; constant headache and dizziness.**

START TO END YOUR PAIN TO-DAY

Watch out for any urinary irregularities. They are a sure sign your kidneys need attention.

Get a supply of De Witt's Pills to-day and prove for yourself they are the finest kidney pills you can possibly have—the quickest banishers of pain—the surest builders of health and strength.

DEWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

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First of the weekly prizewinners

RECIPES selected from entries in our big £1000 cookery contest and tested in our kitchen for progressive weekly prizes.

HERE is the first batch of weekly prizewinners. The entries have been selected from the thousands already received and have been tested by our cookery expert.

See Pages 3 and 41 of this issue for full particulars of our Big £1000 Cookery contest and read how you, too, may enter for weekly and final prizes.

ABOVE: Pompeian cake, cooked with prunes and chopped walnuts. LEFT: Danish kringle. Both recipes on this page.

1. Cake Section

POMPEIAN CAKE

Half-cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, separated, 2½ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups cooked prunes, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Beat egg-whites stiffly and fold into mixture. Mix prunes and chopped walnuts in separate bowl. Pour alternate layers of cake mixture and fruit nut filling with mixture on top into a well-greased tin. Bake in moderately hot oven for one hour. Cool and ice with:

Prune Icing: Cream ½ cup butter, gradually add 2 cups sifted icing sugar. Add 1 dessertspoon each of prune juice and lemon juice. Beat well.

First Prize of £1 to Miss J. Haggarty, 64 Abbotsford Rd., Homebush, N.S.W.

DANISH KRINGLE

Sift 4 cups of flour with 5 tablespoons castor sugar, and 1½ tablespoons baking powder. Next mix 2 beaten eggs with ½ cup of melted butter and ½ cup of milk. Add ½ cup of raisins softened in hot water and mix. Roll out into a long slender roll and form into ring. Place on a well-buttered tin and brush top with an egg mixed with a little milk. Lay a sheet of buttered paper over kringle, and bake in moderate oven. Remove paper. Glaze surface with a mixture of 2 tablespoons castor sugar and ½ tablespoon boiling water. Sprinkle chopped nuts on surface, and set aside until glaze hardens.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. W. Cooper, 193a Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

BANANA CREAM SANDWICH

Sandwich: 4oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 heaped teaspoons flour, ½ cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 5 large bananas, 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, ½ pint cream, whipped stiffly, 1 good teaspoon gelatine dissolved in little hot water.

Beat eggs well, add sugar gradually, beating well all the time. Then beat for 10 minutes. Add dry ingredients, previously sifted together, and lastly the melted butter. Pour into two large well-buttered tins and bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: Mash 3 bananas thoroughly, add teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons castor sugar. Mix well, then add two tablespoons whipped cream. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add to mixture and place between cakes. Stir 1 tablespoon sugar with remaining cream and pile roughly on top of cake. Cut up remaining bananas in slices, sprinkle with lemon juice, and stand up in the cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Moye, Parkes St., Temora, N.S.W.

2. Dessert Section

LEMON SNOW AND CARAMEL SAUCE PUDDING

Three whites of eggs, 1 small cup sugar. Beat very stiffly. Add 1 large cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, juice of one large lemon.

Beat all together, let stand, then beat again till stiff. Put in glass dish and set in refrigerator.

Serve with caramel sauce: 2lbs. sugar, juice lemon. Boil till thin, add 2 cups water slowly. Put on again and cook awhile. Put in bottle and it keeps.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Weaver, Minimbah, Forbes, N.S.W.

WALNUT PUDDING WITH SHERRY SAUCE

Half cup of butter, 1 egg, ½ cup of golden syrup, 1 cup of seeded raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ grated nutmeg, 1½ cups flour, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon soda.

Cream butter, add well-beaten egg, then syrup slightly warmed. Mix well, add raisins, walnuts, nutmeg, and lastly flour alternately with milk in which soda is dissolved. Place in a greased pudding basin and steam for 2½ hours.

Sauce: Half cup butter, 1 cup icing sugar, ½ pint cream, 1 wineglass sherry.

Cream butter and sugar, add whipped cream, and beat well, then cook in a double boiler till smooth. Before serving add the sherry.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. Larsen, 49 Fraser St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

THATCHED DELICIOUS PUDDING

Half a pint of milk, 2oz. butter, 4 eggs, 2 dessertspoons flour, 2 dessertspoons sugar, grated rind of lemon, pinch salt, strawberry jam.

Mix flour, sugar, butter, salt and grated rind with little of milk. Then put rest of milk on to boil. When almost boiling pour over mixture, let it cool, then mix in yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly and add.

Spread strawberry jam lightly over the top. Sprinkle with almonds cut in thin strips and bake in good oven for about 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. E. Secomb, 58 Brighton Boulevard, North Bondi, N.S.W.

3. Preserves Section

GRAPE AND APPLE JELLY

Wash and stem 4lb. of sound grapes, slice 2lb. of apples, without peeling, remove cores, put apples and grapes into preserving pan and boil till quite soft, then strain through a muslin cloth, then add sugar in proportion of 1 cup of sugar to cup of juice. Warm sugar and add to juice after the latter has boiled 10 minutes, add juice of 1 lemon, and boil about 20 to 30 minutes till it jells when tested on cold plate. Pour in small jars and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Riley, 46 Mary St., Waterloo, N.S.W.

CURRIED PLUM JAM

Three pounds of plums, 2½lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon curry.

Wash and stone fruit, place in pan with sugar. Let this stand overnight. Next day, bring to boil, then let simmer until when tested (by dripping a little from a spoon) it sets. Then mix Indian curry with just enough water to make a smooth paste, and stir in with the jam. Keep stirring for ten minutes, take from fire, bottle, but do not cover until cold. This should make five pounds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. E. Draper, 18 Alma St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

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Just once in a while . . .
Why not do without meat?

EVEN if you are not a vegetarian you'll find meatless menus a pleasant change. You'd be surprised what interesting meals can be concocted just with vegetables and a few other foods.

VEGETABLE ring is an appetising dish that lends itself to variety in preparation. This one is filled with vegetables and topped with baked beans.

ABOVE: Vegetable pie can be as delicious as a meat pie, and a healthful change, too. See recipe this page.

LEFT: Spinach souffle is one tempting way of making the family eat plenty of this nourishing vegetable. It can be prepared in a souffle dish or in individual dishes.

By . . .
MARY FORBES
● Cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THERE'S nothing like a change in the menu to stimulate tired after-summer appetites.

And for a change vegetarian menus can be delicious and interesting.

Vegetables are always successful when combined with eggs, rice, macaroni, spaghetti, cheese, etc.

Many people favor meatless dishes all the year round, while others are forced for health reasons to do without meat for a certain period.

So they turn to vegetarian dishes which, when combined with eggs, cheese, milk, nuts, etc., supply the necessary nourishment for a balanced diet.

MEATLESS DINNER MENUS

1
Spinach Souffle.
Cheese Croquettes with Potatoes and Green Vegetables.
Orange Cream.

2
Vegetable Ring.
Cheese Pudding with New Potatoes.
Apple Tart and Cream.

3
Vegetable Soup.
Onion Custard with French Beans and Grilled Tomato.
Butter Scotch Tart and Cream.

4
Cabbage Puffs (hot).
Fish Mousse with Vegetable Salad.
Steamed Raisin Pudding and Custard.

5
Stuffed Fillets.
Potato Cream. Lettuce.
Macaroni Cheese.
Pancakes with Honey.

VEGETARIAN CUTLETS

Four ounces lentils, 4oz. potatoes, 2 onions, 3 cups stock, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs, egg-glazing, fat, 1 egg.

Soak lentils in stock; add prepared onion and boil till soft. Add cooked potatoes and put through a sieve. Add salt and cayenne and 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs and beaten egg. Mix well and leave till cold. Form into cutlets. Dip in egg, then crumbs. Fry in boiling fat till golden brown. Drain. Insert a small "bone" of macaroni in each, and add a cutlet frill.

VEGETABLE PIE

Short-crust, white sauce, cooked vegetables such as carrots, peas, parsnips, cauliflower.

Make short-crust, cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece into round, and line deep pie-plate. Add vegetables to sauce with salt and cayenne to taste, and pour into pastry. Roll out smaller piece and cover vegetables. Glaze with egg-glazing. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve at once. Small patty can be made instead of large one, and any cold vegetables can be used.

CABBAGE PUFFS

Small cabbage, 1½oz. butter, 1 onion, ½lb. puff pastry, seasoning, beaten egg.

Wash cabbage, cook in boiling water for 5 minutes. Drain well, chop up finely. Melt butter, fry cabbage and chopped onion for 10 minutes. Cool. Make pastry. Roll out thinly and cut into even number of rounds. Put a little cabbage mixture on half a round. Dampen edge and cover with another round, pressing edges together. Repeat with all rounds of pastry. Glaze with egg. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes. Serve hot with brown vegetable sauce or tomato sauce.

SPINACH SOUFFLE

One cup cooked spinach, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons plain flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour off the heat, stir till free from lumps. Cook without browning, add milk all at once. Stir till it boils and thickens. Add yolks, spinach, cheese, salt and cayenne. Cool. Add stiffly-beaten whites. Pour into souffle dish. Bake 35 minutes. Serve at once.

VEGETABLE RING

Six ounces rice, 2 pints vegetable stock, 1 onion, ½ cup peas, ½ cup diced carrots, salt, cayenne, small cauliflower, ½ tablespoon butter.

Wash rice, put into saucepan with stock, salt, cayenne, and finely-chopped onion. Cook till tender. Drain and press into buttered ring mould. Cook peas, carrot and cauliflower cut into flowerettes. Turn rice on to hot dish, put peas and carrot in centre. Arrange cauliflower on top. Pour over melted butter or hot salad dressing. Serve at once.

CHEESE PUDDING

Half pound white bread, 1½ gills milk, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter, salt, cayenne, 3oz. grated cheese, tomato sauce.

Remove crust from bread and cut into small cubes. Pour over the boiling milk, add salt, cayenne, melted butter and cheese, beat in egg-yolks. When cool stir in whisked whites. Pour into small ramekin cases. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve at once with hot tomato or brown sauce.

SAVORY ONION CUSTARD

One and a half pounds white onions, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne.

Melt butter in frying-pan, add sliced onions. Cook without browning for 12 minutes. Stir well. Drain and put into fireproof dish. Beat eggs, add salt and cayenne with milk. Pour over onions. Bake in a slow oven till set. Serve at once.

CHEESE CROQUETTES

Four ounces breadcrumbs, 5oz. finely-grated cheese, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, frying fat, parsley.

Mix crumbs and cheese, add salt and cayenne. Bind with beaten egg. Form into cork shapes with floured hands. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in crumbs, wet fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve on paper d'oyley garnished with fried parsley.

STUFFED FILLETS

Half cup breadcrumbs, ½ tablespoon shredded suet, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, 4 fillets of fish, lemon juice, browned crumbs, sprinkle of sage.

Mix crumbs, suet, sage, flour, salt, cayenne. Bind with beaten egg. Dry the fillets, lay on greased fireproof flat dish. Sprinkle with lemon. Place a little stuffing on the wide end, fold over the small end. Dot with butter. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Sprinkle with browned crumbs and decorate with slices of lemon and parsley.

"QUICK" Enamel is easy to use and dries perfectly with a glossy, washable finish that requires no effort to keep clean. All paint and hardware stores sell "QUICK" Enamel. No mess—no bother—simply brush it on!

Made by:
LEWIS BERGER & SONS (Australia) PTY., LTD.,
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. (And.) PTY., LTD.,
ROGERS PAINT & VARNISH CO.

A 10-66 PRODUCT
TRANSCENDING ALL STRIFE!

You've never tasted REAL Bread and Cheese . . . you don't know how downright good and delicious a meal of bread and cheese with your favourite drink can be . . . until you've tasted Kraft Cheddar. Mellow flavoured, creamy smooth, Kraft Cheddar is everybody's favourite for snacks, sandwiches, colorful salads. And Kraft provides all these important food elements for your diet . . . tissue building proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which build strong bones and sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

New Kraft Recipe Book "Cheese and Ways to Serve It" . . . To obtain your copy write to address in your state or to Melbourne, and enclose 5d. in stamps. Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A.2.8.), Riverside Av., Melbourne; 158 Clarence St., Sydney; 74 Eagle St., Brisbane.

Kraft Cheddar sold at all food stores in two, four and eight oz. packets. Pasteurised for purity. Foil wrapped for freshness.

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"NERVES made me afraid to meet my friends"

PROOF POSITIVE

Read these remarkable reports from nervy, run-down people who, after taking BIDOMAK, are now fit and well again.

HAD NO ENERGY, LOST APPETITE, NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH.

"Mirari," Nacy, N.S.W.,
Via Patterson. November, 1937.

Dear Sirs,—

I would like to record my lasting gratitude to "Bidomak" for the restoration of my health.

For some considerable time I had been suffering with nerves and loss of appetite. I sought relief from many different remedies, but failed to find it until I took two bottles of "Bidomak." I sleep better, eat better, and have twice the energy I had before. Now I enjoy perfect health, thanks to "Bidomak."

Ever gratefully yours.

(Signed) Mr. J.A.M.

VICTIM OF NERVES AND SLEEPLESSNESS—NOW WELL.

68 L'estrange Street,
Knoxville, S.A.

Dear Sir,—

I could not sleep, and would toss and turn all night long, and the least noise would terrify me.

My husband became worried about my health, and decided to get me a tonic which would cure my nervousness and allow me to get my natural sleep.

He discussed the matter with one of his workmates, who told him of Bidomak, a bottle of which he procured for me.

After taking this, I began to improve. I have now taken three bottles, and sleep comes to me as soon as I retire at night, and I wake in the morning refreshed and ready for the day's work.

Bidomak is really a wonderful tonic.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) DORIS CHESTERMAN.

Doctor treats Mr. R. Milham with BIDOMAK to make him a new man

"My nerves were so bad," said Mr. R. Milham to our special representative, "that I could not open the door to my friends. I had suffered for more than twenty years, first collapsing in a tram in George Street—then carrying on my work under the spur of necessity, and finally falling into a state of utter nervous exhaustion. If I was forced to open the door of my home to even folks I knew, I was prostrated. The mental anguish and depression caused by my condition was frightful.

"After suffering for more than twenty years, my doctor made a count of the red corpuscles of my blood. He found they were deficient to an almost incredible extent—prescribed BIDOMAK—and brought the red corpuscular count to normal. As I took BIDOMAK, dose by dose, my condition rapidly improved, until today I can meet people without hesitation, and my life has been renewed. There's nothing which I can say in praise of BIDOMAK that can adequately describe the change which has been brought in my life. I have taken previously every nerve tonic or tablet placed on the market and have consulted many people as to my condition without success.

"BIDOMAK has wrought a miracle in my case, and I am glad to give it full credit. I can only recommend other sufferers from nerves and depression to take BIDOMAK regularly, as I have done, so that they will be restored to a full measure of vital health and strength."

DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE

"I examined Mr. R. Milham (Date) and found that his red corpuscular count, or the number of red corpuscles per cubic millimetre of blood, had fallen to 3,000,000 or barely half the normal number.

"After taking BIDOMAK in accordance with my directions, I again examined him (Date) and found the red corpuscular count had improved to 5,500,000, or normal.

"Mr. Milham's general condition was very much better, and the mood of depression in which I found him first had disappeared.

"Apart from slight changes in diet no other treatment but BIDOMAK, in accordance with the standard directions, was given."

BIDOMAK is a scientific compound of vital mineral elements which contains no harmful drugs, and may be taken freely by young and old. It is of high therapeutic value, and is really effective because it corrects "Mineral Starvation," which is caused by the lack of certain vital food minerals in the modern diet. This deficiency affects every part of the body, causing Nerves, Depressed Feeling, Chronic Headaches, Lack of Appetite, and General Weakness. BIDOMAK provides:

FERRUM, to build rich, red blood, and so carry extra oxygen to the tissues, thus combating anaemia, and chasing poisons and wastes from the system.

CALCIUM, to build up bone and nerve tissues, as well as general bodily endurance.

SODIUM, to keep digestion keen, counter acidity, clear away depression, and make you feel well.

PHOSPHORUS, to prevent nervous breakdown and fatigue, and create new nerve, brain, and red blood cells.

POTASSIUM, to relieve nerve pains, prevent constipation, build up the grey matter of the brain, and for muscular control.

GLYCEROPHOSPHATES, for nervous disorders.

SCIENTIFIC CONTROL

Attached to the Laboratories of the Douglas Drug Company are three fully qualified chemists and a doctor of Medicine, who graduated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

A REFRESHING HEALTH DRINK

A delightful health drink can be made by mixing a dose of BIDOMAK with a wineglassful or half a tumbler of ice cold water, or any aerated water.

A few drops of BIDOMAK in a tumbler of ice cold water is a delightful, refreshing thirst-quencher.

3/- All Chemists & Stores (New Zealand 3/6)

BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY—*for Nerves, Brain, and that Depressed Feeling!*

Product of: Douglas Drug Coy., Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth. Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: L. Fairthorne & Son Pty. Ltd., St. John Street, Launceston. New Zealand Distributors: Fluenzol Pty. Ltd., Thorndon Quay, Wellington.

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MOON OVER ACADIE

By LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

2 MAR 1939

Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, March 4, 1939.

SUPPLEMENT — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

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MOON OVER ACADIE

By LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

MONSIEUR ULYSSE PLAMONDON stepped down from a day-coach onto the platform of the little station of Pont Lefebvre, and met the faithful Uldege who hurried up the platform to greet him and relieve him of travelling-bag and brief-case.

"Ah, Uldege!" Monsieur Plamondon returned the servant's obeisance with one little less elaborate. "It is good to be home."

Monsieur Plamondon smiled complacently. Twenty years ago he had been a student at the University of Paris; and his clothes and his manners were still those of Paris twenty years ago. He wore, too, a tuft of beard and a goodly moustache and his thick hair was cut en brosse. He was slight, Monsieur Plamondon, very little over five feet two in height, but mountains high in dignity. Was not he, Ulysse Isaure Jacques-Marie Plamondon, the greatest authority on the folklore and les chansons du pays of the Acadian people?

A dogcart, the only one in the county, or for that matter in the country, waited on the cinders by the station platform. A quiet brown horse looked interestedly at Monsieur Plamondon and pawed the cinders a few times. "Ah, Pegase!" Monsieur Plamondon caressed the horse's nose.

Monsieur Plamondon put his foot on the step and said to Uldege, "There is nothing new at Melpomyne's Bower?"

Uldege was stowing the bag and brief-case in the boot. He did not look up.

"The young lady arrived safely, Monsieur Plamondon," he said. "And Rosalie gave her your room until the spare bedroom could be made ready."

Monsieur Plamondon took his foot off the step. "In the name of Heaven, Uldege, what are you saying?"

"The young lady, Monsieur Pla——"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes. But what young lady? Be calm, Uldege!"

"Your niece, Monsieur Plamondon. Your niece, Leocadie."

Monsieur Plamondon looked dully at Uldege. "My niece Leocadie." He shrugged. He frowned. Then he smiled. Then he banged Uldege on the back with stick and gloves. "My niece Leocadie, daughter of my dear sister Athalie, is arriving. Let us on to Melpomyne's Bower, Uldege. She will be as impatient to see me as I," he finished grimly, "am impatient to see her."

From Pont Lefebvre, where the train from Quebec had deposited Ulysse Plamondon, to the village of St. Gudule, where in Melpomyne's Bower, the distinguished artist lived and had his being, is a distance of one mile straight across a causeway elevated some feet above the diked marshes of Memramcook. Never before had man done more thinking, wondering, and puzzling than did Ulysse Plamondon in that brief mile.

Clop-cloppity-clop went the well shod hoofs of Pegase on the hard clay; the dog-cart creaked and swayed, the early autumn wind blew chill across the marshlands and the first bright star came out and gleamed on Monsieur Plamondon's shoulder. From a tumbledown barn hardby the road came the hoot of a dismal owl and a shadowy gull screeled eerily overhead.

"My niece Leocadie," he muttered. "That, helas, is what she now and forever more is in the simple but honest minds of the good people of St. Gudule. Daughter of my dear departed sister, Athalie Corinne Plamondon. Bien!"

He shrugged, turned up the collar of his redingote and stared straight ahead of him at the dim spire of St. Gudule church towering high above the white cottages and the farmsteads all about on the slopes of the Memramcook Valley.

"After all," he mused presently, "why should I be so appalled! Am I not a romancer, a writer of belles lettres, an artist to whom such contretemps as this are the very stuff by which his art must live? Should I not then look forward eagerly and with a curiosity vivid and ardent to this meeting with my niece Leocadie——"

"One arrives, Monsieur Plamondon," announced Uldege as Pegase, without any guidance, turned in at an open gate between a bare lilac hedge and trotted up a beach-gravelled drive to Melpomyne's Bower, a pretty cottage, cosy and inviting, with soft lights glowing from its windows, with one warm light, Ulysse saw with faster-beating heart, shining from his own bedroom. Ah, he mused, if only there had been a wife who now would welcome him and look into his eyes as no other in the world could look——

Slowly he followed Uldege into the cottage, greeted the stout Rosalie, and shrugged out of his coat. He looked about him with such relish as one might show after a five-year, instead of five-day, absence. Then his glance travelled up the stairway and stopped still and sudden at the landing.

His body stiffened perceptibly. His eyes were keen, those quick black eyes under bushy grey brows, very keen. Even had they been dim, almost blind, he told himself, they must have seen her, the yellow sunlight of her hair, the brightness of the Norse blue eyes, the grace of her figure not hidden by the tan dress she wore.

In one instant, Ulysse Plamondon was transported over the years and the ocean, and gazed, not up the stairway of Melpomyne's Bower in the little Acadian village of St. Gudule, but out of a dusty casement on Mont Parnasse.

Slowly she walked down the remaining flight and, oblivious of Monsieur Plamondon's consternation, of his wide eyes and agitated manner, came to him and, after gazing full into his eyes for a moment, put her arms about his shoulders and kissed him.

"Uncle, how are you? It is a surprise, this, but you will forgive me, I know. I am so glad to see you."

"But yes, my child." Monsieur Plamondon felt that the secret of life and happiness was slipping from his arms as she moved away. "I was so overjoyed to know of your visit that in my excitement I neglected to advise my good Uldege and Rosalie of your coming. But they have been good to you, hein?"

He turned to the smiling Rosalie and open-mouthed Uldege. "We will come to dinner in a brief while. We go into my study now to talk for a while, to enable me to make inquiries about my good sister, the mother of Leocadie." He gave Leocadie his arm. She looked at him, in his black jacket, fawn waistcoat, Ascot tie of blue foulard and narrow, striped trousers—looked at him as if she had never seen his like, took his arm without a word and they went into the study opening off the hall.

Monsieur Plamondon closed the door, saw at a glance that his walls of books, his chairs, his table, his couch, his pipes, his cognac, and his old dog Cerbere, stuffed these many years and perched on the mantel, were just as they should be.

"Be seated, chere," he said to the silent girl. "And I will bring you a little glass of cognac and have one myself. We both need it, mignonne. Then you shall tell me all that it is that this is."

He poured the cognac with not quite steady hand. He felt the blue eyes upon his back and was conscious of his greying hair, his smallness, the withered spareness of his body. The ruby in his cuff link leered up at him from its setting in the stiff-starched linen. He spilled a little brandy when he poured his own.

He served her, avoiding with a shyness he cursed himself for, the steady appraisal of her eyes. "To you, my child." She lifted her glass and said, unsmiling, "To you, my father."

Monsieur Plamondon's jaw fell slowly, comically, at the same rate that he lowered his glass. His eyes were fixed hypnotically upon the sweet, somewhat frightened face of the girl. Twenty — yes, she would be about twenty. He lifted his glass and sacrilegiously took his cognac in one swallow.

"You said?" he whispered.

"To you, my father." She sipped hers, holding herself in check. How her hand shook!

"But I—I never—" Monsieur Plamondon passed a palsied hand over his thick grey hair. "How then is this? Explain to me. It is some grave mistake you are making, my chi—my good young girl."

"None, I think." She bit her lip, she started to sob. "I—I had hoped for a different welcome, a different reception. When—when I saw you I thought you were such a one as would not—would not deny me and—and put me to shame——"

Monsieur Plamondon's heart was pierced.

"There! There! There!" he pleaded. "It is well now, all is well. Tell me your

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story, small one. I become old now. I forget what I should most remember."

She lifted a tear-stained face.

"You lived in Paris twenty years ago, m'sieur," said Leocadie. "In Mont Parnasse. You met a girl they called Mimi Perron. You loved her. You won her. You married her. You left her with me."

"I—" Monsieur Plamondon was stiller than a wax-man. After a moment or two his mouth opened and he whispered, "Good Heaven, I—" of heaven and of the earth, I ——"

"See—" Leocadie fumbled in her bag, brought forth a yellowed paper and a faded photograph and thrust them into his hands. Stiffly, he got up and carried them to the light that was concentrated on his big table. The paper was a marriage certificate, the picture was inscribed on the back, "Mimi Perron et Ulysse Plamondon, Fontainebleau, Juillet, 19——"

Here was a lovely face, fair as Leocadie's, his was dark and handsome, his moustache fine and fierce, and he wore a velvet coat.

"But the years have dealt harshly with me," he muttered. He looked beyond the zone of light to where the young girl sat. "What did the years do to her, to Mimi —she who was so—so—" Monsieur Plamondon's voice trembled, he dashed a hand across his eyes. "Unkind—they were not unkind to her, the fleeting years?"

"Not too unkind, mon pere. I had better perhaps say, mon oncle—"

"Better perhaps."

"The years were not too good to my mother, monsieur, nor yet to me, though, through her love and tenderness better to me than to her. When she died, a month or so ago, there was nothing much for me — In the letter she bade me make a voyage to Canada and seek you out, that you were now a great man of letters, un homme de genie, and surely you would not refuse to aid me, until"—so proudly—"I can make my way alone. You see, I can sing, I can play! I eat very little and I am good with the needle and——"

Monsieur Plamondon got up from his chair, walked deliberately over to her, knelt down, took both her hands in both his, kissed them and burst into tears.

"Ma pauvrette!" he said brokenly. "Ma pauvrette! My poor starved, beaten, abused little one. A just God should strike dead him who did this to thee!"

"I would never have it so—never, even were you not so kind, so splendid, so noble as you are, monsieur—mon pere."

"I!" Ulysse shrugged deprecatingly. "I am none of those things, Leocadie." He lingered over her name. "Leocadie," he repeated. "I am, tout simplement, Ulysse Isaure Jacques-Marie Plamondon, like Francois Villon, poor maitre-es-arts, artium magister, master of arts, of the University of Paris. Also, a maker of verse, albeit poor verse, a player of music, a painter of pictures, a lover of excellence in these pursuits, the more so for that I know I can never hope to attain such."

"But you are modest." The tears had ceased, leaving the blue eyes brighter, leaving them like stars drenched with dew. She kept looking at Monsieur Plamondon, studying his face in its every lineament, its every wrinkle, studying it as a schoolgirl studies a map, seeking to commit it to memory.

Monsieur Plamondon smiled most paternally and got to his feet, not, alas, with too great agility. "You look at me as if you feared I would vanish any moment, as if you must have a picture of me in your mind before I go."

"No, it is not that. It is just that I have been so curious all these years to know what he was like, my—my—you understand, Monsieur. My eyes have hungered to look upon you and now they are not easily cured of that hunger."

"You—you do not then hate——"

"Not you. I did come prepared to hate, to accuse, to condemn. I find I can do none of these things. You have disarmed me, because you have been kind."

"And who in this wide world could be unkind to my Leocadie." He bowed low. "Bien! Come now, petite jeune, repair the so great ravages of tears and chagrin, for the good Rosalie is kept waiting and you no doubt have as much hunger as I, who have scarcely eaten a thing since I left Quebec this morning."

Leocadie went to the mirror in Monsieur Plamondon's little dressing-room off the study, which he lighted for her. He heard her humming softly as she powdered her nose. He smiled with ecstasy. He stretched out his arms to the fire on the hearth and rubbed his hands together, gleeful as a boy with a great and precious secret. Sing, oh, sing on, Leocadie! Sing! It is so good to hear a sweet young voice here in this staid old house, so wonderful to have Youth enter here and shed its warm roseate fragrance everywhere, dispersing the damp and the dust of the years. Sing on, Leocadie, bring to this grey, ageing man, to his heart not grown so old but somewhat weary, memories of days that were golden, when hope was high, when the world was all new and splendid like a great fair when first one enters. Sing, Leocadie, the ancient mad little songs of Mont Parnasse, make Ulysse Plamondon's heart beat in time to the lilt of "Mere Michel" and his polished toe go tap-tap against the fender bars to the swing of "Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre."

With courtly grace, when Leocadie came smiling from the dressing-room, Monsieur Plamondon gave her his arm; with step as stately and mien as high as those of any grand seigneur of the old regime, he conducted her from the study to the dining-room across the hall. Solicitously he saw her comfortably seated, then, taking his own chair across from her, he beamed at her with a brightness that dimmed the gentle light of the candles in their silver sticks.

A great peace, a great joy, was in Monsieur Plamondon's heart. He could be content to sit here, merely to sit here, forever and a day, and gaze upon this child. Melpompyne's Bower, always beautiful, was now a place of enchantment, the napery and crystal were dazzling, the onion soup, the crepes, the croquettes, were food for the gods and Rosalie was of all servants the most dexterous and swift. How good was the low sighing of the wind that made the shutters tap against the wall and made rustling sounds in the fading maple trees in the garden! How bright the stars must be to-night and how big the Hunter's Moon when it heaved itself above the Beaumont and impaled itself on the spire of the white church on the summit.

His eyes met her bright gaze and his laughter danced to meet hers. "Ah, what a joyous surprise this is!" he said. "What a night of nights, this on which you come to me!"

"You are then so glad, monsieur?"

"Glad! I—" He closed his lips, shook his head. "It is beyond all words."

"But tell me of her and you," she invited shyly. "She loved you well, I know, though she did not often speak of you or tell me about you. It was only a little while you stayed with her."

"It—" Monsieur Plamondon looked down at his plate. "I loved Mimi—loved her so much that I have never loved again——"

"Then why—why did you so cruelly leave her? Ah!" She half-rose from her chair, moved by the pain in Monsieur Plamondon's eyes. He seemed to wince at her words, as if a lash had struck him. "I am sorry for having said that, my uncle. You do not need to tell me anything. There must have been some reason, some reason that was good to you. I cannot conceive of your hurting anyone, you who are so gentle, unless you could not help it."

Ulysse lifted his head and looked gratefully into her fresh young face. "You are kind to say it, Leocadie. Believe then that it is so. Believe that my heart bleeds for her, for Mimi, and for you, that you should have been left to face a harsh world alone. Believe that I thank Heaven for having sent you to me. From Mont Parnasse to St. Gudule in Acadie, is a far, far cry, but love is not of place or time, ma mie, and the love I had for your—for your mother, I have for you. I shall love and cherish you always. What I have is yours —everything. My home is henceforth your home and my life shall be wrapped up in yours."

Her eyes shone. She pressed her hands against her breast. "You make me so happy. You make the world more wonderful, more lovely, more kind than ever I thought it could be. I was so alone, and frightened and knew not which way to turn. With fear and anguish I came here. I thought, me, what if he denies all this; what if he is an ogre, a bad man, who will drive me away or accuse me of being an imposter and give me to the police. What shall I do then, I asked myself. Where shall I go. Of a certainty, I shall starve. I shall perish. After all these fears how sweet it is to find that you are so generous, so noble, so ready to succor me——"

She jumped up, circled the table and flung her arms about his neck, kissing him, pressing the rose-petal smoothness of her cheek against his that was dry and faded. He closed his eyes. He trembled. He said in his spirit, "You are good, my God—you are all good. You take away but to give back a thousandfold."

"Leocadie!" he said sternly and tapped on the table with his knife. "Go to your place, young one. Go there then and eat your supper, foolish one, or I shall send you to bed without any."

"But you are severe, monsieur!" She backed away in mock terror and hastened to her place. "But it is an ogre I have to govern me."

"Of course!" growled Ulysse. He loved to fancy himself as stern and hard, loved to think that in him was wickedness enough to enable him to beat Pegase, even, and steal his oats. "Ha! You thought it was an easy one you had, eh! You deceived yourself that it was some soft marshmallow of a man, one who would take you to Moncton to-morrow perhaps and buy you a lovely fur coat for the cold winter that comes and pretty hats and dresses and shoes and lovely things like that. You were such a little fool as to think Ulysse Plamondon would be plastic and easy and buy you bon-bons and jewels. No! Of course he would do nothing of the kind. Instead he might lock you in your room with no fire and no bread and no broth."

"I am sure he would," said Leocadie breathlessly. "I can see that he would."

"You are a wise girl then. The train for Moncton leaves at eight-thirty; do not oversleep, lazy one. Finish now your repast and off to bed with you. To-night I

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must think a great deal about ways to punish you when you are wicked. You will find that I am very severe, very harsh. If you doubt it, ask Rosalie, ask Uldege, ask Pegase, ask Cerbere."

"But I do not doubt it." She laughed till the tears came and Monsieur Plamondon laughed, too. He kissed her fingers when she said good-night, that was after they had lingered an hour and more over the coffee and cognac and Monsieur Plamondon's pipe. He kissed her fingers and she dropped a kiss upon his grey head. For a moment their eyes met, their gazes mingled, their souls felt that strange oneness that comes to those who love.

"God bless you, my child," said Monsieur Plamondon.

"And you, mon pere," murmured Leocadie. "Good-night."

He watched her climb the stairs, so young, so sprightly, so bright with life. He heard her door close—the spare room was ready now. It would be her room always. He took his hand off the newel-post, slowly turned and went into his study. He sat down in his big chair by the fire and gazed into the glowing caverns of the burning beech. The wind, without, spoke with old sighing voices, the trees swung their bare branches against the moon that whitened the church spire with its light; the village was quiet, all but asleep. It was the time Monsieur Plamondon loved, the quiet time, the hour for dreams and meditation. But to-night he could not dream; here was something far more wondrous than any dream; here, into the emptiness of his life, came something to feed his starved spirit, to warm his chilling heart, to renew his fading youth and make him live again.

"How good life is!" he murmured. "How grand it is!"

She would be asleep now. So peacefully she would sleep, happy in the knowledge, after so long a time of worry, that she was beloved, that his home was open to her. She would sleep with one white slender arm flung across the pillow and her golden hair showering over it. The moonbeams would stray across her hair and become dim amid its brightness. Almost, he could hear her soft breathing. He longed to go there, to her room, and kneel beside her bed and pray, he who for so many years had prayed not at all.

He looked longingly at his piano, feeling a great urge to go to it, feeling that to-night he could extemporise a melody that would be more beautiful than any slumber-song of Gounod, than any barcarolle of Offenbach. For her—just for her—no, for Mimi, too. She was his. The years had brought him this wondrous thing and nothing—nothing—he set his jaw fiercely and scowled at the fire—nothing should take her from him.

"Pouf! How could one take her from me." He laughed. "It is the vengeance most poetic, this."

. . . . .

Ulysse sat at his piano, the lovely rosewood piano, square and graceful, that he had purchased with his first earnings.

He improvised idly, fitting little verses to the chords his nimble fingers made, fitting pretty chords to the snatches of verse spun out by his quick and busy brain.

From the belfry of St. Gudule, clear and resonant in the still cool autumn evening, the angelus bells clanged out and Ulysse's little piano picked up the billowing waves of sound and did things with them.

These pictures Ulysse saw and in a million belfries aged sextons pulling with gnarled hands at frayed ropes, telling that old and lovely story the world over forever. In St. Gudule Church, Simon Perrier, bent and bearded, tugged at the great ropes and tasted yesterday's beer in his mouth from the stress of his exertions. And in white farmstead and weathered cottage, in field and byway, for miles around, the peasants, hearing that dulcet chime, crossed themselves and knelt and prayed, even as Ulysse prayed with his piano, with soft triad and sweet arpeggio.

He turned his head, glanced over his shoulder, feeling Leocadie there, swinging around on his seat, he held out his hands. She was lovely in the new fur coat, the gay Cossack hat and pretty shoes he had bought for her this morning in Moncton.

"What then has come to you, Leocadie?"

"Comment!" She only half tried to feign surprise. Her flush deepened, deepened; the blue eyes swerved slowly, shyly, from Monsieur Plamondon's.

"Speak then. Do not be afraid. Oh, I can read the eyes of people. I can read love or hate, joy or sorrow, truth or deceit in the eyes of everyone. Shall I tell you then what I read in your eyes?"

"No! Oh, no Please——"

"But we both know, hein! And who is this one? Is it what you call the love at first sight?"

She shook her head. "No, I saw him on the train the night I came here. And when we got to the station a big car was waiting for him. I—I had told him—I had to tell him something—that I was your niece, monsieur. So he offered to drive me here. His name is Paul Allain."

"But yes!" Monsieur Plamondon nodded. "The son of Judge Geoffroi Allain. Very rich, very fine, very aristocratic. And he fell in love with my Leocadie! But of course."

"I—I do not know. I met him now as I was out walking. He came to the door with me."

"And adored you with his eyes." Ulysse was in ecstasy, refusing to admit the sadness in his heart. They were young, Leocadie and Paul—But Geoffroi with his ponderous and judicial manner—what would he say about this? He spoke of great things for Paul, who had studied at Laval and Oxford and Paris, who would be a great lawyer, a great judge.

From these thoughts he was recalled by Leocadie's earnest gaze.

"Pardon?" he said brightly.

"I did not say anything, monsieur. I was wondering if—if you were angry with me."

"Jamais! Never—never in a thousand ages, in saecula saeculorum, ma p'tite, would Ulysse Plamondon be angry at anyone for falling in love. And when it is you——"

"But you go too fast. It is nothing. He could not be in love with me——"

"He could not be otherwise—unless he is a fool."

"He is no fool," said Leocadie very quickly.

"Ah, then!" said Ulysse. "But have you thought, my girl—" He looked his fiercest. "Knowing me as you do, would you not consider it likely that I will forbid him the house, forbid his speaking to you and even threaten him with the menace of firearms should I find him in your company?"

"It is very probable, monsieur; very likely."

"Then beware, and let him beware."

"You are so stern, monsieur!"

"I am cruel—utterly implacable. Of course, I have not said, mind you, that I will adopt this attitude. I have merely drawn your attention to the likelihood of my doing so, that you may walk warily. Anyway," he finished softly, "I do not like to think of your falling in love so soon. Why, you have just come to me and already you think about going."

. . . . .

"Preposterous!" Judge Geoffroi was saying with all the ponderous dignity and crushing condemnation that made him an ideal chief justice. He sat in the firelit gloom of his library in the big white dwelling on Belliveau Hill, that looked down on Melpomyne's Bower and the houses of St. Gudule, much as the judge himself looked down on their inmates.

"She is a very lovely girl, monsieur."

"The world is full of lovely girls not related to mouth-organ and jewsharp players."

"You are harsh on Plamondon. He has quite a name you know, among the people, and he has a great love for music and great skill as a musician."

"I don't like music or musicians," announced the judge. "I suppose the girl is a musician too—plays the tambourine, no doubt."

"She plays the piano, but she is primarily a singer. She will appear with her uncle in his concerts."

"She will, eh! She should be deported. Don't tell me any more about these people, and don't have anything further to do with her. Emilie Plaunte is coming this week, I believe, to visit her aunt. You and Emilie have been friends since childhood."

"We still are." Paul wondered if they would ever be more than friends, if ever they would fulfill the not too secret hopes his father and Emilie's aunt, Dame Margot Laurin, had for them. To be sure, Emilie was lovely, with gleaming black eyes, a sweet rose-tinted face, soft dark hair and lovely form, but Leocadie Perron was to her as noon is to midnight, and the interview ended with this thought carrying his mind on to their next meeting.

. . . . .

A few days later Leocadie's trunks and boxes arrived from France and Uldege brought them from Pont Lefebvre piled up on the dog-cart.

"There are some I have not opened," said Leocadie after they had been stowed in the attic. "I do not like to open them; it is like prying into the past."

"But yes!" Monsieur Plamondon nodded vigorously. "It is so. And often, most often, I think, the past is a book that we should not seek to reopen."

"You would not wish then to reopen the volume of your past, mon oncle?"

"It is always open to me, Leocadie." They walked in the faded garden where the ground was already hard with frost. "The book of my life is always an open one. Now I have begun a bright chapter—" He looked at her fondly. "Yes, the brightest one of all, I think."

"There were some dark ones."

"Black, ma p'tite—black as Erebus."

"You mean that my coming has brought you some joy."

He laid his hand—a fine, slender, sensitive hand, on her arm. "You can have no idea what your coming has meant to me, what a vast emptiness in my life it has filled up."

She looked at him, blue eyes wide. He seemed no longer bizarre to her, no longer a curiosity. His head was finely, even nobly shaped, she saw; his nose straight, his profile firm and regular.

"Why did you suffer that emptiness; that hunger and thirst so long then?"

"Pride, I suppose. I thought that part of my life—the part in which she—Mimi—

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had taken so bright a part, was ended. I might have known that things in this life are never ended, never absolute."

"Then—then you did not know about me?"

He hesitated for a moment. She felt her heart eat harder.

"I knew about you," he said. "But—but, believe me, I was not the callous wretch I might seem to you—oh, let us not talk about it."

"We will not talk about it. I do not blame you, monsieur; nor do I blame her, my mother. She was good."

Ulysse bowed his head. "She was splendid; Mimi. Much too good, too fine for me.

"Ah, the great Judge Geoffroi Allain passes on his daily round."

The judge's pot head and Gargantuan hat with the long fluffy locks falling from below its brim, appeared above the lilac hedge that came almost to his shoulders. He turned his head slowly as he walked and gazed with glassy eyes from under huge white brows at Ulysse Plamondon and Leocadie. Stiffly, in answer to Monsieur Plamondon's deep bow, he lifted the great hat about a half inch from his head and let it fall down again.

"The ground shakes with each footfall," smiled Ulysse. "The heavens darken at his frown."

"He is a fearsome-looking man," murmured Leocadie. "I should be in terror of him, I think."

"Pouf! Do not be afraid of him. Wait till you have seen one of my fits of anger; then you will know that Judge Geoffroi's, in comparison, are as squalls beside cyclones. Ah, what then is this?"

A big open roadster came down the village street—a royal-blue, opulent looking roadster, stream-lined to sublimity. A dark girl in a wine-red coat trimmed with grey fur, a pert velvet beret aslant on her gleaming hair, was at the wheel. Paul Allain sat beside her.

Slyly, Ulysse watched Leocadie's face, the change and play of her eyes, the movement of her lips. Paul was looking their way. He waved. Leocadie waved back. The car passed on.

"The girl he is supposed to marry, Mademoiselle Emilie Plaunte, niece of Dame Margot Laurin, a very wealthy old lady who lives in Dorchester down the marsh and rides in a barouche."

"She is very pretty," murmured Leocadie.

"Dame Margot! She looks like the Witch of Endor."

"I meant Emilie Plaunte."

"Oh, yes. She is pretty. Not half so pretty, though, as my Leocadie. Ah, you are cold. You are shivering."

"It is the wind—off the marsh," muttered Ulysse. "Only that."

DAME MARGOT LAURIN, an ancient lady in black satin and white lace cap on whiter hair, took snuff from a silver snuff-box. The good Scots snuff was scented with Wintergreen and Bergamot and looked like gold dust.

She gazed benignly at her niece, Emilie Plaunte, sitting on the red plush sofa with young Paul Allain at her side. A fine-looking couple, she thought appreciatively—young, slender, full of life. Time they had come to an understanding, too. He would make a fine husband for Emilie, but—oh, yes, Ulysse Plamondon's niece!

"Tell me about that girl," she commanded, looking at both of them, startling them with her abruptness. "Who is she? What is she? Where does she come from? And what does she want here?"

Paul looked confusedly from the old lady to Emilie and then at the floor. Emilie shrugged. "One does not know much about her, Tante Margot. She is Monsieur Plamondon's niece. Her name is Leocadie Perron. She comes from Paris. She is going to stay with Ulysse Plamondon and study music."

"And is she—well, well—" Dame Margot tapped the ferrule of her silver-topped stick impatiently on the hearth-stone. "You young ones! Why leave out the most important thing!"

"She is very beautiful," said Paul softly. "Is she not, Emilie?"

Emilie, staring at the fire—what she could see of it around her aunt's ample skirts—merely nodded.

"Oh, she is!" muttered the old dame. "And leave it to you to say it. What do you know about her?"

"Only what I have said, Dame Laurin. I met her the night she came here. There was no one to meet her so I took her to St. Gudule in our machine. Then I ran across her in the village and walked a bit with her."

"Hmm! A Parisian, eh! I did not know that Monsieur Plamondon had a niece. But then, no one knows anything about him. He is either a genius or a charlatan. I suppose you've fallen in love with her, young Paul?"

"Eh!" Paul started. He too had been staring at the fire. "Oh! No—that is—Madame, you do ask the most disconcerting things."

"Ask Emilie," grinned Dame Margot, rubbing her bony chin, gazing sharply at Emilie's slow-coloring cheeks. "Girls know better than boys. Girls have a special gift for such things."

"Please, Tante Margot!" Emilie held out her hands protestingly. "How should I know anything about it! If Paul—if Paul—"

"Oh, stop saying 'if Paul' and ring for the tea." The old lady glowered out the window at the fading marshland beyond the grey rooftops of Dorchester town.

"Emilie is no niece of mine if she lets this chit get Paul away from her. When I was a girl we fought for our lovers."

She scowled at Emilie. Emilie was thinking of the look in Paul's eyes when he saw that girl walking with Monsieur Plamondon in the garden. She had professed interest when Paul told her who the girl was and how he had met her.

Paul was hers. Paul had been hers since the days when she cried for his toys and kept on crying until she got them. Paul would always be hers, she assured herself. When tea was over, when Dame Margot had shooed them out of the room so that she could take her nap, Emilie's shoulder pressed his in the gloom of the hall, and her eyes, dark and wide, looked up into his with bright invitation.

She caught him by the lapels and tugged at them lightly as they stood on the stone porch at leave-taking. "You're not—not falling in love with this girl, Paul?"

"Of course not. Why, I've only seen Leocadie—"

"Leocadie—?"

"Well, Mademoiselle Perron then—I've only seen her a few times. I like her. That is only natural. One cannot help liking her. She is so free, so vivid, so—" He broke off, stopped by the sudden quizzical look Emilie gave him. "Oh, I am sorry—"

"Don't be." Her voice was edgy. She did not look at him. "Why should you be sorry? You are quite free, you know, to do as you wish. No strings."

Far down the road to Amherst sounded the musical twin-horns of the motor-bus, like a good angel's trumpet to the ears of Paul Allain. "Good-bye," he said lamely. "I'll see you later. Give you a call tomorrow."

The bus bowled along the road to Pont Lefebvre, rumbled over the bridge where he had stood with Leocadie.

He steeled himself for the inevitable questionnaire that was as much a part of dinner as the great jurist's port. But tonight there was mercy: the judge, Lucille Breau, the housekeeper, told him, was off to Moncton and would not return until late. Paul, with little appetite, ate a solitary dinner.

For an hour he worked on some papers in the judge's library, papers dealing with the arguments of two sturdy yeomen who claimed ownership of the same field. It was, the judge had said, a most enthralling case, offering some very nice points of law; to Paul it was just so many words and he wished heartily that Giles and Hodge were both buried deep in the good red soil they were wrangling about.

The marsh was silvered by the moon. Paul could see it through the french windows. It called to him irresistibly, and he answered. Slowly, he walked up the village street, past the cottage of Philippe Boudreau at one end of the bridge that spanned the marsh-creek, past the house of Francois Lirette, the cobbler, at the other end; past the Convent and the carding-mill and the feed-store. Across the road, behind its trees and hedge Melpomyne's Bower showed mellow light from upstairs and down. He heard music, a girl's voice, singing, and the beautiful night was crowned with beauty.

He crossed the road, and listened, his heart beating faster.

"Oh, I would the rose-blossoms were in
the deepest sea,
I would that my beloved had not forsaken
me."

The music had stopped. He had heard no door open or close, but there, only a few yards from him, she stood, hatless.

He feared to startle her, yet when softly he called, "Leocadie!" she did not start; she looked slowly around and saw him standing there and said, "Bon soir, monsieur. It is a lovely night, this. It is a night when the whole world seems too small to travel over, when one could go on and on forever."

"Yes," said Paul. "I feel that, too. I hope you don't mind my being here. I was walking. I heard you singing as I passed and I could go no further. It was—" He spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "What can I say of it—so beautiful, so gay."

"But the song was sad, the last one."

"Yes, but you sang it gaily, because, of course, you have never known that sadness."

"Not the sadness of that loss," she admitted. "I have not lost a beloved, that is sure, because I have not found one."

"Then you are not so fortunate as I."

"You!" She looked up at him. "Oh, yes, I understand. I saw you with her in the bide car this afternoon. My uncle told me—"

"Not she."

"No! Then—" She laughed nervously. "Let us talk about something else, Monsieur Allain—"

"Come," he said. "Won't you walk with me over the marsh?"

"I should not." Hesitantly. Monsieur Plamondon at his rosewood piano was playing now, "Qui n'a pas d'amour."

"Do come, Leocadie!"

"Eh bien! I will go with you."

He sighed. In silence they walked up

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the village street past the church and turned down the long road that arrowed across the marsh to Pont Lefebvre and the hills on the far side of the Memramcook Valley.

"To think," he said, "that only last year I was in Paris, and that at the same time you were there!"

"Perhaps you passed me a dozen times, Paul; no doubt you did, and never noticed me. I was just a gamine in Paris, and I was very wicked. Aren't you afraid of me?"

He smiled. "Not very."

"There I used to run and dance in the street with the young ones of the quartier. And the songs we sang as we danced there on the cobbles! And there was always la soupe for dinner and not much of that. My mother sang at cabarets until her health gave out; after that, it was hard. I took her place and sang too, but I was no great success. I was glad to come away from Paris."

"And I am glad you came. For me, you have made this a different place. It could never be dull or stupid now."

"For you, too, I have done that? You make me think I am a great person, you and Monsieur Plamondon, mon oncle."

He took her hand, held it as they walked, through the quiet village of Memramcook Ouest. A dim light burned outside the inn beyond the railway tracks, which they crossed and entered, then the covered bridge that spans the Memramcook River at that point.

Not once had he relinquished her hand, and now clumsily, tenderly, he groped for the other one and, finding it, carried both to his breast where, so urgently, so tumultuously, his heart was beating. The white oval of her face glimmered up at him.

Slowly his lips came down to hers and lingered there lightly. They stood thus for moments that were unmeasured. "I love you, Leocadie," he whispered.

She thought of that other girl, fleetingly. She did not matter, that one. Nothing mattered but this moment.

Suddenly, white light flooded upon them, dazzling them, driving them apart. Wheels thundered on the loose planking of the bridge and a horn sounded deafeningly. They cowered back against the dusty walls where wisps of hay and straw from passing loads were stuck in the crannies. The car rushed by and shot out of the far end of the tunnel of darkness onto the marsh-road. The spell was broken now. He held her, kissed her, but it was not the same.

"I must go now, Paul. My uncle will wonder about me and I—I do not like to tell him of this just yet."

"But why not? You are not ashamed—!"

"I am proud." Her fingers pressed his. "But he is so kind, so good, and the thought of losing me seems to make him unhappy."

"But we love each other. Soon now we shall be married—"

"We can talk of it later. We must hurry now."

There were lights in his own home when he walked up the drive. The judge was reading Fenelon. He finished his paragraph when Paul came in, laid down his book, removed his glasses on their black ribbon and set them on top of it; then he looked at Paul in much the same way as he inspected the various accused who came before his tribunal.

"You walk late to-night. Where were you?"

"Oh, I took a stroll across the marsh. It is such a beautiful night, I found it impossible to stay indoors."

"Impossible?" The judge frowned "Rather a far-fetched word, don't you think? How do you progress with the case of Pettipas vs Bilodeau, the dispute over all that piece and parcel of land lying between—"

Paul felt those deep-set, all-seeing eyes fixed upon him. He turned and looked inquiringly at his father.

"That straw, those bits of seed on your shoulder—they did not by any chance come from the covered bridge at Memramcook? Ah!"

"Why, I—!"

"Your consternation—" The Judge smiled dryly—"can be assumed as an evidence of guilt. I saw a man and a woman in the beams of the headlights, but they moved back quickly and, anyway, Jean Morand was driving faster than the fifteen miles allowed by law on bridges of that type. But it was you?"

"Well, then, monsieur, it was I."

"And the girl?" The judge's eyes were bleak. "I do not need to ask."

"The girl was Leocadie Perron, Monsieur Plamondon's niece."

"You are a fool!" said the judge harshly, his great hands clenched. "A bigger fool even than I thought you were. What do you mean by this conduct? Where do you think it can lead, eh?"

"To my marrying her, I hope."

"To your—! Why—why, of all the insane things I ever heard! You can't marry her; you are going to marry Emilie Plaunte. I decided that long ago."

"Which was good of you and very thoughtful, no doubt. I appreciate it; at the same time I must tell you that I do not love Emilie, never could love her; that, beside this girl, Emilie is as nothing."

"Monstrous!" The judge hitched his shoulders. "Preposterous! Emilie has a half-million dollars and a lot more—a hundred thousand I believe when Dame Laurin dies. And what has this girl? What do you find in her?"

Paul smiled and sighed wearily.

"It will end here and now," thundered the judge.

Paul said nothing. He walked to the window and gazed down the hill. "Good-night, Leocadie," he whispered then and went up to his room.

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"How old are you, mon oncle?" Leocadie asked suddenly.

Ulysse dropped the handful of golden silk, straightened and stared at her with eyebrows lifted. "Eh? What is this. I am about forty-two."

"Then you were but twenty-one when you were in Paris, when you—when you married my mother."

Ulysse nodded. "I was but twenty-one, my Leocadie." He smiled faintly. "Ah, that is an age—twenty-one—"

"I should like to have known you then, monsieur."

Ulysse nodded. "The wine we drank! The pictures we painted! And the things we did— 'in the brave days when I was twenty-one.'"

He had not questioned her when she came in last night. He did not do so now. It would be too hard to question her.

She looked up and found him gazing at her.

"We feed upon gazing, you and I, Leocadie." He arched his grey brows above the napkin with which he dabbed at his lips. "A soul-satisfying diet, anyway, is it not? But, as Shakespeare says, only love is fed by gazing."

"And that is why I gaze, monsieur. I love you so. You are so good, so tender; that—that is why I feel I must tell you—"

"No!" He held out the palms of his hands as if he would push back any words she said. "You must not feel so. You do not have to tell me anything."

"But you—you are concerned a little. I know it. Do not ask me how I know it. But I felt it when I came down this morning." She hesitated then.

"Last night, monsieur mon oncle—I had to go out. He was there, Paul—Monsieur Allain, I mean—standing by our gate. He had heard your music and my song, and he begged to be forgiven for stopping to listen. He—then he asked me if I would walk with him under the moon. I hesitated, I knew I should not. I feared that you might not like it, and yet—and yet—" So we walked to Memramcook Ouest, and it was heaven and—and I am afraid he loves me, Monsieur Ulysse!"

"I, too, was afraid, Leocadie." Ulysse stirred and sighed. "He loves you. And you love him?"

"I am afraid of that, too."

. . . . . .

The marsh road was hard as iron and the ferrule of Monsieur Plamondon's stick made a ringing sound where it struck. The wind was crisp, stinging, as if filled with tiny particles of ice. And all the fields were dun, the dikes stark and dreary and the haycocks forlorn. Ulysse thought of Leocadie walking this road last night, and now glanced at her, beside him.

How trim she looked in her grey fur coat and sturdy brown brogues. He had noted the interested, friendly glances of the villageois as they passed through St. Gudule.

"Ah!" he said. "What then is this!" This was a black barouche with the top up, drawn by two coffee-colored steeds with bobbed tails and gleaming harness. On the box sat a coachman in a huge bear-skin busby and cloak of the same noble fur, of whom only a red nose was visible.

"It is Dame Margot Laurin," announced Ulysse, "O.B.E., Order of the British Empire, Leocadie. She was honored for her war work and given the title of 'Mother of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.' It is an exaggeration, that."

The barouche drew up with a creak and jangle.

"My dear Monsieur Plamondon!" The voice still had flute-like notes, rich and startling. "It is an age since I have seen you. Do, please, come and drive with me, you and the lovely young person I see with you."

"But you are too kind!" The gallant Ulysse pressed his black fedora against his heart. "I would with your gracious permission, Dame Laurin, present to you my niece, Mademoiselle Leocadie Perron, newly arrived from Paris. Leocadie, this great lady is Dame Laurin. Come, we shall accompany her for a little."

"This lovely child!" said Dame Laurin, as Hebert got the horses underway. "What a lovely surprise to spring upon the country-side, Monsieur Plamondon! Why, none of us dreamed that you had a niece, let alone one whose beauty is already the chief topic of conversation from Memramcook Ouest to Dorchester."

Monsieur Plamondon thought, "I didn't dream of it myself." But he said, "I know it is a happy surprise. I know you are going to like Leocadie ,just as she cannot fail to like you."

"Ah!" Dame Laurin tapped him with her glove. "She is in good hands when she is with her uncle."

Monsieur Plamondon bowed.

"You are a singer, I understand, child?" Dame Laurin turned to Leocadie. "You will study under the master, your uncle?"

"Yes, madame. I like to sing and my good uncle has been kind enough to say

CALCIUM, to build up bone and nerve. A delightful health drink can be made by mixing

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that there is some hope for me, even though at times I sound like the cure's goats having an argument."

Monsieur Plamondon shrugged. Dame Laurin laughed. "One of your compositions came over the radio from Montreal last night, Monsieur Plamondon, 'Le Clocher de St. Ives.' It was lovely, very lovely indeed."

"You are most kind to say so, Dame Laurin. But then you have always been kind to my work."

"You will come and have luncheon with me, the two of you." It was a command. Dame Laurin lived in a red-brick house, very formidable, on the outside, but extremely comfortable and liveable within. She had a penchant for going to auction sales.

Emilie Plaunte was sitting in the big bow-window when Dame Laurin ushered her guests into the sitting-room. Emilie's greeting of Ulysse, whom she had met before, was cordial and sincere; Leocadie she met with a warmth that startled Ulysse and puzzled Dame Laurin.

Emilie had been to Paris; they talked about Paris, and thought, each of them, of Paul Allain.

"Well, you two!" Dame Laurin had emerged from sables and picture-hat and was a stately figure in lavender and yellow lace. Her chief purpose in bringing these guests had been to observe Leocadie and Emilie Plaunte together, and now that she had them side by side, she was quite at a loss for any basis of comparison; they were as different as night and day. She thought of bringing up the subject of Paul Allain. That might set off some fireworks and show who was who. She mooted it quickly in her nimble mind and decided against it. Emilie, she knew, had a temper that could be devastating, and there were reddish lights in the Perron girl's hair.

"Goodness!" said Dame Laurin. "I have never anywhere seen such gorgeous hair as yours, child. Have you, Emilie?"

"I have not, ma tante."

Monsieur Plamondon glowed with pleasure. Leocadie colored slowly. She found it a little hard to become used to the forthright ways of these people of New France.

When Judge Geoffroi Allain, with Paul following, unexpectedly walked into the room, Dame Laurin turned purple and all but burst into laughter.

The great jurist bowed ironically and waved a forensic hand. "Do not, I beg you, let me interrupt."

Dame Laurin was having an enjoyable time presenting Leocadie to the judge. But if she thought to see Leocadie discomfited, she was much disappointed.

Paul was the happiest and most uneasy of mortals.

"What is wrong with you, Paul?" said Dame Laurin abruptly.

"He is suffering from the moon," said the judge in the same tone as he would have said, "from the measles." And, just then, Hebert appeared in the door and announced that luncheon was served and the misery ended its first spasm.

Dame Laurin looked from Leocadie's bright cheeks to Paul's darkening brow. The judge had spoken of the moon in connection with Paul; now Monsieur Plamondon mentioned that delightful and romantic planet as a compensation to Leocadie for the loss of Paris. What was one to think?

The great Judge Geoffroi Allain had some business at the county court and begged to be excused as soon as luncheon was ended.

It was a relief to have him go, but it did not much mend matters.

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"Paul, my dear boy," Dame Laurin snapped shut the lid of her snuff-box and gazed benignly at the dark and brooding figure in the bow window. Emilie had gone to her room, the others had departed. "Still you watch when even the dust of the carriage wheels must long since have settled."

He started, turned from the window and met the old lady's gaze. "Even when the dust has long since settled," he repeated. "Ah, well——"

"You are an imbecile, young Paul," said Dame Laurin, shaking her head. "But then, all young people are, and those in love a thousand times more so. You are a nice imbecile, Paul."

"You are good to me, Dame Laurin."

"La! La! It does not matter about me. But have you thought about your eminent father, who looked like the Wrath of Heaven to-day."

"I shall hear from him," said Paul wearily. "Indeed, I have already heard."

"Already!"

"Yes, he knows I have been with Mademoiselle Perron a few times, and he has spoken about it. Last night—" Paul shuddered.

Dame Laurin laughed until Paul thought it would be necessary to thump her on the back or else see her die of apoplexy there and then. She recovered somewhat, enough to say, "What a Don Juan he must have been when he was in love! I can picture him spreading his handkerchief before he knelt to say, 'Will you be mine?' Then carefully folding it afterwards and putting it in his pocket."

"So can I," agreed Paul.

"But it does not alter the fact, Monsieur Allain, my young lawyer who has not even begun to be a rising one, that you are in the soup."

"In the—"

"Alphabet soup. No one ever succeeded in doing soup-writing, as you were trying to do it at noon, without the others at table guessing the words before they are even started."

Paul grinned. "So! Do you suppose the judge noticed?"

"I should not be surprised. He is a slow machine, but no one can deny his efficiency. It goes without saying that he does not approve of any intimacy on your part with the beautiful niece of Monsieur Plamondon?"

Paul nodded. It cost him an effort to listen to Dame Laurin. Too, he had promised Emilie that he would go for a walk with her, and he was not looking forward to it. He liked Dame Laurin well enough; she was so alive, usually, and so entertaining in a startling, unexpected way, saying the most blunt and outrageous things. To-day, she was merely tedious. Everything was tedious, now that Leocadie had gone.

Emilie came into the room, wearing coffee-colored tweeds and a fawn Alpine hat. He was glad of the interruption. He did not quite know what to make of Dame Laurin; was not quite sure how far one might trust her. She was Emilie's aunt and, with the judge, had always taken it for granted that he would marry her niece. She was proud, too. She came of fine old stock, of families who had lived in this land since Nicolas Denys came from France and built his fish-stages and trading-posts along the gulf-shore and up to Gaspe. She might feel it a wound to her pride that he should prefer a little, unknown French girl to the daughter of Senator Gaston Plaunte, her sister's child.

"Have I interrupted something momentous?" Emilie's big black eyes looked first at Paul then at her aunt.

"Oh, no." Dame Laurin got up with the aid of her cane and adjusted her lace cap prettily enough. "We talked of nothing momentous, Paul and I—no shoes, no ships or sealing-wax, no kings or cabbages—merely alphabet-soup. Eh, Paul—eh?" She touched him with her stick as she passed, chuckling pleasantly. "Go on for your walk, the two of you. Good thing, walking—knocks the cobwebs off."

Emilie's face was not to be read. If she had caught the significance of the old lady's allusion, she did not show it. They went out of the house, down the drive and through the town. They crossed the covered bridge, a long bridge, that spanned the Memramcook River there. Paul thought as they traversed the shadowy tunnel, of the bridge at Memramcook Ouest where last night he and Leocadie had stood.

"We used to have lots to talk about, Paul," said Emilie. "Now there seems to be nothing. And it's not as if silence were all-sufficient for you and me. It's not as if—"

"Perhaps it's the day or Pettipas vs Bilodeau or—"

"Or the moon."

"The moon," he said coldly, "seems to have taken on an importance out of all bounds."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Emilie. I shouldn't be so impatient. Smile, Emilie. You do not look happy."

"Because I am not happy."

"But why not?"

"Because—" She bit her lip. "Oh, I don't know." She did know, and wondered at his own obtuseness. She had an ache in her heart, a pain that was almost a sickness. She had not slept well since she had seen that light of worship in his eyes when he gazed on Leocadie. And he did not know. She had dreamed her dreams about him—dreams no less fair for that she was so sure of him. And he did not know. Nor had she known up to a few days ago how much he had come to mean to her—he or the idea of being his wife.

It was strange, she mused. There were so many men who would be eager to have her, men who had already made their mark in the world, men of talent, of culture. She had met such in Montreal, in Paris. And Paul Allain, after all, despite his years in the universities, was only a brown, broad-shouldered Acadian boy, son of a man who, by sheer bull-like determination, had raised himself above the herd.

Still, she loved him. She knew it now as she studied his lean profile. He was the first boy she had really noticed, and in the years after her mother's death, when Dame Laurin had taken on the burden of her upbringing, she and Paul had played together, studied together, quarrelled together. Then one day, looking at him, she had felt towards him an emotion far different from any she had known before, and when, in rough play, he caught her up in his arms, she broke away from him and ran, her face burning, away into a corner of the garden, where, trembling and afraid and happy, she had stayed hidden while in vain he called and hunted for her.

"I suppose you will start your law-practice soon now?"

"Eh!" He looked at her as if he had forgotten there was someone with him.

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"Oh—oh, yes." He smiled grimly. "I have an idea I shall be starting it immediately, my dear. Perhaps to-morrow."

"Why so soon?"

"I think my father will recommend it. Perhaps it is just as well. I must—well, I must get to work."

"You don't seem so keen on it as you used to be." It was malicious. She could not help it. She remembered his high enthusiasms of old. Or how he would go into politics and be as great a leader of his people, and as beloved, as had been Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"But I am," he protested. "I have to be."

"Yes—for her, I suppose." Emilie's nostrils twitched and there were pinpoints of fire in her eyes. She turned abruptly and he turned too. Paul felt an urge to shake her. He grinned, remembering how once he had done it and she, after trying in vain to murder him, had flung herself on the grass and all but kicked the toes out of her shoes. That was ten years ago but he had a pretty good idea that if he shook her even now she would do the identical thing. It would take more than a few convent-schools, more even than the genteel ladies' seminary at Montfaucon to eradicate Emilie's strong temper.

"Well, and if for her," he said coolly. "What then?"

"I am glad she fires you with such ambition."

"I wonder if you are."

"Paul, sometimes—sometimes I think I hate you." Her mouth trembled. With her stick she cut viciously at the faded goldenrod by the ditchside.

"Picturing my head in the goldenrod," mused Paul. "But you must not even think you hate me. Why, we have been friends, like brother and sister, so many years that—"

"That you have learned to take me for granted. That you can see nothing in me—" The storm, long brewing, had burst now, "that you treat me as dirt when this little grisette, this gutterscrape from Mont Parnasse, happens along and makes big eyes at you. Fool—what do you know about her? What does anyone know about her? Nothing. But I'll wager they will. Remember that I told you this—they will. You can't tell me she left Paris and came to Memramcook just to learn music from her dear Uncle Plamondon—"

"Please, Emilie!" Paul's face was white under its deep tan. "You do not think what you are saying. That explosive temper of yours will do you harm yet—and others along with you. If I know nothing about Mademoiselle Perron, neither do you. My conjecture then is every bit as good as yours. And I have a little more than conjecture. I know that she is as good as she is lovely, as kind as she is fair."

"It didn't take her long to find a stalwart champion."

"No, nor a dragon," growled Paul. "That is what you are being, Emilie—a black-eyed dragon. I would pull you by the pig-tails if it were ten years ago."

Suddenly she cried. "I—I wish it were ten years ago," she sobbed. "I was happy then. I didn't know then that—that you could be so beastly to me, that you could suddenly kick me aside and, seeing nothing in me, find all things in some stranger."

"Ah, ma belle!" He put his arm about her shaking shoulders but she shrugged it off. She dried her tears angrily.

. . . . . .

Paul arrived at the county court just as his father with a blue bag under one arm and three ponderous tomes under the other, was coming out. Paul relieved him of the legal burdens and led the way to the car.

Now Judge Allain settled himself down on the ancient plush cushions of the limousine and frowned at the Memramcook Valley, five miles of it. He did not speak until they were well on their way to Pont Lefebvre; then he said, "What have you been doing?"

"I went walking with Emilie."

"Ah! The first sensible thing you have done to-day. To-day—" The judge lifted his chin out of his cravat and seemed to be looking in vain for something adequate to say about to-day. "I had to make some effort to show restraint and forbearance to-day. Some considerable effort. Had you any foreknowledge that the flute-player and his niece or whatever she is would be present at Dame Laurin's?"

"None whatever."

"I thought not. I did you the justice to think not. Had I known they were to be there, I should certainly have made my excuses to Dame Laurin and stayed away. What times! What customs! When a lady like Dame Laurin invites harpists and the like to sit at table with her friends!"

"Monsieur Plamondon is not a harpist, mon pere; nor yet a flutist."

"No matter," said the judge darkly and by his darkness leading one to infer that there was no limit to Ulysse's evil proclivities. "He wears a velvet coat."

Paul rolled his eyes heavenward. He was making the old vehicle go as fast as he dared. The speedometer was slow, he knew, for he had helped Jean Morand doctor it in order that they might go forty when the instrument showed the thirty-five that was the judge's absolute limit. It was over thirty-five now and the judge pointed at it with a great blunt forefinger. Paul slowed a little.

"What were you doing with the soup?"

"Oh, heavens!" sighed Paul. "I'll never eat soup again. Never look at soup." He said, "Why nothing in particular, except eating it."

"You were doing more, young man. You were manipulating the letters of the alphabet to spell out some term of endearment or sentiment of affection to that young woman whom Dame Laurin, in exceedingly bad taste, had seated next to you."

Paul shrugged. They were over the bridge at Pont Lefebvre now. Another mile only.

"I won't have it," announced Judge Geoffroi. "I will not tolerate it. The way you devoted yourself to this—this person and neglected the girl you are going to marry was shameful in the extreme. If you do not cease all attentions to this girl, I shall cause investigations to be made and have machinery set in motion that will move her from here forever."

"You can have nothing against Mademoiselle Perron, monsieur, nor against her uncle, save the interest I have in her."

"And that suffices."

"It is most unfair."

"Unfair!" the judge exploded. "What an illogical mind you have! What a mess the universities have degenerated into! Unfair! It is you who are unfair: here I have arranged for you—I and, tacitly to be sure, Dame Laurin—a match which is in every way suitable—with a girl of beauty, wealth and culture, a girl of your own country and your own class, a girl whom you have known since childhood. You leave all this for some unknown little chit with designs you may not even guess at—and then you tell me I am unfair. It is too much, far too much."

Home at last. Paul, unspeaking, left the car to Jean Morand and walked down the drive. The judge with books and bag under arm took a disapproving look at the weather and went into the house.

On the stone gatepost was a pink poster that Paul had noted as they drove in, but that certainly had escaped the judge's eye.

Paul read it and whistled. "I think, for the sake of peace," he mused, "it should never have been put there. But I shan't be the one to take it down." The poster informed the world at large and in particular the villages of St. Gudule, Pont Lefebvre, Memramcook Est and Memramcook Ouest, that there would be given this evening in the parish hall of St. Gudule, a recital of folk songs, dramatic pieces and the like, by that eminent and beloved artist, Monsieur Ulysse Isaure Jacques-Marie Plamondon, Maitre-es-arts de l'Universite de Paris. At eight o'clock. Admission twenty-five cents. In aid of the cure's new hot water boiler. Everybody should be there.

. . . . . .

Monsieur Plamondon did not reach God Save the King this night. In the midst of Mere Michel he was interrupted by a great commotion. He heard the noise of many feet, the sound of quick-spoken words, restlessness, movement, alarm, finally a general exodus. Alarmed himself, he jumped up from the piano. What then was afoot. His house, Melpomyne's Bower, was it then afire, his books, his manuscripts falling a prey to the cruel flames that devastate! And Cerbere, alone there and helpless!

He leapt down from the stage and clutched Leocadie's arm, seeing in her eyes a reflection of what he knew must be in his own. "It is a disaster?" he demanded. "Speak, Leocadie! Be calm!"

"I do not know. I am not sure. Someone has been killed, they say——"

"Mademoiselle Plaunte"—Words, snatches of sentences in a score of voices floated back to them from the crowd that pressed at the door. "She is killed. It was Paul Allain. The judge's big car. He goes too fast, that one. He is distraught. He is saying wild things. He is incoherent. She was so lovely——"

"Ah," whispered Leocadie, coming close against Monsieur Plamondon, "She was so lovely. Surely——" She trembled. Monsieur Plamondon's arm was strong about her for a moment, then relaxed. He sought to push Gregoire Bourgeois, the two hundred and fifty pound blacksmith from Cormier Cove, out of his way. "One cannot believe all that is said in such a moment. That poor, lovely, broken flower, that Emilie Plaunte. Ah, heaven, let us pray that her soul will rest in peace!"

"She lives!" Someone called. "They have taken her to the doctor's. One can only hope. She ran in front of that car, but he was going at a speed too great, that Paul."

Yes, he had been going at a speed too great. Release from the interminable and involved and utterly conflicting evidence in the wretched lawsuit had sent him out into the night, eager to go to the parish hall. He trembled still with the memory of this evening's indignities, of the taunts thinly veiled, the heavy witticisms, the slow, persistent torture. He slewed on the frosty clay into the village street and sped towards the parish hall, still brilliantly lighted. It would be almost over now. It was too late to go in. But he could wait and see her, perhaps speak to her, perhaps drive her home.

"Heaven!" he had screamed, and stamped upon the brake. Too late. He had known

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it would be too late. She had sprung up out of the middle of the road, her fawn trench-coat one with the frosty clay. He felt a decade of years pass over him in that instant of the impact; he never after remembered getting out of the car, dashing to where she lay, gathering her into his arms, saying wild, incoherent things——

"Emilie! Ah——" He clutched the crumpled figure close to him and she made a sound like a whimper, that drove him half frantic.

"Paul." It was only a faint whisper. "Love——"

"Yes, love—love. I will love you, little one—always."

"Ah——" She was like a dead thing in his arms. There were people all about him, trampling around, speaking in hushed voices—"She is dead—he has killed her—it is the Plaunte girl. The doctor——"

The cure came, speaking with the voice of authority. They tried to take her from his arms but he would not let them. He picked her up and followed Pere Dollard and Dr. Frinette into the doctor's house a short way from the hall. There he laid her down on the sofa and the cure drew him away with compassion in his aged eyes.

"Come, mon fils, there is nothing you can do now, except pray."

Paul's fingers twitched, his mouth was dry and bitter. He dashed a hand across his eyes and followed the old priest blindly to a chair in the hall. He sat there, his shoulders slumped.

"What have I done!" he muttered. "I have killed her. Yes, I have done that. And I had begun to kill what was in her heart for me. God, let her live! Let her live!"

"IT is bad." Dr. Frinette came from the room where Emilie was, and looked gloomily at Paul and the cure. "Just how bad I do not know, but she must not be moved to-night. I think there are no grave injuries—at least none that I can find. But the shock and the internal hurts" —He shook his head. It was, as a matter of fact, his second experience with an accident-case resulting from some person's being knocked down by a vehicle: the other mishap had occurred twelve years ago when the barber's horse had backed up and hit the barber with his own buggy. Motor accidents were rare in St. Gudule.

"But she will live?" Paul felt light, giddily light. "She will be all right?"

The doctor nodded grudgingly. On such an occasion he would have preferred to speak gravely of amputated limbs, internal haemorrhages and fractured skulls, but, alas, one was a doctor and there was the Aesculapian Code. "You may hope for the best, Monsieur Allain," he said, "and thank God and your patron saint that it is not much worse."

"That I have done, monsieur; and will continue to do. May I not see her now?"

"Certainly not! In the morning perhaps —if complications do not set in." That was better.

Paul turned away. The cure had already telephoned to Dame Laurin at Dorchester, and already the ancient barouche and the bear-skinned Hebert and the old lady herself were well on their way to St. Gudule. Paul thought gloomily of what the judge would say to him.

The news of Emilie's condition had already been broadcast to the crowd of villagers who waited at the door, and to Monsieur Plamondon and Leocadie, who were with them, Paul, when he came out, saw the artist and his niece walking down the village street. He did not hail them; to-night he did not have the heart to talk even to her.

"And I told her I loved her. Perhaps I do love her—perhaps this has happened to show me that I have wronged her. All these years she was led to believe, as I was myself, that one day I would marry her. And then suddenly I change, all seems different, she does not matter. But to-night she mattered, to-night I would give up anything that she might be spared this suffering and I the knowledge of having caused it."

Slowly he walked home. Jean Morand and Lucille had been to the seance, he knew, for he had told Jean to fetch the car home; but he was quite sure that neither of them would report the accident to their master. The house was dark, all except the lower hall, showing that the great legal mind was given to slumber. Paul was glad. He went quietly up to his own room and sat for long hours in the old easy-chair.

Monsieur Plamondon and Leocadie sat very late too in the firelit peace of the Bower. On either side of the stone hearth they sat and the ruddy light waxed and waned on their faces and danced over the lovely old mahogany and brocade. Monsieur Plamondon, despite the success of his recital, was grave. "Listen to me——" He hesitated. "You can be—I do not exaggerate—an artist, a singer. But to do that you must work. It cannot come of itself. Bien non! Do you think it then worth while?"

"Do you, uncle?"

He nodded slowly. "I do. It will be a hard road, but at the end of it, when you look back, you will say it was good."

"Then—then I shall travel that road," she said.

"Ah, but I may not be with you."

"Why do you speak of these things to-night, monsieur?"

"Because I have thought of them long. I have thought it would be a good thing. You are so young. Of the world and its ways you know so little. And I am your —your guardian. I have to think of you, direct you; and if you seem to be going a wrong way, why then—" Ulysse spread his hands.

Leocadie was silent, listening to the tap-tap of the frozen vines against the window. She shivered.

In silence they stayed thus till the fire burned low and the black shadows shouldered their way into the room. At last, she raised her head, looked at him and touched his cheek.

"I will go now," she said. "Good-night."

"Sleep well, Leocadie. Good-night."

. . . . . .

Grey light had glimmered at the windows before sleep came to Paul. So his slumber was heavy when it came and the clock on the bedside-table showed almost eleven when he awoke.

The judge, Lucille told him, had left for Dorchester at nine, armed no doubt with the correct and final word on the case of Dessault v. Malenfant.

"Has he heard of what happened last night, Lucille?" asked Paul over the coffee.

"Not a word, monsieur." Lucille was a birdlike creature of fearful energy. "Not one word, I know; otherwise—" She spread her work-gnarled hands in a gesture of dissolution. "I would not tell him, Jean Morand would not tell him. But this morning, at Dorchester, he will most certainly find out all about it."

"And the heavens will tremble then," muttered Paul

"Of a certainty, it will not be well for you, Monsieur Paul. You have not, of course, been advised that they have taken Mademoiselle Plaunte home to Dorchester this morning?"

"They have!" Paul set down his cup. "Then she must be better. If they could move her—"

"One says she is not well," said Lucille in anguished tones. "She is pale, one affirms, and it moves one with pity to gaze upon her. When you and she are wed, if it is your will, I will quit the judge and go to be your domestic."

"When—when we—"

"When you are wed. Last night, I could not help overhearing you: I was one of the first to leave the hall when it happened, I and Sophie Breau and Simone Leblanc and Julie Lirette and—"

"Yes, yes. But what—?"

"You say to her, to that poor stricken Emilie, and, ah, it is so beautiful to hear, as in a cinematic representation I once witnessed in the great city of Moncton—"

"For the love of—"

"You say, 'Oh, forgive me, Emilie. Heaven forgive me and punish me for doing this to you I love, whom I have always loved. All my life I will give to you.' Ah, it was so noble, so inspiring to hear; and now your good father and Dame Laurin will be happy."

"Yes." Paul nodded slowly. "They will be happy. I—" He shook his head. "Well, I must take the bus to Dorchester. I suppose the whole village of St. Gudule knows by now what I said to Emilie."

"Oh, yes," agreed Lucille, "and there were a number of people from Memramcook and Dorchester there, too."

Paul looked at her a moment, saw no gleam of humor in her sharp eyes, shrugged and left the room.

He hurried down the road to the village, bent on walking a mile or so before the bus should overtake him. The morning was grey and frostily damp, a white mist, la brume, hung clammily over the endless-seeming miles of marshland and rolled in smoky clouds off the peaked roofs of cottages.

He was almost upon her, in a cloud of mist, before he saw Leocadie, walking in the same direction, across the marsh to Point Lefebvre.

"Leocadie!" She turned, startled. Gravely she said, "Bon jour." He fell in step beside her. He did not know what to say and she seemed uneasy, aloof, as if she had forgotten that only a few evenings ago he had held her in his arms, kissed her.

"I am sorry for what happened last night, Paul." He was glad to hear her speak his name. Her voice sounded light, carefree enough. He glanced at her and felt the old spell come upon him.

"I pray that she is not badly hurt."

He did not want to talk of Emilie. He was hard-hearted, selfish, an egoistic beast, he told himself. But he did not want to talk of Emilie.

"I, too, hope she will be all right. It was my fault, almost entirely. I was driving like mad, trying to get to the ball in time to—to see you."

"And it was fate that you should strike her down. Perhaps it was a warning. Have you thought of that?"

"I have not," he said doggedly. "It was purely a mischance."

"But she loves you."

He scowled. "I do not know."

"That is not the truth. You do know. And I know that—that it was all arranged that you and she should marry, that there was nothing in the way of it—until I came. A pity that I should have caused any misunderstanding." She laughed. "A great

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pity—when I was merely having a good time with you. Pouf! What is a little kiss in the dark or in the moonlight——!"

Paul stepped, seized her arm roughly, swung her about and stared hard into her eyes. Boldly, unflinchingly, she returned his gaze, even with a lift of thick crescent-shaped brows that was entirely Mont Parnasse.

"Say that again! Say it——"

"Why—I said, 'what is a little kiss in the dark or in the moonlight——!'"

"And—and you mean it!" His grip on her arm hurt cruelly.

"I mean it."

"Well then, it is nothing—nor is a kiss in the fog!" And savagely hard he snatched her to him and hurt her lips and pushed her away from him. "I suppose there were kisses in Mont Parnasse!"

She had the back of her hand to her mouth, her eyes were wide, furious and her teeth bit into her lip. "Many, oh, many! But country-boys are amusing—so naïf, so droll——"

He left her. She heard the crunch of his heels on the hard gravel long after he had been hidden by the sweeping mist. The great buss rolled by her.

At last she turned about and walked slowly back to St. Gudule. Monsieur Plamondon must never know of this. No one must ever know. She would keep it shut up always in her heart.

Paul walked slowly up the drive to Dame Laurin's house. The few passengers on the bus had looked at him with sympathy and concern.

He knew Paris, somewhat. He knew Mont Parnasse and he was aware that to most French girls love is much like caramels, sweet, but, after all, no great thing. And there is always more where the last came from. Well, he had found out in good time; certainly in an auspicious moment. He didn't care now what happened. He would marry Emilie if she wanted him. What did it matter, anyway! Country-boys are so naïf, so droll—

Dame Laurin herself opened the door for him and looked at him steadily, for a while not saying anything. Then, seeing his distress, his pallor, she took pity upon him. "It is time you came to have a look at your handiwork. Were you trying to kill her, to get her out of your way!"

"Please, madame, for the love of Heaven do not talk like that. I—I have been punished enough."

"Really! How, may I ask."

"In ways I cannot tell you. But this is idle, to stand here—How is she? How is Emilie?"

"Do you care very much, Paul?"

"Do not torment me. I—I care more than I ever did."

The old lady studied him curiously. "I believe you do. Perhaps that is natural. Well, she is somewhat better. You may see her for a little while. "Mind!" She prodded him urgently with her stick. "You are not to excite her, quarrel with her, depress her in any way. Lie to her if you must—it would be a charity. Tell her you love her. Or is there some truth in that story that is going the rounds, about your having made a Victor Hugo speech to her last night when you picked her up out of the ditch where you'd so gallantly sent her flying?"

"There is truth in it." He did not look at Dame Laurin. "I do not need to lie to Emilie."

"And you certainly do not need to lie to me, mon ami; but if you tell me you have, overnight, switched your allegiance from the little Perron back to Emilie, why, then—"

"I shall not be lying when I tell you it is so." He looked at her, frowning, angry. He did not like old ladies who thought themselves wise; he discounted the axiom that grey hairs and wisdom go together; the judge was snow white. He said, "If Emilie loves me, why then I love her. I told her so, did I not? I think I have always cared for her. It probably was just that you and my father were so cocksure that we would marry—"

"You are an insolent young man, Monsieur Allain."

"My apologies, madame. This morning, I am not quite myself. I have had an unpleasant time, a cruel time since I left here yesterday."

"Pettipas vs Bilodeau?"

"Ten thousand times worse, madame."

Dame Laurin looked at him dubiously. She knew he did not drink, but his talk and actions were, to say the least, a bit eccentric. She watched him hang up his hat and coat, then led him up the wide, deep-carpeted stairs to the big front room where her niece lay, pale, big eyed, her hair startlingly black and glossy against the snowy pillow, her lips startlingly red in the pallor of her face.

"He says he was not trying to kill you, Emilie," announced Dame Laurin. "And he insists he loves you. But I think he is quite mad. He is going around asking definitions."

"If madame will but listen—" pleaded Paul.

"You may tell it to Emilie," said Dame Laurin sweetly, and closed the door upon them.

Paul stood, silent, looking down at her. He saw pictures of her: a gamine in pigtails and gingham, a long-legged, blushing convent-girl, a debutante fresh as a bud. So long he had known her, yet to-day she was as a stranger. He found it hard to address her; he groped about for something to say that might put them both at their ease. It did not come.

"Please sit down, Paul." She indicated the chair by the bed. "And do not feel unhappy over this."

"But it was such a cruel thing, Emilie. I was driving like a madman, I admit it. I am most miserable about it."

"Don't be." She reached out and touched his hand. "I am not—not unhappy, not miserable."

"You are not—when you are all broken up and stuck here in bed! What does the doctor say?"

"He is not sure. He fears I may be lame, that I—I won't ever be very strong. But I don't care. Paul—" Her voice was soft, "before I lost consciousness last night you spoke to me, you made me so happy that I did not care whether I lived or died. But now I want to live, I want to get strong again—because you love me. That was what you said to me, was it not? That you loved me—that you would always love me?"

"That was what I said." He thought it would have been better on her part to have given him the chance to say it again instead of forthwith putting him on record. "It stands, Emilie. If you want me, and I am sure I cannot see why you wish to be bothered with such a fellow—why, then I am yours. It—it seems as if it were foreordained."

"Yes, that is the way it seems. But—are you not unhappy about Leocadie Perron?"

It was on his tongue-tip to say, "Miserably unhappy," but he thought better of it. "I think not," he told her instead. "That business was by the way of being a flirtation, I think. It seems to be ended."

"You do love me, Paul?"

He nodded, said with an effort, "Yes, ma chere. If just now I seem rather like a mourner than a lover, you must attribute it to what I feel for having made you go through this suffering."

"For you, I can bear it gladly." She closed her eyes and a little spasm of pain twisted her lips. Impulsively he bent and kissed her and with rather remarkable strength for one in her weak condition her arms went about his neck and held him close to her until, red and uncomfortable, he loosed himself and stood up.

"I was ordered not to excite you," he said gruffly. "Or does that excite you?"

"A little. What do you think?" The suffering seemed forgotten. But you cannot leave me now. You must not. Oh, please do not, Paul. I want you with me. When you are here I can forget—forget the pain. When I am alone I brood and become morbid. I think, 'perhaps I shall not be able to walk. Perhaps I shall limp and the urchins will call me canard, for I shall look like a duck when I walk. Perhaps I will never be strong enough to be your—your wife!'"

"Of course you will," he assured her. That Dr. Frinette is a fool. I shall get a specialist, maybe Doucette, from Moncton, and he will soon tell you what is wrong and soon set it right."

"Oh, no! You must not do that. Dame Laurin is attending to all that. I think she is having her own doctor. And do not worry about me. I will be all right A few weeks in bed, and you coming to sit with me every day—why, you will be better for me than any doctor ever could be. Please talk to me. Tell me why you were so late coming to Monsieur Plamondon's seance last night."

"The judge kept me in to help him with a case where some lout is suing a doctor for having left a silly pair of forceps inside his tummy or something, after an operation. And, of course, we had to go into surgery, anatomy, plumbing, instrument-making and heaven knows what. I tell you I was half out of my head before we were finished. In fact, I got out before it was finished and I am very much in the bad books."

"But you won't be—now."

"I do not know. And I do not care."

For a moment hardness came in the black eyes. She could see quite clearly that he didn't much care about anything, even her, this morning. She could tell that, even as he talked to her his thoughts were elsewhere.

Nor was it hard for her to guess where. A flirtation, he said—well, with him it had certainly been more than a flirtation, for he was not the type of man who loves lightly or easily forgets. With Leocadie—well one did not know, one could not be sure. But it was ended, at least for the moment, and before it could be resumed there would be no escaping for Monsieur Paul Allain.

"I really must go now, Emilie. It makes me happy to think that you are—are not badly hurt."

"But we do not know. In one leg there is a numbness and in my ribs a pain that comes and goes—"

"I shall see Dame Laurin at once and we shall have expert advice. It is my responsibility more than hers. I am the cause of this. Ah, Solon has arrived!" They could hear the booming note of Judge Geoffroi's great voice coming up from the hall below and presently his thunderous tread on the stairs. The door opened and Dame Laurin ushered him in.

He walked over to the bed. Paul he ignored. He took Emilie's languid hand

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and held it briefly. "My dear child" he said in vibrant tones, "it grieves me to see you thus, grieves me still more to think that you are brought to this—this situation through a son's disobedience—a disbedience that has occasioned a father's deepest sorrow."

Dame Laurin made a gurgling sound, took snuff and sneezed.

"Paul has asked me, Judge Allain, to—to marry him when I get well."

"Eh—" The judge backed away. "Paul has—" He looked over his glasses at Paul and under them at Emilie. "He is, for once, then, to be congratulated."

The Allains regretfully declined Dame Laurin's invitation to eat luncheon with her and the old lady was able to conceal her great grief at the judge's refusal. He was somewhat disturbed. He had given a Solomonic judgment in the case of Dessault vs Malenfant, but the defendant's lawer had forthwith served notice that his decision would be appealed, carried to the Supreme Court and to the Privy Council, if it were necessary to go that far.

"A most carefully considered judgment," he told Dame Laurin. "The plaintiff got twenty-five hundred dollars damages."

"And the defendant got the forceps," said Dame Laurin brightly.

"I'd say the axe," muttered Paul. "If I were judge I'd send the both of them to an uncharted island, as being public nuisances."

"However, they have served notice of appeal. The doctor claims they were not his forceps and that he can prove they are a pair stolen from the surgical laboratory of McGill University after the time the operation was performed. It is most confusing."

"Perhaps the man swallowed them," suggested Dame Laurin, winking at Paul.

The judge shook his head. "I think not. Quite impossible. They are far too large. We must bid you adieu now, madame. Come, Paul."

"By the way, madame," Paul turned to the old lady, "This Dr. Prinette is an idiot. I daresay he would go around leaving monkey wrenches in people. Don't you think you had better have a specialist from Moncton or let me send for one, for Emilie. She is suffering great pain. She has some pain in her ribs and a numbness in her leg."

Dame Laurin stared at Paul, pursed her lips, shrugged, said, "And you, my boy, have a numbness in your head."

Paul had been driving for perhaps ten minutes, the juggernaut had almost reached Pont Lefebvre and the judge, it seemed, had decided to become a sort of lay-Trappist with a vow of perpetual silence, when, as if delivering the final word on Dessault vs Malenfant, the great man raised his head and announced, "Dame Laurin is a peculiar person; I might even go so far as to say, 'A very eccentric sort of person.'"

Paul himself had been very silent. He glanced sidewise at the square nose and bulldog jaw. Looking at the judge suddenly like that, you got the impression that a big bronze statue had been taken down from its pedestal in some park or other, doubled up a bit and set down beside you. He said, "Oddly enough, I, too, had been thinking of that lady, but my conclusions, monsieur, do not quite agree with yours. I have a sneaking notion that she is a woman of vast understanding and considerable wisdom, a sort of Acadian Sybil."

The judge coughed. "From what premises, what warrantable premises, could you deduce such a conclusion?"

"If from no others, then from the one that reads, 'Paul Allain is suffering from a numbness in the head.'"

"Hmm! I, of course, am not so fully qualified as you to pass judgment on that. I should however say that you are recovering from that numbness, inasmuch as you have got yourself right with Emilie and have been sane enough to realize where your best interests reside."

"Yes, that is sanity, no doubt." Paul's eyes were narrowed. "I think I prefer being a little mad."

The judge wore an outraged look and lapsed again into his Trappistic silence, preserving it all the way home, save once when, as they passed Monsieur Plamondon, who was taking a little promenade, a sound half-snort and half-sneer escaped him and he muttered, "Guitar-player!"

Ulysse bowed with great elaborateness and irony, being aware that Judge Geoffroi Allain's day was not made a bit more cheery by this chance encounter. Paul grinned and waved a hand at Ulysse, and the good Plamondon knew melancholy.

Leocadie had gone for a walk this morning and, on her return from that walk, had not come in to his studio to visit him as was her wont.

"Eh bien! I shall encounter that young one at luncheon," thought Ulysse, walking briskly homeward. "We shall then see what it is that this is."

Leocadie was sitting on the piano-bench when he entered his room. She was leafing over the artist's book, "Songs of Home." She turned from it and smiled up at him.

"You improve your artistic faculties, Leocadie, with the compositions of the master?" He stood looking down at her. She was much like Mimi. He frowned. Too much like Mimi. Impulsive, apt to be overly impulsive. What had she done now that made her so silent and drawn inward upon herself. Well, he would not ask her. He would not bring up the subject. He hated scenes, reproaches, hysterics.

Rosalie touched the bells that announced luncheon.

"You are a foolish young girl!"

"I think, a very sensible young girl."

"Wrong, small one," interrupted Ulysse quietly.

"I—" She pressed her cheek against his and her eyes glistened and Ulysse grabbed his fork as if it were a weapon.

"Assez!" He said gently. "Enough!"

The chops, at last, got some attention. Leocadie was gay again. If she is acting, Monsieur Plamondon mused, why, then, she is a Bernhardt.

"If you work very hard," he said over his good Turkish cigarette and his coffee, "I shall give you the opportunity of making your debut in the great city of Mo'real I have a recital to give there in about a fortnight. You shall come with me anyway, and you shall sing for those good people of Mo'real. And they, stupid though they are, will acclaim you. They will say, 'Behold Mademoiselle Perron, who will surely set all Canada by the ears and upon whose neck the great American people will fall the moment they have heard her!'"

Leocadie clasped her hands and laughed. Monsieur Plamondon laughed, too; then, arm-in-arm, they left the dining-room and went to the studio where they sang and played and worked.

But when the long practice was finished he set out with her for a walk along the fringe of the great marsh. The grey sky had become too heavy with the snow it was storing up and now, on a boisterous north-east wind, it began to empty itself, to cover road, field and housetop with dazzling white, to make Ulysse's cap of black Persian-lamb, so jaunty on his head, a piebald affair, that gave him the look of a sorcerer.

At a cross-roads, she tugged urgently at his arm. "We'll go this way if you please, monsieur. This way the wind is not so bad and one can walk with more comfort—"

Ulysse agreed, despite the fact that on this road one walked directly into that black, bitter wind. But he had seen Paul Allain, a solitary figure in the snow, head bent against the blast, coming towards them. She did not want to meet Paul. Ah, that was the misery. Ulysse's heart pained for her and for him, these two young ones who had found love's sweetness and were soon to know its sorrow.

"But it is best," he insisted to himself stubbornly. "Let her become a great artist; let her then marry whom she will. Why should she come under the judicial disapprobation, why be looked askance upon by anyone. Time will be the proof of this. Time will show that I am quite right in seeking to dissuade her from this. Why, what could they do? He is a young man starting out in life. He needs aid, influence—things which would be withdrawn from him in one blow—were he to—to marry—"

He looked at her. The little snow crystals were snarled in her hair, and her eyes sparkled, the snow upon their lashes. But she avoided his gaze too quickily, as if she knew that he had guessed why they had to take this road, and was no more happy about it than she. In this little village she knew Paul's path would cross here very often. She could not always avoid him. But then he would go to Moncton soon, to commence law, and she with her uncle, would be travelling here and there, and time would soften her sorrow.

"It will pass, most certainly," she assured herself. "It should not take years to forget what has happened in only a few short days." But she knew the fallacy of that even as she said it.

"It is not necessary that you should avoid this poor young man," said Monsieur Plamondon, squinting along his stick at a crow in a bare elm tree. "No one could ask that, Leocadie."

"No one needs ask," she countered. "It—it will just be like that."

"But what will he think?"

"Does it matter—now? He will think that I do not care for him, that I never did care for him, that I was just flirting with him, that I am fickle, vain, unkind—"

Ulysse threw up his arms. "That must not be. No one must think that of you. No one could think that of you."

"But they could." Her mouth was telltale; her voice more so. "He—he does."

"He cannot!"

"I made him."

"You—when was this brought about?"

"I—I met him—Oh, I said I would not tell even you. I said to him, 'I merely flirt with you. I do not care for you. It was just that you amused me.' And monsieur, he believed and he looked as if he could kill me."

"There are no athletics for such things, mon enfant."

"I think I know it, monsieur. I try to tell myself I will forget all about Paul. Well I will try. Let me try. I will lose myself in my singing. I will work and study hard. Let me try that for a while."

"That is what I wished for you. But if it must cause you this suffering so ineffable—why, then, I could not endure it."

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"It was just—seeing him." She was calm now.

So the two of them walked back to Melpomyne's Bower, to sit through the quiet dusk, warm by the fire, to watch the night creep down upon the vast marshlands, the dikes and the rivers, until even the snow that lay inches deep already upon the ground was blotted out and only a ghastly phosphorescent glow rather suggested than seen, spoke of its whiteness. The wind whistled and the snow swished and drove against the pane; in the great stone chimney was a mighty rumbling and Uldege came with big logs of rock maple to fill the firebox.

"Pegase is well, my faithful one?" demanded Monsieur Plamondon.

"He carries himself very well, Monsieur Plamondon."

"Tell him," said Ulysse, "that to-morrow he shall gallop to his heart's content."

But, on the morrow, a wind was blowing across the marshes. They stayed at home; the wind contented itself with whisking away a few barns and outhouses, knocking down a goodly number of fences and tearing some slates off the church roof.

It kept Paul at home. He spent the day preparing for his move to Moncton, and had it been a migration to Wrangel Island he could not have gone about it with less enthusiasm. Moncton was only a short distance away; it didn't matter. There was nothing to come back for anyway.

He hardly gave Emilie a thought and felt rather thankful to the raging wind for affording him an excuse to stay away from Dorchester. He talked to her over the telephone, very briefly, explaining that he did not wish to weary her. Was she feeling better? Well, no—not a great deal. Had another doctor come? No, Dr. Prinette was doing all that could be done for the present. "And to-morrow when you come, Paul, my cure will progress."

He tried to be cheerful with her. It was hard. If he loved her, as in that moment of self-reproach and concern for her safety, he had told her, then it was not love as he had understood it. What I felt for her—He could not speak her name or even think of it without feeling lost and miserable—what I felt for her was only a mirage, a dream.

He had seen her yesterday with Monsieur Plamondon, had watched them turn up the road so that their path would not cross his. Life hadn't seemed worth living in that moment. She was through with him. She didn't care even to meet him in the street. A prize fool he had made of himself, or she had made of him. Yet their kisses had been real; the memory of her made him hope, for no reason, that his happiness might come back to him.

The judge was still on his dignity, speaking seldom, inviting Monsieur Alberic Dalgle, the schoolmaster, in for the evening game of chess or piquet. The judge would never forget Paul's saying that his imbecility might, in some degree, be inherited. "Why," thought the judge, "his mother, while no genius, was quite an intelligent woman. I do not know what the boy was thinking of when he passed that remark." The judge was at peace, now that Paul was again back with Emilie, where he belonged. Doubtless in the spring he and Emilie would be married. As for that girl, that niece of Plamondon—the judge thought she could come to no good end. He thought of several stiff sentences to hand out to her and Ulysse Plamondon, should they, as was highly probable, ever appear before his tribunal.

The wind blew itself out, leaving a plain of drifted snow on the marsh, as undulating and monotonous as the Sahara, and forthwith the farmers were out sticking little fir and spruce trees in it at intervals to mark out the roads and prevent people from driving into the river or becoming lost on the marsh at night and freezing to death.

Along this road where the sturdy little trees stood like forest-sentinels, on the gay sunny day that followed the big wind, Pegase flew like a winged steed. So Monsieur Plamondon said, so said Uldege and Rosalie, who watched from the Bower window as the equipage crossed the marsh to Pont Lefebvre. Pegase drew a little red sleigh like a Russian troika, Pegase's harness was adorned with more bells than could be found in all the churches from Memramcook to St. Anne de Kent, and Pegase had two gallant red pom-poms up around his ears.

Carters with their great Clydes, countrymen with sturdy cobs or raw-boned nags, saluted Monsieur Plamondon with a cheery shout, and Monsieur Plamondon waved back.

Now as Pegase bravely trotted up the little hill to St. Gudule, they met Judge Allain's big car coming down. It passed them with a jangle of chains that was like an echo of the merry bells. She saw Paul sitting at the wheel. He touched his cap to them, but did not smile. He looked, she thought, as if he had not smiled for days, as if it would be a great effort to smile. And suddenly, with his passing, all the joy went out of the day and it was cold even under the heavy bear-skins. Ulysse seemed to find things different, too. He did not again speak until they had turned in at the Bower and Pegase was safely handed over to the proud ministration of Uldege. He looked then almost timidly at Leocadie and slipped his arm through hers as they went into the house.

"You are sad," he said. "And he is not happy. And that is not right. No, it is not right."

"But it is best." There was no great conviction in her way of saying it. "In time——"

"You are an apt pupil, Leocadie; but I wonder just how good a teacher I am."

"I trust in you."

Ulysse shook his head. "I do not know if it is well. Better perhaps to trust your heart."

"But if I did——"

He shrugged.

"What are you thinking about?" She held her hat in her hand. Ulysse shook his head, "Of nothing, cherie. Nothing that can ever matter. Well, we had a pleasant drive, eh? And we shall meet at dinner. And we shall try to be happy."

"I could not be otherwise—with you."

He pulled her ear gently. "You are a little flirt. You smile on me; another passes; you cease to smile."

"I—I did not mean—" Her cheeks felt hot.

"It is only as it should be, Leocadie," he said gently. "Love comes but once, and of its coming we can know little. Nor the reason for it, nor why it should be one person and not the other."

"You speak from experience, monsieur?"

"From sad experience, little one. We will say no more." And he left her and went into his room and stood looking fixedly at Cerbere, not seeing him.

Paul drove to Dorchester. The snow made the going soft and pleasant, muffling the sound of the chains. Great clouds of snow like spindrift were kicked up by the flying wheels. He had put off his visit to Dame Laurin's quite as long as he dared. It was like that now. Emilie—Emilie would be waiting for him. She would be impatient and she had, now, a claim upon him. He was a bit vague about that claim. Maybe it would be a limp, or a numbness in the leg or a recurrent pain in the ribs. He would probably be reproached with that limp, that pain or that numbness.

"Why did she have to get in the way of the car? Why did I have to go and say I loved her in front of the whole parish? And why do I abide by it anyway? Just to see Leocadie—just a glimpse of her, and I cease to hate her, if I ever did for a moment. I can't forget her, can't do without her. But she looked so happy, riding with Monsieur Plamondon." Her bright looks had hurt him more than anything else. How could she laugh and be so gay when he was utterly miserable! She did not care. It must be that. She had forgotten all about him. Presently some other would come along and she would try her wiles on him.

He turned in at Dame Laurin's house, ran up the steps and knocked briskly. Dame Laurin opened the door just as he had contorted his face into a hideous grin. The old lady stepped back so suddenly that her lace cap slid over on one ear. She stared at him, appalled.

"Name of a name, monsieur, what is wrong with you, anyway! Forceps, definition of, it was the last time you came. Now I open the door to you and find you looking like Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Paul's cheeks were more crimson than the cold wind had made them.

"Do come in, won't you! If you stand there with the door open you will next be giving me the influenza. Hebert! Come take Monsieur Allain's hat and coat. And, please, young Paul, do not go around looking like monsters and frightening people out of their wits."

"A thousand apologies, Dame Laurin. How is Emilie to-day? Is—is it likely she will have a permanent limp?"

"A permanent—" The old lady sighed. "Go and see for yourself. Hebert will conduct you."

Emilie was very frail and lovely in a pink negligee with white fur about the collar. She gave him a languid hand and made him sit by the bed. "Aren't you going to kiss me?" she demanded when Hebert had gone.

"I——"

"Oh, don't bother! You don't care enough to think of it yourself. You all but killed me. You have me worrying whether or not I shall ever walk properly again; you say you love me and then you come here late in the afternoon and act like a mummy. What am I to think?"

"But you won't be lame or anything like that!"

"You won't care. You vowed everything a man can vow, right in front of everyone, but I'll wager you could forget all you said, without a great deal of trouble."

"I do not want to quarrel with you, Emilie. Please let us not wrangle like this. I am miserable enough already."

"And why? She has something to do with it!" The black eyes flashed and the red mouth was angry. "That is it. It's no real love that brings you to me. You have had a quarrel with her. Well, say! Have you had a quarrel with her?"

"If you want to know, yes."

"I knew it. I felt it all along. You are

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thrown over by that little adventuress, then on the rebound you come to me. Oh, I hate you. I cannot bear you. I want nothing whatever to do with you. Why do you sit there looking at me. I will not have it!" To Paul's consternation, she jumped out of bed, kicked her feet into her mules and almost ran out of the room.

He followed with a look in his eyes as in the eyes of one who has witnessed a miracle. She had gone downstairs. He went downstairs after her. He heard Dame Laurin in the living-room, laughing hysterically. When he poked his head in at the door, the old lady laughed still louder and pointed her stick at him.

"He! A numbness in the limbs! Will she have a permanent limp! You maker of faces, it's good you angered her enough to get her out of bed. If you ask me, she got nothing more than a bit of a shaking up."

"Well then, why did she pretend she was half-killed and have me thinking that I had done her some terrible harm?"

"Oh, do not ask me that. You are always asking me impossible questions. When you are not doing that, you are going around making faces at me."

"Madame! I was not making faces at you, I swear it. It was the door-knocker."

"The—good heavens, you don't tell me you go about making faces at door-knockers!"

"As a rule, no. But to-day I detected something particularly malevolent in that knocker of yours and I could not resist the impulse to give it back something in kind."

"You looked far more hideous than the knocker."

"Splendid! Do you think I had better see Emilie again before I go?"

"You are an exasperating fellow, Paul. I think you had better do nothing of the kind."

Paul looked his relief. "Well then, perhaps I had better be going."

"It didn't take you long to upset everything. How did you do it?"

"I do not know." He shrugged to show his helplessness at explaining anything at all. "I did nothing, said nothing. We were talking. Emilie asked me if I had quarrelled with Leocadie — that is, Mademoiselle Perron. And I said yes——"

"Oh, you said yes!"

"Yes. Then she jumped out of bed and I saw that she did not limp."

Dame Laurin shook her head, as if it were a very great problem, with a solution far beyond her. "And you really have quarrelled with the little Perron? What about?"

"Heavens! What do women ever quarrel about, madame? Can you tell me that? I have had more misery in the last few days than in all the years before."

"That comes from soup-writing," said Dame Margot with cheerful malice. "I knew you were starting a lot of woe for yourself as soon as I guessed what you were doing."

"I suppose I was. I have most certainly had plenty of it. I am sorry about Emilie. Please tell her that; and I shall tell her myself if ever she feels like listening to me."

"I think she will."

"And I hope so. I am fond of Emilie, always have been."

"It isn't enough. What about the other one? Are you just fond of her?"

"Who shall say?" He looked so down that the old lady felt sorry for him. "I—"

"You may tell me, Paul."

"Well then, I thought I loved her," he blurted. "I should not tell you this. But it is so. And I think I still do."

"Then what is all the trouble?"

"She does not love me."

"You are sure?"

"But yes. She merely amuses herself with me. It seems I am a country boy and country boys are so droll, so naif—" His nostrils twitched and his dark eyes were stormy and he looked neither droll nor naif right then.

"Well, they are," said Dame Laurin slyly. "But they are lovable too. There now, run along. And here's a bit of advice; women are no more to be believed when they say they don't love you than when they say they do."

"Is it so, madame?"

"It is so, Paul. Au revoir."

"Au revoir, Dame Laurin."

THE valley of Memramcook was buried deeper and deeper with snow as each week brought its storm, and it seemed that the heavens had no intention of letting up until the highest drift touched the church-steeple and the job of internment was completed. Tractors rumbled up and down the post-roads, pushing mighty ploughs; on the railway line, rotary sweepers dashed along, sending up huge clouds of feathery whiteness; the farmers grew weary shovelling their way to the woodpile and only the very little ones, who saw in all this piling up of snow the work of a kindly providence making good sleighing for Pere Noel and his pretty reindeers, faced the white world with beaming eyes and rosy cheeks.

Paul Allain, directed by the judge, had betaken himself to Moncton, to a mouldy little office on Main Street and a funereal suite of rooms in the elegant suburb of Sunny Brae. Not that the dreariness of his surroundings could make Paul feel any drearier. He had tried, in the days before he left St. Gudule, to get up enough courage to go to Leocadie, there at her feet to humble himself, there to find if Dame Laurin spoke wisely when she said girls were not to be believed when they said they did not love; any more than when they said they did.

But he had not gone to her. He had run the risk of snow-blindness, not to mention frozen feet and frost-nipped ears, by tramping over the marsh at all hours in the hope of seeing her. But all he found to gladden him were the sunsets, darkly crimson; or the stars hard and cruel in the deep blue of the night or the long sweeping fingers of the aurora.

Once again he saw her, driving across the marsh with Monsieur Plamondon, behind the heels of Pegase. But they sped by him so fast that all he got was a wave of the hand, a flourish of the superfluous whip. Bitterly he decided then to bury himself in the law, to forget that she had ever been. But a whole week had dragged itself by and the burying-process had not got started and the giving of himself to this immortal profession had been cramped somewhat by the fact that the first gigantic problem he had to wrestle with was, no less, Pettipas vs Bilodeau.

Meanwhile the musician was speaking of Montreal. "It is now Wednesday. On Saturday night I give a recital in Verdun. And you will sing. I have communicated with my good friend, Rosario Leboeuf, who acts as my impresario; I have told him that I bring with me my niece Leocadie, and that on this programme that will be given for such of the good people of Verdun as appreciate the true beauty of poetry and song, my little Leocadie shall have a place."

He blew a kiss from his fingers.

Leocadie looked at him timidly. "But suppose they say 'She sings like a crow, this one. She is too, too hideous! What can poor Monsieur Plamondon be thinking about, surely he has taken leave of his senses, to clutter up his programme with such a sad little cabbage as this Leocadie!'"

"Impossible! That could not be said by anyone. You will see. You will be acclaimed. You will sing that sad lovely little song you brought with you and that, it seems to me, you have learned to sing better with more feeling, with more truth, since you came here. Is it not so?"

She nodded.

"One must suffer in order to be an artist. One must know the pain of loss to give to others the pathos, the sad beauty of such loss. I hear you sing it—

"'Only good-bye, so softly murmured,
And you touch my hand, farewell;
And my broken heart follows your steps
Far off upon your road—'"

"Yes, that is it, monsieur—

"'For you have never known the love I had for you,
You have never returned to me,
You I so adored.'"

"It is a sadness, an ineffable beauty," said Ulysse.

So, on the morrow, Uldege drove Monsieur Plamondon and Leocadie across the marsh to Pont Lefebvre to board the express that would whisk them away to the outside world. Pegase's bells jangled not one whit less merrily for that his beloved master was going to absent himself for days on end.

"One might almost think," observed Ulysse sternly, peering over the bear rug at Leocadie, "that the little wretch is glad to be rid of us."

But there was no change of mind, either on the Ouest. The long train, with a gay shriek from its whistle, slid along the edge of the great white plain of marshland, serpentined darkly by the muddy river in which great cakes of ice like chocolate-cream candy floated and jostled. Monsieur Plamondon seated her comfortably in the section reserved for them and settled down opposite her with a copy of "La revue des deux mondes," which he ignored entirely save when he used it to gesture with to help out an absorbing recital of the history of the country through which they passed.

At Moncton there was a short wait during which they stepped down from the train to walk along the platform to buy fruit and candy and magazines. They came, laden with these and laughing, from the dingy little station and all but collided with Paul Allain—Paul all bundled up in a great racoon coat and white muffler.

There was no avoiding him now. And she did not want to avoid him. She never had wanted to. Ulysse was master of the occasion. He seized her magazines, her parcels, a goodly armful, and by some advanced gymnastic feat succeeded in slapping Paul on the back and making a speech all at the same time.

"We go now to Mo'real, Leocadie and I. All these little things, my child, I shall place in our seat while you say good-bye to Monsieur Paul."

She looked at him helplessly, pleadingly, as if asking him not to abandon her in this moment, and he gave her a cheery smile that said, "See what a monster I am! I leave you to your fate. Look not to me to save you." And he darted along the platform, dropping oranges and magazines, having them picked up for him, thanking the

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pickers up with elaborate bows that usually sent flying the very articles that had just been restored to him.

"You—you are not going away for good?" All else seemed to yield in importance to that question, the way he asked it. "You are coming back?"

"But yes." She glanced up at him, looked away. "Monsieur Plamondon gives a recital at Verdun and I—I am to sing—"

"Ah! How I wish I might be there!" He looked at the train as if to see whether or not there might be room for him. He looked back to her. "I—I should like to be at that concert. I should like to sit there and watch you and hear you sing. What will you sing?"

She gazed down at the toe of one grey galosh that was making a little snow mountain between her and him—not at all a high mountain, she saw, but one easily scaled by either of them. "I shall sing—oh, it goes like this—a lovely song that begins, 'Rien qu'au revoir—'"

"Only good-bye," he echoed.

"Only good-bye."

"And how does it go then?"

She hesitated. She could feel the eager intentiness of his eyes.

"Please say how it goes, Leocadie!"

"Ah, you know that song; 'Only good-bye so softly murmured—'"

"'And my broken heart follows your steps far off upon your road.'"

"You do know it then."

"Yes. It has been with me many days now, and many nights when I've lain awake in the darkness thinking of—of a night when the moon shone and made silver on the river."

"Had we better not forget that night?"

"Can you forget it?"

"I—I am afraid I must go. The train—" Obligingly the train whistle invited her with a deafening clamor. He caught her hand. "Can you forget it, Leocadie?"

She struggled to withdraw her hand. "All aboard!" Bells clanging. Porters running. Trainmen shouting. Little trucks tooling up and down the platform, puffing noisily. He hurried with her to the steps of her car. "Can you?"

She was on the step. She looked over her shoulder, into his eyes. "I cannot forget, Paul." And it wasn't lost in the grinding of the wheels for she saw him smile as if he'd seen a vision and he threw his grey hat up in the air and caught it and waved it at her and at Monsieur Plamondon who awaited her in the vestibule. And who murmured in her ear, "'Rien qu'au revoir?'" Then laughed with gusto and took her arm and shook her. "More than good-bye, n'est-ce pas?" Come, we shall go back to our places and settle down for the long journey. It will be more pleasant for you now."

"But you know it could be no more pleasant than it was. I should not have talked to him."

"Of course not," agreed Ulysse, helping her off with the lovely coat of grey squirrel, arranging her little pillow, setting a box of bon bons on her knee and thinking that in this car, in this train, in all the great Dominion and the great United States with Cuba and Mexico thrown in for good measure, there was no girl half so lovely as she. "He is not happy in Moncton, I will wager. What a dust-dry, poker-backed business is the law, to be sure! One could see he was not happy, until he saw you."

"I—I forgot everything you told me, everything I vowed to do. Why, I did not once ask for Mademoiselle Plaunte, if she is completely recovered from her accident."

"One says, in Memramcook that she was the subject of a miracle, which will in time, no doubt, be investigated by the council of miracle-investigators and pronounced upon. I heard from Rosalie who heard from Uldege, who heard from Simon Perrier, the sexton, whose niece Jeanne Leger keeps company with Georges Hebert, who is Dame Laurin's butler—I heard that Mademoiselle Plaunte was an invalid one minute and out of bed and all cured and stamping her foot the next."

"But why?"

Ulysse shrugged, spread his eloquent hands. "That is for the miracle-investigators. I am not even a fair amateur when it comes to such things. There must, however, have been some strong stimulus to get her out of bed. It may even be that she quarrelled with Paul."

"Ah, it is too bad. I have caused that trouble between them. But I did not know he was supposed to be her fiance or I assure you I—I should never have walked with him. And yet—somehow I cannot help myself. When I see him, all my strength, all my firm resolutions are forgotten."

"I know. They are poor things to withstand a great flame. And young love is a flame that consumes all before it. It is a beautiful thing, love, but sometimes I hate it." He was gazing out the window at the darkening landscape, the lights glimmering from cottage windows, the dogs that ran from farmyards to bark defiantly at the train, the little children with sleds or skates, who waved their mittened hands. He looked tired, thought Leocadie, tired and lonely and not old, not grey or faded. Something in her warm heart reached out to him then. It was as if in that moment were vouchsafed to her some glimpse of what his own love had been, some dim knowledge of the sorrow he had known.

She leaned forward and touched his hand. He awoke from his absent contemplation of the flying scene. He looked at her bewildered for a moment as if he had been back twenty years, and as if she belonged to that long ago and he could not identify her with the present.

Then he smiled and shook his head. "No, I was wrong, Leocadie: I do not think at any time I hate love. It was just the demon in me for a moment in the ascendant. Do not heed me. Come, I shall tell you about Mo'real, about the great shops, the hotels where all is life and gaiety, the churches where all is candles and piety, the bits of Old France that after centuries still survive, the great high Mount from which one may see the whole world and the Adirondacks. You will be enraptured with Mo'real. After the recital, my good friend, the scoundrelly Rosario Leboeuf, gives a levee at his place in Beaver Hall Square. There you will meet the elite of Mo'real—the writers who never write, the painters who never paint, the deep-breathers who merely breathe. Actors you may meet and some hard-working journalists. And you will surely have some tea and cakes and many compliments."

It was a pleasant journey, this that Monsieur Plamondon and Leocadie made across the white and frozen land, through the ancient province of Quebec. Monsieur Plamondon was such a one as scattered brightness and good feeling wherever he went. Their fellow-passengers looked upon them with friendly eyes; upon Leocadie with admiration. Once an elderly lady bent over them and said, "Monsieur Ulysse Plamondon, is it not?"

"It is, madame. And his niece Mademoiselle Leocadie Perron."

The old lady was charmed. "I have attended your recitals in Québec. I have heard your elegant compositions over the radio and on the phonograph, and, seeing you here in the very car with me, I could not resist speaking to you. I am Madame Fabre-Lusignan."

"We are most honored, Madame Fabre-Lusignan," Ulysse bent low over her hand. He loved such moments as this. The huge man in the next seat, who looked like a senator, was not reading his paper at all, but was listening with ears erect; so too, was the stranger across the way who had just boarded the train at Three Rivers, a man who had at once awakened in Ulysse a feeling of curiosity and compelling interest, whose black eyes, that seemed at times to glow with hidden fire, had held Leocadie's for a moment with avid, even fascinated regard.

Madame Fabre-Lusignan having bestowed a large laurel wreath on Ulysse and having given Leocadie a few minor decorations for her youth and beauty and her good fortune in being associated with so great an artist, passed on to her seat down the aisle. The stranger half-rose from his, then sat back and stared fixedly out the window, giving Ulysse and Leocadie a chance to see him better.

His hair was luxuriant, thick and wavy, but almost snow white, his face was youthful, but its expression was that of an old, old man's, belied entirely by those burning eyes. His nose was high-bridged, aquiline, his mouth thin, cruelly hard, until he smiled, as he did when he turned and caught them looking at him—then it was gentle, almost whimsical. He reminded them of steel and fire, so tall and wry he was, so vitally alive. "He might be forty or four hundred," mused Ulysse. "One could never tell. He might have sojourned for a while in hell, from the look of him, but assuredly too he has at one time seen heaven."

The stranger's gaze was fixed on Leocadie as if he could not withdraw it; but there was nothing offensive in it, nothing that disturbed her or caused Ulysse to think of his fencing foils and a field at dawn and coffee for one.

The stranger got up at last and stood in the aisle, looking down at them from his great height. He wore black broadcloth and his linen was the envy even of Monsieur Plamondon, whose own came direct from Paris. He spoke, this man, and both of them started at the depth, the power of his speech. It was the speech of a man who has been silent for long years, but whose vocal powers have not for that deteriorated but rather gained strength and excellence.

"This is unwarrantable, I know," he said in such French as made Ulysse shed tears of joy in his heart. "But I feel that you will forgive me, both of you. I chanced to hear what madame said to you, and I, too, though I have never been fortunate enough to hear you, Monsieur Plamondon, am an admirer of yours. Is it that you give some recitals in Montreal?"

"But yes, monsieur," Ulysse bowed. "At Verdun to-morrow night. My niece here, Mademoiselle Leocadie Perron, will sing, too."

"And I shall be there to listen," smiled the stranger. "My name is Pierre Gervais."

"We are honored, Monsieur Gervais. We shall look for you at our recital and welcome you there." Leocadie's smile echoed Monsieur Plamondon's speech. Gervais gazed down at her until, embarrassed, she colored and drew her gaze with a great effort from his. He took leave of them, walked on to the smoker. They saw him again as they were getting out at Montreal.

"That man, I swear, has undergone a transformation this morning," said Ulysse in the taxicab that took them the short

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journey to the Windsor. "You have made another conquest, Leocadie."

"Truly a strange one." She, too, had been thinking of Pierre Gervais, unable to get him out of her mind. "He reminded me of Edmond Dantes, in 'Monte Cristo.' He—what is the matter, monsieur! Are you ill—this long journey—the fatigue."

"It is nothing!" Ulysse's face had turned suddenly white, a ghastly white, and there had come a choking sound in his throat. He recovered quickly, outwardly at least. "Yes, yes! That is it! The train, the endless miles, the stifling heat, the abominable food, the hard bed, the——"

"But you did not appear to mind!" Her eyes were round with wonderment. "Why, you seemed to enjoy every minute of it. You told me you loved to ride on trains, that some day when you were rich you would purchase a private car and move all your possessions into it and spend the time riding around on the end of the Transcontinental express."

"So I did." Ulysse scowled. "Again, then, I have been deluded. I have made a grave mistake. From now on these evil trains are anathema to Ulysse Plamondon. Were it summer now I should at once purchase a swift automobile and one of those little houses to hitch onto it and another for my family and never again set foot upon a wretched train."

Leocadie shook her head. It was not like Monsieur Plamondon thus suddenly to shift his allegiances. On the way up he had advocated the abolition of motor cars so that the railways would have more business. Something momentous, she was sure, had caused this sudden about-face. Something had greatly upset him, but when after an hour or so he knocked at her door, he was again himself, again smiling and merry. With him was an olive-skinned, dark-eyed young man, exquisitely clad, whom he presented as Monsieur Rosario Leboeuf and called in one breath his most ancient and beloved friend and in the next the worst robber and brigand in this city of rogues.

Monsieur Leboeuf greeted Leocadie with sudden worship. "Ah, this so great surprise that Monsieur Plamondon has given us! A niece, and what a niece! I could picture no one so lovely, so completely charming——"

"And why not, little wretch!" demanded Ulysse. "Is it that I am too repulsive, too evil to have one such belonging to me!"

"Why, no! It is just that one did not somehow associate you with—eh bien! But why have you kept her so long hidden down in those grim Acadian forests, buried in your red marsh mud?"

"She comes from Paris."

"Ah, Paris!" Rosario was enraptured. "She will then be an artist. We shall await with eager expectancy, mademoiselle, your debut here in Mo'real. I am sure you will be as admired for your voice as you will be loved for your beauty. After the recital there will be, of course, a little levee at my place in Beaver Hall Square, the Sign of the White Pigeon, at which you and your good uncle will be the guests of honor. Now, knowing Monsieur Plamondon of old, and being aware that he has a deeper knowledge of Mo'real than we who live all our lives in it, I shall leave you until to-morrow evening. Au revoir."

He departed. Ulysse, always happy in this old, bustling city, conducted his lovely companion to the coffee-shop, where with dry sac and veal kidneys saute and indigestible pink-colored pastries he regaled her to repletion. After which they sallied forth to view the city, to make pilgrimages through the shops, to buy perfumes and shoes and scarves and a dozen and one things that delighted Ulysse quite as much as they did her; to admire the gay garlands and gorgeous lights and lovely little trees all ready for Christmas only a few weeks away; to ride, after that, in a little sleigh away up to the top of Mount Royal; to see from there the world and the Adirondacks stretched out before them; to watch the mad toboggans laden with brightly clad girls and boys go roaring down the long slide at a speed that made Leocadie close her eyes; to return at evening, tired and happy, to the warmth and light and life of the great hotel, to drink the liquid rubies of Chambertin and eat the truly marvellous dinner Monsieur Plamondon ordered, while the chef d'orchestre, who knew of his presence there, played a medley of Ulysse's very own compositions and brought tears of ecstacy to the good man's eyes.

"I am so proud, monsieur——" She gazed at him across the table. "So happy to think that I have a father like you. Wherever you go, one knows you, one greets you with honest pleasure. 'Monsieur Plamondon, who arrives! Make all things ready for Monsieur Plamondon! Is everything to Monsieur's liking? If not——'"

Ulysse bowed his head for a moment and seemed to make a brief address to his consomme julien. "I am glad for you, Leocadie." He looked up at her. His smile seemed to cost him an effort. "I am proud only that I have made you happy. Would that I could make you a thousand times more proud and happy."

The music was soft, rich, throbbing with the voices of cello and viola, clarinet and horn. The lights were low, rose-colored, glamorous. Waiters moved lightly as shadows over the deep carpet. The wine slumbered in its little wicker-cradle. Voices were muted, blending with the lights and the music.

"Would you love this world, little one?" he asked suddenly. "Would you prefer to belong to it rather than to——?"

"I love it, yes." Her eyes shone like the Chambertin in Monsieur Plamondon's glass. "Who could help loving it! But even as I love it my thoughts go back to your room in the Bower."

"Ah, so!" He nodded. "You have found its beauty then."

"I will never leave that beauty."

She saw Monsieur Plamondon gazing fixedly across the room. Her own eyes followed his regard. That strangely white, youthful head, that tall form, those eyes in the gaunt, priest-like face—eyes that even at this distance, showed strange light in their depths. "Why, it is Monsieur Pierre Gervais!" she said. "Our friend of the trip up."

"Yes," said Monsieur Plamondon. "It is indeed he."

She looked earnestly at Ulysse. "I have thought that you do not like this man very much."

"Ah! Ah! You have!" He looked darkly at her. "Then you must at once stop thinking. This man—he means nothing to me. I know nothing of him. Have never seen or heard tell of him before. To be sure he is a very strange man."

"Yes. He piques one. I have thought that I have seen him before, but when I try to think where——"

"That is just a fancy, my child. Do not—do not think of him at all."

"It is a lovely lady he is with."

"I fancy," said Ulysse, "that he is a man to whom lovely ladies are as common and meaningful as—as shaving soap. Let us talk of something else—something droll—let us talk of Leboeuf."

So they talked of the olive-skinned impresario, who, it appeared, collected glass and pottery and had devoted a good part of his life to gathering information about that noble dog known as le chien d'or—The Golden Dog—who lives on a plaque on the Post Office wall in Quebec, where he has been gnawing on the same bone since the long-ago time of the evil Intendant, Francois Bigot, and who announces to the world in quaint old French that he is the dog who gnaws the bone, takes his repose while gnawing it and waits for a day not yet come when he will sink his teeth in the trousers of those who wanted to bite him.

"It is most unlikely," said Monsieur Plamondon, "that this opportunity will ever be given to that unhappy dog, as already almost two centuries have gone by and he hasn't bitten anyone yet."

. . . . . .

The concert hall was filled to overflowing, for not only was Monsieur Ulysse Plamondon a beloved and popular artist but he had in Rosario Leboeuf a man who knew his business, who had seen to it that the good burghers of Montreal and its environs were well advised of the appearance in their midst of the talented musician and composer from the fair land of Acadia. About Leocadie, Rosario had been just a little bit doubtful, had thought until he saw her that the good Plamondon's head was becoming soft, and so had not made a great deal of her coming; until the day after she came, when he made up for it all by announcing in the public Press in French and English, with a small ad. in the Jewish paper, that Monsieur Plamondon had brought with him an artist the like of whom had not been seen or heard in America since the days of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.

Ulysse thought it excellent and in no degree exaggerated. "My dear old spitoon, Leboeuf, you have done well without even hearing her sing. Had you heard her, you would most assuredly have been at a loss for comparisons."

"I pray Heaven it is so," murmured Rosario. "I have succeeded in drawing here this night the greatest throng of doubting-Thomas music-critics and musicians as has been assembled since—since many long ages."

"Ah! They come to criticise, to condemn;" said Ulysse, "they stay to applaud. When they hear her their first doubts will melt."

"Monsieur!" Rosario bowed low. "With all my heart I believe you."

Leocadie seemed to be the only one who had any doubts about her ability to captivate not only Montreal, but the world at large. She stayed close to Monsieur Plamondon, drawing courage and strength from his own easy confidence, his obvious delight in the evening's work before him. She closed her eyes as he stepped upon the stage, and the thunder of clapping and cries of acclamation rose up around her like a great sea. Here, as in St. Gudule, she saw the witchery of his art cast its warm, colored spell over the vaster crowd, felt a thousand voices singing with his, felt in her own heart the very same rapture as they did in theirs when he sang of his beloved land, of the little things of earth, the violet in the forest dark, the wild geese on their southward way, the sleighbells in the snow, the Child in the Manger and the Shepherds who watched their flocks by night.

"Never in the life have I heard Monsieur Plamondon rise to such excellence, murmured Rosario at her elbow. It is a true artist, this—a veritable man of spirit."

Leocadie prayed. When it came her turn, when Ulysse took her by the hand and led her upon the stage, she felt sure she would faint and never again awaken.

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She dared not look at those people; she could not. They would never listen to her; they would laugh at her. Her hand shook in Ulysse's gentle clasp. Surely this applause was not for her. "Be not afraid," murmured Ulysse. "Sing as you always sing. If you don't I'll beat you."

She felt better then. She all but laughed. She did smile, and all was well. She forgot this blurry sea of upturned faces, forgot this great barnlike hall, this city that thundered on outside it. She was back in Monsieur Plamondon's little room in the firelight. How confidently Monsieur Plamondon smiled up at her from the piano bench and nodded! Outside a great moon rolled over the Acadian hills and the stars jewelled brightly; and Paul was out there, listening, waiting. And she sang the songs these people loved. And they loved her singing.

"A triumph!" said Monsieur Leboeuf, and even put it in the papers. "In one blow, Mademoiselle Perron has carved for herself a niche in the hall of great artists. France may lay claim to her, but to Canada she belongs."

"It was indeed excellent, my Leocadie," said Ulysse afterwards—a quiet, pensive, different Ulysse. "It was most lovely. I am proud of you—proud and very happy. It is as I said to you that night at home—with work and study you can become famous, you can have the world at your feet."

"She can indeed!" The deep, startling voice came from behind them where they stood in the wings of the auditorium. Pierre Gervais was the first of the hundreds who came back-stage to congratulate the artiste, to share this moment of triumph. The tall, white-headed man in his tail-coat and dazzling linen looked like some character from a mighty drama. One expected a red riband across his breast; it seemed as if he were made for one. Diminutive was Ulysse Plamondon beside him, but Ulysse's eyes were as brave, as direct in the way they returned his look, as ever man's eyes were.

"You have then enjoyed it, Monsieur Gervais?"

"Monsieur, I have not words to say how much. I came prepared to enjoy it; I have loved it."

Leocadie's hand rested in his for a moment. He lifted it ever so little, bent low and kissed her fingers. Monsieur Plamondon's eyes were inscrutable. Other people came now. Pierre Gervais gave place to them. "But I shall see you tomorrow afternoon at Monsieur Leboeuf's levee, I trust," he said smiling. "I must see you."

"It is somehow flat when all is over, is it not?" Ulysse watched the light and shadow on her face as their taxi sped towards the hotel when the last words of praise were spoken, the last acknowledgments made. "The anticipation is good, the execution is something that lifts you upon high; the aftermath——"

But her eyes were shining. "For you, yes. You have had so many such triumphs, so many hours like this. For me it is the first."

"Oh, forgive me, Leocadie!" He laid his hand on her arm. "I am selfish. Be happy, Leocadie!"

"Are not you, Monsieur?"

"Of course. I am so happy this night that I have no way of showing it. In my heart is a great joy." And he added to himself, a great fear, a great misery. They had a little dinner now that it all was over—a dinner a deux. Even the incoherent Leboeuf had been sternly excluded by Ulysse. It was a gay little dinner, during which, carried away by her own happiness, she did not pay so much attention as ordinarily she would have paid, to Monsieur Plamondon's moments of abstraction.

"It is that I am a little tired," he explained, when once she did ask him if he was displeased with her. "To-morrow all will be well. To-morrow we go to Rosario's levee, from there to the train—and home."

The levee was remarkably chiefly for the display of morning coats, dove-grey ascots, white spats and gardenias; the weakness of the tea, the dullness of the talk and the excellence of the material Rosario had collected, dealing with the origin and history of the Golden Dog, and which he displayed to advantage.

"He is, to be sure," admitted Ulysse, "a remarkable old dog, this one who never wearies of chewing bones up on the wall of the Post Office in Quebec. But I have at home a dog which so far surpasses him in wisdom, breeding and intelligence that it is treason, mes amis, to mention Cerbere and this poor beast in one breath."

"Ah, how I love dogs!" sighed an old lady in maribou feathers and pearls. "I adore them! Where do you keep your dog, Monsieur Plamondon?"

"On the mantelpiece," said Ulysse gravely.

He was so busy watching the door that he quite missed the amazed looks exchanged by his hearers. Surely Monsieur Plamondon was a trifle mad! And he was! mad to be away from here before that man came. The hour struck. Pierre Gervais had not appeared. "Come, Leocadie. Farewell, all, we must go now, back to our Acadian hills and marshlands. Think well of us; we shall remember you."

Then they were in a cab, speeding away from Beaver Hall Square, and for the first time in several days Ulysse was really gay.

* * * * *

Uldege waited on the station platform at Pont Lefebvre as the express from Quebec, with much steaming and puffing, ground to a grudging stop. Pegase, harnessed to his pretty little sleigh, set up a cheery jangle-jangle and tossed his head. Down stepped Leocadie and Monsieur Plamondon, following bags and brief-case and countless bundles.

"Ah, Uldege!" Monsieur Plamondon beamed on the faithful one. "It is good to be home, no! And all is well at the Bower? Cerbere and Pegase——?"

"All correct, Monsieur Plamondon. And your tour—a success as always?"

"As always, Uldege."

"And Mademoiselle Leocadie?"

"Mademoiselle Leocadie was acclaimed by the great city of Mo'real. Never had those good people heard such singing."

"Ah, magnificent!" Uldege made a mountain of himself by adding bag on bag, parcel on parcel. He led the way to the sleigh. Pegase rolled an eye at his master and received the apple bought especially for him from the train boy, with great condescension. "Now, brigand," said Ulysse, "see how fast you can take us home; we perish of hunger while you gorge yourself on delicious fruit."

The marshland was buried even deeper in snow and at both ends of the bridge were pitches, which all but sent them flying into the drifts—drifts so high that Ulysse swore one lost in them would not be located until spring.

Uldege was very quiet. All that they could see of him was his great nose that protruded from above the collar of his dog-skin coat and under the peak of his big fur hat. Monsieur Plamondon glanced at him from time to time, his lips pursed. Half-way across the marsh, when Pegase was going at his liveliest Monsieur Plamondon gave himself a slap on the knee. "Uldege!" he said sternly. "You have not lied to me?"

"But no, m'sieur." Uldege poked his nose at his master. "What should I lie about?"

"Cerbere! He has been up to mischief. I can tell, my friend, that you are holding something back, that there is something amiss. What then is it? For the love of heaven say to us what then it is?"

"But there is nothing, monsieur—nothing whatever! All is well. All is as you left it. We have watched well, Rosalie and I."

"I know that, faithful one. Were it otherwise I should cease to believe even in the sunset. Just the same, I feel that all is not—not quite as it should be. But I shall learn. We will talk no more about it now. We will concentrate only on our good luncheon now, eh, Leocadie? To-night, the big fire will burn harder, brighter, and give off more warmth than ever it did before. Why, name of a name, do you shake your head, Uldege? You are not going mad, my poor old friend?"

"No, monsieur."

Ulysse lapsed into frowning silence for the rest of the journey. The Bower, warm and cheery, hung with gay green garlands, with red berries and pretty little wreaths, welcomed them. Home—her home as well as his; and in her eyes he saw reflected his own contentment, his own joy of heart at being back again among these loved things.

"Ah, Rosalie!" That good woman was fluttering about. "All has gone well with you, says Uldege."

"All has marched as it is necessary, M'sieur Plamondon. You will find the house in order." She was looking this way and that. Monsieur Plamondon stared at her. "You too! You are disturbed. Now, by a sacred name, there is something going on here that is being kept from the one who first should know about it." He glowered at them. "You will not then speak, hein!" He looked from Uldege to Rosalie, who were shifting from one foot to the other. "What is it that this is?"

"It is nothing, M'sieur Plamondon," insisted Uldege.

"Nothing, cher m'sieur," echoed Rosalie and hurried off to the kitchen.

"Ah, well then," sighed Ulysse. "It is indeed nothing. We will cause it to be forgotten. It can be nothing serious. Mayte Pegase has kicked a hole in the barn door. Let it go to the devil."

And promptly, it seemed, he forgot all his premonitions of evil. At luncheon he was at his best, rallying Leocadie on her lack of appetite, though in truth she had a splendid one; praising Rosalie for being even a better cook than he had made her out to be to those grandmasters of the kitchen in Montreal, who were awarded crosses of war and legions of honor for their genius with the skillet. "No one of them, my good Rosalie, can compare with you, in all the world the supreme, the most talented one who ever touched a saucepan or basted a roast."

After that excellent repast, Monsieur Plamondon retired to his room to attend to the many letters that had piled up during his absence. Leocadie gazed out the window upon the dazzling world of whiteness, got her hat and coat and went for a walk. Her joy was still with her, the excitement of Montreal still flowed in her, the happy experience lingered on—the concert, the crowds, the lights, the music. And the dark, burning eyes of Pierre Gervais still looked into hers and his strange deep

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voice echoed still in her ears. He had not come to M. LeLoeuf's levee. Why, she wondered. He had seemed so earnest in his intention of being there. He had spoken as if it were of the utmost importance that he should see them again.

"But then," she mused, "he is no doubt a man of great importance. There would be many things demanding his attention. And Monsieur my father did not seem to mind in the least that we did not again set eyes on that man. I think monsieur did not like him and I wonder why. I liked him. I felt something for him—a kind of fascination that frightened me but made me glad."

The afternoon sun was gloriously golden and bright, but there was no warmth in it. The snow was hard underfoot and crunched beneath her heels as she breasted the wind that whistled across the marshland; the wind that rushed at her, that plucked at her skirts, her hair, and stung her cheeks and nipped at her nose.

She passed some few of the villageois and gave them good-day. Was it fancy, was it the biting cold, keeping them buried deep in their coat collars, that made their muttered greetings seem strange, lacking in the cheerful warmth they had always shown to her, the niece of Monsieur Plamondon. "Bah, it is only fancy! They are too cold to speak up, to look out and smile, those poor peasants. One cannot blame them for that. It is Monsieur Plamondon with his questioning of Uldege and Rosalie, his hinting at some dark secret, who has communicated this disease to me and has got me, too, imagining things that are not."

Judge Allain's car came towards her across the marsh from Pont Lefebvre. Her heart gave a little excited jump when she saw it. Absurd, of course, to think—It would be that fearsome man, his father; or the little chauffeur. She would not look. He did not like her, that big bear of a father.

The car stopped. Paul slid from under the wheel and ploughed through the snow-filled ditch, to reach her. She saw delight in his dark eyes, in his smile. He took both her gloved hands in his and held them. He stared at her, searching her eyes, every contour of her face as if he had been starved for a look at her. And suddenly, there in the centre of the white desert of marshland, he caught her in his arms and kissed her hungrily. Breathless, they gazed at each other, and in that moment they knew beyond all doubt, what was between them, that she was all to him, as he in her life meant the greatest bliss she could ever know.

"I could not help that, cherie. To save my soul, I could not have kept myself from that kiss."

"I—I would not have you lose your soul, my Paul, but I—I——"

"You do care for me. You lied to me that other day here on the marsh, when I met you in the mist, when you said you had just been flirting with me——"

"How do you know that I do not flirt with you still?"

"I know. Why did you lie to me that day? You caused me untold misery."

"Do you think I felt none myself?"

"You did!"

"You seem glad to know it."

"Glad only to know that you cared enough to feel sorry for what you did. Voyons! I keep you standing here in this terrible cold. Come, ride with me. I have just come from Moncton. My father has gone to Ottawa where he sits on some committee—and he is just the man can sit on them. He kindly left the car for me in Moncton—with enough advice to fill it."

"You have not been back here since I saw you in Moncton?"

"Why should I come here, when you were in Montreal? No, I stayed in my office, in my room, and wrestled with Pettipas vs Bilodeau. There is enough in that case to keep me busy for years. But come, Leocadie!"

"Well, why not! She let him pick her up in his arms and carry her through the deep snow of the ditch. She laughed up at him when he stumbled and all but let her fall. Then she was in the seat beside him and they were rolling away across the marsh, the tyres noiseless on the snow.

"Tell me about Montreal. You had a good time? Your singing—they liked your singing?"

"They liked it. And I had a grand time. The stores, the great hotels, the crowds, and everyone so kind."

"There were men to flatter you and make love to you?"

"Scores of them," she said mischievously.

"But you left them all to come back to me."

"It may be that some will follow me here. Ah, I do not mean to tease you." She laid her hand on his arm as she saw his smile fade. "I did lie to you, Paul—I am no flirt. Before you, there was no other; after you—if there should be an after—there will be no other."

"There will be no after," he said stubbornly. "I was a fool to act the way I did after you—after you told me. I was only a droll, naif country boy. I don't think I ever believed you in my heart when you said you merely played with me. I don't think it would in the end have made much difference. But I was furious that day. I was so angry I did not care what became of me."

"And what did? You went to see Emilie, did you not?"

"I went to see her. I said a lot of foolish things. I told her I would marry her if she wanted me—" Leocadie was silent, not smiling now. Paul looked at her wildly, beseechingly. "But she does not want me!"

"She told you that!"

"But yes—then she jumped out of bed and was all cured of the agony she suffered from her accident."

"Paul! You were cruel to her."

"But I did not mean to be. I swear I did not. And she was all the time deceiving me, saying she had pains that came and went, a numbness in the limbs. And I believed her and felt like a monster that I had brought all this suffering upon her, and thought that I should give up my life to atonement. And it would have been atonement. I do not love Emilie. I never could love her."

The car climbed Belliveau Hill, passed the judge's house, square, white and formidable behind its tall firs and cedars, and carried them to the highlands that look down on the Petitcodiac River, Chignecto Bay and the little villages and hamlets scattered along the shores of Albert. Here he stopped and for a while they sat in silence, gazing upon the broken and tumbled ice in the tidal river, on the white hills far away, on the dark mystery of the forests of evergreen, black and sombre against the snow.

"I am happy now," he said. "I am content. I have thought long and hard, Leocadie, since that first night I met you, and my thinking has always ended in this, that my life would be nothing at all without you."

"But with me—what can it be? Your father does not like me. He will never forgive you if you leave Emilie Plaunte and—and—"

"I shall have to do without his forgiveness then. I have a little money from my mother, enough to see us through the first year or so until I fight my way out of Pettipas vs Bilodeau and into something where there is some money. You are not afraid? You will marry me, Leocadie? I love you so. Don't you care, too?"

She came into his arms, her cheek against the fur of his coat, his lips warm on hers, his hands caressing her hair. "I care, too," she whispered. "I think I care too much." He held her hard against him, drawing her closer and closer, as if he would never let her go. And she did not want to be let go ever. Here in his arms, here with his kisses sweet upon her mouth, her eyes, she could stay forever. Till the sky grew red as a roaring furnace and the forests dark as pitch and the grey frost-mists rose over the distant waters, they lingered there; then drove back to St. Gudule, too happy to talk, to think of anything save this wonder that they knew. Of the when or how or wherefore of their being married they did not speak. Hows and whens were for such dull folk as the judge; they lived on a rainbow, these two, on the very key of the varicolored arch and neither one of them thought of the long slope on either side of them.

He left her at the Bower, watched her go up the path to the door and enter the ruddy warmth that waited there. Then he drove home, put the car away and went whistling into his father's house. Jean Morand, the chauffeur, was visiting his sister in Moncton; Lucille reigned supreme. Lucille's eyes had this night an expression such as in a crow's when it knows of some splendid carrion hidden away in a wood, and is not telling anyone about it. Paul noticed that she looked rather like a little crow, but was far too concerned with his own happiness to pay her much attention until, when she brought in the dessert and the coffee she fetched a little bombshell along with them, pulled the pin and let it go.

"It is a terrible scandal, this that has come to St. Gudule, Monsieur Paul."

Even then, Paul was not greatly concerned. Terrible scandals did come to St. Gudule now and then, as they did to St. Jovite, St. Urbain, Ste. Therese, Ste. Anne de Kent and all the other, not quite accurately named, little communities in the land. "What is it now?" he asked, aware that it was his move.

"It is what the pedlar brought here who came from Quebec, from the village of St. Clothilde de Rimouski—"

"Heavens! Not the black small-pox!" Paul stared at her, recalling that it was a Quebec pedlar who had brought that awful disease to the village years ago when his little sister died of it.

"But no!" Lucille shook her head and did parts of tricks with her apron, folding it up all ready for the appearance of the rabbit, then conjuring forth no rabbit at all. "Not the black smallpox, but evil none the less. This pedlar names himself Tilmon Grou and a few days ago in a squall he comes into the store of Florian Gaudet where are seated many around the fire and where are many others doing their purchasing."

"Yes?"

"Well then, he is warming himself by the stove, this poor colporteur, and not saying anything at all, for he is half-frozen and does not feel like talking. But some of those there are making mention of Monsieur Plamondon—"

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"Eh! Monsieur Plamondon!" Paul looked up at her, very much concerned. "What about him?"

"The pedlar listens to what they say for a while. 'Is this then the great Monsieur Ulysse Plamondon, composer of songs?' he demands, and when told that it is none other, he says, 'Why, I was born in the same village as this great man, knew well his father, went to school with Ulysse.' Everyone is interested in that. 'Ah, then,' remarks no less a personage than Pere Dollard, the cure, 'you must have known also Monsieur Plamondon's sister Athalie, mother of his niece Leocadie,' who now lives with him?' And the pedlar looks at everyone as if they are mad and says, 'But no! Ulysse was an only child, had no sister Athalie, and certainly no niece Leocadie. I knew the family all my life. The mother died when Ulysse was born. There was no other.'"

"The devil!" Paul jumped up, kicking his chair aside. "What old maid's gossip is this! Why, it is preposterous! Not for a moment to be credited! Would you take the word of some drunken pedlar before that of a splendid and cultured gentleman like Monsieur Plamondon? It is terrible! I never have heard such nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense, monsieur," Lucille fluffed her dingy feathers and made horns out of the corners of her apron. "He is a worthy man, this pedlar, and is agent for Gauvin's Sirop pour la rhume et d'autres maladies which even your sage father says is an excellent remedy."

"I do not care if he is agent for the lie-detector machine. I never heard such rubbish in my life. Surely no one believes this yarn!"

Lucille looked at him pityingly but superciliously. "Monsieur Plamondon, you know, is an artist. Some say, an unbeliever. Artists are strange people. In Paris—"

"Oh, Paris!" Paul strode past her out of the room. "Paris be hanged!"

Of course, it was ridiculous, just a lot of silly tittle-tattle, such as was forever being stirred up in this place where so many people had so little to do. Monsieur Plamondon, now that he had returned, would put an end to it summarily and decisively. Monsieur Plamondon would be furious, would take down his rapier from above the hearth, call out this evil pedlar and run him through the heart. Paul poked at the fire viciously as if the pedlar's heart were right in there. What a story to spread abroad among people who would take only one inference from it, and that the worst possible!

"Artists are strange people—bah!" Paul kicked a hassock as cheerfully as if it were the pedlar's head. "Anyone who ever tries to get his nose out of the mud is queer—there must be something wrong with him. Lucille!"

He went to the door and called to her as she was clearing away in the dining-room. "Better not spread that silly story. It won't be well for you when the truth comes out."

"Humph! I, monsieur, am not the one who needs to worry when the truth comes out."

. . . . . .

Monsieur Plamondon, save for those occult and only faintly heard premonitory whisperings that had made him question his old servants, was quite unaware of the storm brewing around him.

Once, going to the kitchen for a glass of milk, he came upon Uldege and Rosalie engaged in a mysterious whispering, of which he caught only the words, spoken by Uldege—"ce maudit colporteur"—"this accursed pedlar."

"O heaven!" Ulysse tugged at his tuft of beard. "What new horror is this! Is it that you have murdered a poor pedlar and interred him in the cellar whence his ghost may rise up at any time to confront us!"

"No! Oh, no!" They spoke in chorus, abashed, unnerved. "It is—it is—" This from Uldege—"it is of a pedlar who sold Rosalie some wretched stuff in place of silk that one speaks now, M'sieur Plamondon."

"It is a lie, Uldege," said Ulysse sternly, "but I let it pass. I dwell in a den of liars. I am sure that on every front I am being met with subterfuge and deceit. I see it in the way you two give me a rigmarole about pedlars and silk, and all manner of nonsense. Give me a glass of milk, if it is not too great a favor to ask."

Majestically he drank the milk and stalked back to his studio. He was not, as a matter of truth, so deeply concerned about what bothered his good servants as he pretended. The knowledge of it would have stunned him and might indeed have brought about in him that Jekyll-to-Hyde transformation with which he had so often threatened those about him. Pensively, from his big round window he watched the crimson west, the sooty black of the hills below that huge inferno of a backdrop, the spires and peaks and humped-up, crouching shapes of hills, limned against the fiery field. He saw Judge Allain's impressive chariot draw up before his gate and watched how solicitously, how gently, Paul handed her down from her seat.

"Maybe it is this that agitates," he thought. "Perhaps there has been a quarrel between this impetuous young man and the Rock of Gibralter who fathered him. He has broken with the dark Emilie no doubt, and there is from that the very devil to pay. Well, I know not what I can do about it all. I have, at this moment, enough to think about regarding that little girl from Mont Parnasse. I have not seen the end of the Count of Monte Cristo. Strange that she should say that about Gervais. It was only when she said it, that time on the way from the station to the hotel, that it struck me what was afoot, that it occurred to me the tomb had opened and given up its dead." He shuddered. "But I may be wrong. It may be nothing like that. Yet I fear it. His interest in her. His eyes when he looked at her. Well, he shall not have her—he shall never take her from me. I have given too much."

The telephone rang. Ulysse thought of those great dramas of Shakespeare where there comes at some grave, portentous point in the action, a knocking at the door. As in Macbeth. Now, he thought, it is the ringing of the telephone; door-knocking has gone out of fashion. Leocadie, entering at the moment, answered for him. She looked over her shoulder at him with eyes that told a thousand stories all in one. "For you, monsieur—a telegram."

Monsieur Plamondon squared his shoulders, glanced at his gleaming blades crossed above the mantel, scowled at Cerbere, strode over to the telephone and took it from her with steady hand. "It is Ulysse Plamondon who speaks," he announced. Then he said, "Yes" and "Yes," and "Thank you a hundred times," and hung up. He turned to her with a quiet smile: "How happy you look!" He linked his arm with hers. "And how lovely you look! It did not take him long to find you."

"We met upon the marsh. He took me for a drive, away over the hill. And we sat and watched the sunset."

"No better occupation in all the world, little one, than watching the sunset. I never miss one if I can help it. This one that fades now, that leaves only a lurid afterglow, it was an angry, ominous, crimson-faced fellow, a threatening fellow."

"Ah, but I did not think of it as such. I—"

He looked at her musingly, rubbing his chin. "No. No, I daresay you did not. For you it was pink, roseate, warm. Ah, well! Things go from bad to worse here. I go to the kitchen to procure a glass of milk and what do I find? Rosalie and Uldege whispering away like those foul conspirators who tried to blow up the English Parliament and unfortunately failed. Yes, like Monsieur Guy Fawkes and a sister-conspirator, if he had such. And they are talking about, of all things, some fifty times accursed pedlar, who they tell me, sold Rosalie some tissue paper or bunting instead of silk. Obviously, it is a lie."

Obviously, too, Ulysse was not thinking of what he was saying. His thoughts were on another matter entirely. He shook his head in despair. He gave her a little push. "Come, off with your things, my child, and we shall have a little music before our dinner. Of course, I burn to know what is between you and Paul. And I could never guess. No one could ever guess."

With flushed cheeks she left him, lingering over the removal of hat, coat, and galoshes going up to her room on some pretext or other. He was not impatient. His mind was busy with a thousand conflicting things, all starting from that brief telegram signed "Gervais," that had just been telephoned to him: "Passing your way. Shall take liberty of paying brief call. Good wishes to you and Mademoiselle."

Leocadie came now, lovely in a dress of blue wool that made her eyes seem bluer, her hair more goldenly bright. "Now, big tyrant, evil ogre, that you are," she said, "I will do your bidding. Play for me and I shall sing. What shall I sing? 'Only good-bye.'"

"No," said Ulysse. "You will not sing 'Only good-bye.'"

Pierre Gervais came the following evening while Leocadie was at the church to hear a rehearsal of the Christmas music. He came by car from Moncton and the car waited for him. Ulysse watched him with all the warmth and bonhommie that one uses to greet a panther. Gervais, quite at his ease, smiled at the little musician's wariness, his obvious intention to fence as never in his life before had he fenced.

"You are surprised at my visit, Monsieur Plamondon?" Gervais sat in the big chair beside the hearth, where Ulysse so often sat and watched the leaping flames. Now Ulysse was perched on the piano bench, legs crossed, hands clasping one knee.

"Perhaps yes, Monsieur Gervais. And again perhaps I have—I shall not say 'expected it,' but rather felt that it was to be."

"Yes." Gervais' eyes that seemed all black pupil, strayed to the fencing foils. "You are devoted to l'escrime?"

"I am a master," admitted Monsieur Plamondon.

"So!" Gervais smiled. "Well then, I will not fence with you, my good friend, for you are no doubt in practice. I have long been out of it. I am rusty; my wrists are not so supple as of old because—"

With a sudden, terrible gesture he held

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out his hands, making the wrists protrude beyond the long white cuffs and black sleeves—

"Heavens!" Monsieur Plamondon stared at those scars that could never be erased. "You are then—the one?"

"I am the one."

FIRELIGHT and lamplight, softly blended into one warm radiance, there in Monsieur Plamondon's studio, played upon the stranger's gaunt face, his white head, and seemed to lose itself in the depths of his eyes. Monsieur Plamondon sat in the shadow where purposely, not for a moment admitting that it was a sort of confession of weakness he had placed himself. It was, he said, that he might better observe his guest.

Cerbere looked wisely down upon both of them. Outside in the frosty, agate-hard cold of the night, trees cracked with the sounds of pistols going off; within, the apple-wood burned with a running murmurous sound like the flow of waters in a forest. And in that room, too, her presence was all about. A wisp of lace-handkerchief lay upon the piano; there were flowers of her tending; there was a romance she had been reading bright in its yellow cover.

"Understand," said Monsieur Plamondon after the long silence that succeeded the stranger's admission, "I admit nothing."

"What is there to admit?" Gervais looked at him searchingly. "This girl is Mimi Perron's daughter. That requires no admission on your part. That proclaims itself to me, as it did the moment I boarded your train at Three Rivers, in her every look, her every movement, her every word and smile."

"Eh bien! She is Mimi Perron's daughter and, since, monsieur, I happen to be Mimi Perron's husband—"

"You, her husband!" Gervais leapt to his feet, glared at Ulysse with sudden ferocity. "Is this then a joke!"

Monsieur Plamondon took from his pocket a leather wallet, took from the wallet the picture, the faded marriage certificate that Leocadie had brought with her from France, and tendered them to the man who called himself Pierre Gervais.

He took them slowly, held them under the light of the lamp that stood by his chair and studied them. Ulysse, with pity, with compassion, with hidden fear in his eyes, watched that inscrutable visage. Gervais folded the paper, handed it and the picture back to their owner.

"I am a man who fed himself for fifteen years and more on a grand illusion—on the grandest and most foolish and most damnable illusion that men are given to—I believed in a woman."

"Most of us, monsieur, have suffered from that same illusion, some for a shorter time, some, alas, for one much longer. You, if I mistake not are Hilaire d'Este, Duc de St. Guilbert—"

"Your error. I am Pierre Gervais. For fifteen years I lived—or died, one might better put it—in the French penal colony in Cayenne, wither I was sent for the betrayal of army secrets and the murder of a fellow officer; whence, five years ago, I escaped."

"You are Hilaire d'Este. Once you were my—my wife's lover."

"It is all dead now." The stranger did not resume his seat. He stared into the fire and in Monsieur Plamondon's heart was for him a great compassion. But he was a murderer, a convict, a man who—

"All dead and gone," repeated Gervais. "But it all came alive again." He turned to Ulysse and there was a glory in his eyes. "It all came alive again, mon ami, the morning I boarded that train at Three Rivers, and walked into the coach where she was sitting. I stopped, I stared, I must have looked like one who sees a vision. I all but rubbed my eyes. You must have noticed me. I whispered, 'Mimi!' You must have heard me. For she was Mimi—as last I had seen Mimi—the same hair, the same deep blue eyes, the same vivacity; half-child, half-woman. Briefly it came alive—and now it must die again."

"Yes," said Monsieur Plamondon and there was nothing feigned, nothing theatrical, in his stern regard, in the firmness of his voice. "It must die again."

"Once, it was after you were married to her, shortly before they were to send me to Cayenne, I escaped from the prison in Marseilles. I sent word to her, to Mimi, through one I knew in Paris. I asked her to come to me. I thought we could go to Naples. She never received that message?"

Monsieur Plamondon's face was like that of the sphinx that has weathered centuries of storm. "Monsieur," he said, "you ask what I cannot tell you. Is it likely that, even had she received it, she would tell me, her husband?"

Gervais appeared not to hear him. "I was retaken the very next day. I was exiled from France at once. But all these years I believed, even as I believed in my God, that she got that message and she came to me."

Monsieur Plamondon shrugged. "A good thing to believe, was it not? But she is gone now. It would be as well to forget."

"I can never forget."

"Why does this girl bear the name Perron?"

"Mimi did not come to Canada with me. She stayed in Paris. She sang, as before, in the cabarets under her own name, Mimi Perron. No doubt you met her in a cabaret, even as I did. Well, the little one stayed with her. She was always Perron. Because the people here did not even know I was married—and do not yet know—she passes as my niece Leocadie."

"I see. Well, you have been patient with me, Monsieur Plamondon. You have been kind."

"I have tried," said Ulysse, and he thought, "If ever hatred for any human being dwelt in my heart, it was for this man. If ever man deserved to be hated by his fellow-man, this one deserves it of me. Were I to act as often and often in the years gone by I swore I would act when confronted with him, I would take down my blade from the wall there and put it into his heart. He robbed me of everything I held dear in that long ago time; to-day he would come back casually and take from me all that I have newly learned to cherish. I should loathe, despise, revile this man. I should kill him!" He said, "You will take a little cognac, Monsieur Gervais? Leocadie will be home soon from the church where she has gone to hear rehearsed the music for Christmas. She will wish to see you."

"She will?" His pleasure was as a knife-thrust to Ulysse. "You will not mind my—my seeing her? After all, to you, by my own admission, I am an escaped felon."

"All that is dead."

"Not quite. There was a man named Dreyfus—you may recall?"

"I recall very well."

"After torments worse than mine, after a long passage through hell, it was shown he got the wrong ticket."

Ulysse stared at him. "Name of Heaven, mon vieux, you do not stand there and tell me that for fifteen years you stayed in that place, knowing all the time that you were innocent of the charges against you!"

Pierre Gervais bowed with matchless elegance. Monsieur Plamondon thought of Charlemagne, of the Chevalier Bayard.

"My friend, it is so!"

In the silence that thundered with the beat and jar of tremendous forces, of violence, hate, injustice, love, cruelty, suffering, they did not hear the front door open, did not hear her soft footfall till she was in the room, gazing with round eyes from one to the other. When they did see her, they saw her, both, with rapture. For Ulysse, it was becoming unbearable and Hyde was swiftly turning into Jekyll.

"Monsieur Gervais!" She included Ulysse in the smile she gave him. He held both her hands in his and gazed down upon her with quiet worship.

"I was passing this way," he explained easily. "Some business in Halifax. I was so put out at having to miss the levee in Montreal, that I swore I would not go through Memramcook without coming to pay a brief visit. Monsieur Plamondon has been very good to me, a presumptuous stranger."

"You do not seem a stranger—to me. Nor to Monsieur Plamondon either, I am sure. We welcome you most cordially. I may speak for you, mon oncle?"

Ulysse smiled his agreement. "You have spoken for me. Monsieur Gervais is most welcome here."

"I can stay only a little while, but in that little while, Mademoiselle Leocadie"—He lingered over her name, as Ulysse so often did—"I hope you will sing for me."

"Did you come so far just to hear me sing?"

"Perhaps yes. It is worth, I am sure, a more arduous pilgrimage than this."

"After that, I shall sing for you as much as you like." She was light and gay; in her pleasure at seeing Pierre Gervais—a pleasure astonishing to herself—she had quite forgotten the hour and more she had spent in the church, hearing the children's choir sing the lovely hymns and carols of Christmas. But in that hour, before it and after it, she had learned that the changed manner of the villagers, that she had called fancy the day of her return, was not fancy at all. It was real; it was frightening and cruel. The whispered words, the dark, questioning looks, the drawing away from her when she passed.

Bewildered, sick at heart, all but terrified, she had run most of the way home.

It all came back to her now, but she put it away. She went to the piano and played for them and sang. Peace came into her heart. It seemed right, eminently right, that she should sing for these two, that Pierre Gervais should be included in the warmth, the affection that filled her heart. From nowhere, he had come into her life, and suddenly belonged to it.

She sang a ballad of Ronsard that Ulysse had set to music—an old lovely ballad that the poet wrote to his mistress—

"Some winter night shut snugly in beside
the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin surrounded
by your maidens all;
Old tales are told, old songs are sung, old
days come back to memory;
You say, 'When I was fair and young, a
poet sang to me.'"

"This is most beautiful." Gervais spoke from the silence that followed her singing. "Poets, I think, will always want to sing to to you, little one."

She shook her head. "Sometimes I wonder;

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sometimes I wish I had been a girl twenty years ago in Paris, where there were poets then, where romantic knights like Monsieur Plamondon went about twanging guitars and composing triolets to their loved ones."

Gervais smiled. "I was in Paris twenty years ago, but there was not a great deal of that, I fear. Not in my life, anyway. But then, I am no artist like our esteemed maestro here. I—I was a soldier." Quickly he switched the subject. "Tell me, when do you come to Montreal again? This time you must both visit with me. I shall look forward to it. I live in Westmount. While I think of it I will leave the address." He laid a card in the little dish. "Now, much as I hate the thought, I must go." He stood up. "May I say that I have spent no more enjoyable evening than this in all my life. Thanks to you, mademoiselle; and to you, monsieur." He gave them each a courtly bow, then shook them by the hand.

In the hall, Ulysse helped him on with his rich fur-lined coat. Leocadie held his hat of black velour unconsciously stroking its softness. He was a handsome figure, a heroic figure. Subdued and very gentle he was to-night and they sensed a wistfulness a loneliness about him when the door was opened and the blue-white of the night stared implacably at the cosy warmth of the Bower.

"It is hard," he said with a little smile, "to leave this—for that." He pointed his stick at the frozen marshland, the deep blue sky hung with those cold silver stars. "It would be harder, did I not carry with me some of the warmth and color you have here in your home. May it be always warm and bright. Monsieur Plamondon, you are my friend. Mademoiselle Perron, I carry your image in my heart. Au revoir."

He was gone. The car's red tail-lamps blinked at them, glowing redly against the snow. Then they vanished into the night and the song of the exhaust died on the icy air. Ulysse drew her in, closed the door. He was silent, his eyes had a far-off look, as if they gazed back over the years. He looked at her and she thought his face for a moment showed pain and anguish. They went again into the studio, feeling an emptiness there as if some splendid thing had gone out of it. Even Cerbere looked downcast.

They sat by the fire, on which Ulysse piled new logs and for a while, busy with their thoughts, they said nothing. Still the tortured trees cracked and snapped in the iron clutch of the frost; the window panes were white, patterned with a myriad gorgeous flowers, designs of intricate and breathless beauty. The great bell of St. Godule church boomed out into the night, marking the close of a mission that was being held. Ulysse listened to its slow, resonant chiming.

"That," he said, "is called the Sinner's Bell."

"Yes. It is to call those who stray away; to remind those whose hearts are black with wickedness and stony with hatred, that God still thinks of them and will not give them up."

"It rings for me to-night," said Monsieur Plamondon.

"For you." She got up and crossed over to sit on the side of his chair, sliding her arm about his neck. "Never for you, my dear one. In you there is no sin, no wickedness."

"Perhaps great wickedness, Leocadie."

She laughed. She knew his eternal jesting. "But yes, you have been ill-treating Cerbere again no doubt or throwing pepper in Pegase's mash or blowing smoke in his eye."

"Worse than that. But I will not burden your poor heart with my infamy. Tell me of the Christmas music. It was good, eh? Did they sing that mass of Palestrina that I told Pere Grignon they must never do?"

"Of course they did. And it was not bad at all."

"It must have been horrible. But the carols—they were lovely?"

"So lovely. So grand as to bring the tears to your eyes as you thought of that poor girl with no place to go to have her little baby. No door would open to her, no one would take her in—and she afraid, haunted——"

"Do not!"

"Heavens, you weep, monsieur mon pere."

"No, no, no. It is nothing."

"You are good and kind."

"And you are a little goose to think so. There were many at the church?"

"A good many."

He looked at her sharply, so sensitive to the least inflection of her voice, the smallest suggestion of joy or sorrow. "Is there something?"

"Oh, no—there is nothing."

"You too—you have not joined Uldege, Rosalie, in this conspiracy of deceit. I will go this night down to the cellar to see if there is not a box of dynamite on top of the furnace. Is it a plan to blow me to atoms?"

She thought, "It is something worse in its way, I fear, than dynamite. But what it is I cannot guess." She said, "There is nothing. You imagine things."

"Who would not? What with pedlars and silks and nudgings and whisperings and the like! To-morrow at the latest I shall run this thing to earth. And when I learn this dark secret, let those who kept it from me so long beware. Even you, Leocadie."

"I would most certainly, even at the risk of your fury, monsieur, keep any and all dark secrets from you with my very last breath. But I know of none right now."

"But there is one."

She, too, knew there was one; that perhaps only to her and him, the two concerned, was it any longer a secret; that in tavern, store and cottage, at the market, at the station, at the cross-roads, at the church, people talked and whispered this black, evil secret. She could feel eyes staring at her, countless pairs of eyes; hear tongues wagging, chattering, millions of tongues, till the room was filled with staring eyes and wagging tongues.

Monsieur Plamondon, too, seemed to feel these things. He got his copy of Villon in its binding of mellow red leather. He loved his Villon. Ballad after ballad he read her, but to-night their haunting mournfulness, their undertone of decay and disintegration, of a world that rots underneath its brightest places, seemed more predominant than ever. "I must give it up," he said at last. "If I read much more, I, too, shall be going about asking unsuspecting persons if they are privy to the whereabouts of yesteryear's snow. And I can think of nothing more useless, when found, than old snow. Off to bed with you, small imp. You must be weary. Golden dreams."

The days that followed, right up until the Eve of Christmas, were of a cold so intense, so clear and brittle that Ulysse declared one could cut it with a knife and take it in one's hands even, and snap it off. Pegase's breath, he swore, had frozen into a solid cloud several times and had to be thawed out by Uldege, otherwise the poor little beast had suffocated.

It kept people indoors, that cold, huddled close to the roaring fires. Woodpiles diminished like snow on an April day. The mail-carrier's horse froze in his tracks and died on the marsh and only by a great miracle might one poke one's nose outside without having it nipped right off. The sunsets were more crimson still, more like fire, and the more like fire they became, the colder were the nights that followed.

It served one good purpose, that cruel cold, it kept from Monsieur Plamondon and Leocadie the wretched stories that were being exchanged across Quebec heaters and kitchen ranges in every farmhouse from Pre d'en haut to Dorchester. Even Uldege and Rosalie, sheltered, too, from the scandalous blast, lost their furtive air and timid manner.

Paul, she heard from Rosalie, had gone back to Moncton to take part in some great lawsuit. The judge returned, on Christmas Eve, from sitting on committees, and with his son, home for the holiday, went with the rest of the world to la messe de minuit—the Midnight Mass. Monsieur Plamondon, no great churchman, always made it a point to attend this lovely service. Leocadie went with him.

The cold had abated somewhat, and out of the distant hills, from the most remote hamlets and villages, came the Acadian farmers and their wives and their children. Merry little sleighs, their passengers completely hidden under great robes and blankets and piles of straw, jangled with silvery bells across the marsh to St. Godule.

Ahead of them a few seats Judge Allain was looking at the shepherds with great approval. Paul, beside him, turned once and found her where she knelt beside Ulysse, and his worship was all for her.

It was ended. To the joyous strains of an angelic chorus, they went from the church, Monsieur Plamondon too taken up with the beauty of this feast, to notice the many who looked askance at him. Afterwards it would come back to him. Now he hurried home with her to the little tree they had decorated.

Far into that silent holy night they sat by the fire and watched their lovely tree and admired their pretty gifts. "Surely," said Leocadie, "this is the happiest night of all the nights of the world."

"You have given me all this, monsieur. I will not say, monsieur, 'To-night I call you father.' You have been so good to me, my father, but I should love you even were you the monster you sometimes pretend to be."

She came to him and kissed him.

They left the fire and the tree and the lovely gifts scattered about, and the little stuffed dog in his place on the mantel where for so many years he had stood and watched. And those who thought it absurd, funny, amazing, eccentric that Ulysse should keep him there and speak to him as if he lived ,should have known that his little paws were planted as firmly in the good man's heart as on that marble slab, that for Ulysse he still lived, would always live, for love does not die.

The day after Christmas was quite as cold as the days had been before. In fact, Ulysse said, it had knocked the bottom out of the thermometer. It was, however,

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the day on which Pere Grignon, petit vicaire to Pere Dollard, came to practice with Ulysse the noble and intricate art of trying to impale people on the point of a sword.

He was a bald-headed little man, this Grignon, and he talked easily as he fenced.

"Monsieur Plamondon, what was the name of your sister, the mother of your niece?" Thrust.

"That sister"—Parry—"her name was Athalie."

There followed this bit of play a thrust from Ulysse that would surely have spitted a less nimble opponent, button or no button. Ulysse was nervously on guard.

"Monsieur Plamondon, is it that you knew in your youth one Timon Grou, now a pedlar?" Thrust. A devious thrust. Pedlar! Ah, name of a name—ce maudit colporteur—the pedlar Ulysse and Rosalie had talked about. What then is this!

"I knew such a one"—Parry—"in the village of St. Clothilde de Rimouski where I spent my boyhood!"

"He says, mon ami, that there were no others in your family than yourself."

Touche!

Monsieur Plamondon dropped his point, all but dropped his piece. He stared through his black masque at the black masque before him, striving to find the icy eyes behind it. Ah, what a duel this was —a duel he could not win.

"It then is true?" The little vicar lowered his own blade. There was regret in his voice. "I had hoped—"

Ulysse tore off his masque. Pere Grignon removed his. They faced each other

"It is quite true, Monsieur le Vicaire," said Ulysse softly. "What of it?"

"You ask! This young girl is not your niece, not any relative of yours!"

My daughter—why could he not say, "My daughter" and end this. He opened his lips to speak. No words came. He knew he could not say those words, let happen what would.

"That girl runs around with the son of Judge Allain," mused Pere Grignon. "It is of a great sadness, this."

And it was, in truth, of a great sadness, for Paul had telephoned to her at noon and she had gone out to meet him and, even as the duel of words and swords went on, she and Paul were braving the icy wind, happy to be again with each other.

"I saw you briefly at the mass," he said. "I see you every moment in my dreams. We must hasten, you and I, ma mie. We love each other. We will not delay. I quarrel with him, with my father. He persists in bringing up this ridiculous story——" He stopped, looked at her, to find her staring at him with a wild question in her eyes.

"What story? I know there is something. I have sensed it."

"Well, then, some drunken pedlar came here and told them he was born in the same village as Monsieur Plamondon and that Monsieur Plamondon had no brothers or sisters."

The effect of this upon Leocadie was quite what he had looked for. She laughed, laughed—until he was laughing too.

"I am Monsieur Plamondon's daughter, my poor Paul. He was my mother's husband, not brother. Ah, you are all mixed up. I will explain. He did not live with her, my mother, all the time since I was born. I did not know about him or what he was like or whether he would even have me in his home, then she died and sent me to him. So, that night on the train when I met you —and you were the first one I met—I told you I was his niece. I had always been Leocadie Perron, my mother was always Mimi Perron. Monsieur Plamondon, to avoid a lot of useless and maybe distasteful explanations, let me go as his niece. Now it has caused all this whispering, staring, and lifting of eyebrows. It is too droll."

"You make me very happy. He is a good man, your father. It can all be cleared up now. One can tell these people how foolish, how wicked they have been."

"Do not say anything until we have told him, my father, about this. How he will laugh! They think him my lover, perhaps! And—what a wonderful lover he would be, were he not a still more wonderful father."

"You do not then like your present lover, little one."

"Ah, mon Paul! I love you."

She was eager to get home, to tell Monsieur Plamondon the dark secret that had caused trouble even in his own kitchen, that had disturbed the simple hearts of Uldege and Rosalie.

She left Paul with a promise to see him to-morrow. She hurried up to the door of the Bower. The knocker was framed in a great green holly wreath with pretty red berries. She could see the tree in the bow-window, its bright ornaments shining in the sunlight. She hurried indoors, calling to him. Rosalie, weeping, her face white as the flour on her arms, came from the kitchen.

"What—what is it, Rosalie?"

"Ah, he has gone mad, poor M'sieur Plamondon! He has taken the leave of his senses. He—he shook me." She sobbed. "He became like this after Pere Grignon left, after the play of swords. We know not what to do. You must go to him. You must calm him. You must tell him that none of us could for one moment believe——"

"I know." She patted the poor woman's back. "I will go to him."

Ulysse was in his bedroom, gazing out the window. He turned to her. His eyes were very dark, very bleak. She stopped at the door, seeing him look as he had never looked before. Haggard, weary, disillusioned.

"You—you have heard then, monsieur?"

"I have heard. And you?"

"From Paul. Is it not droll, all this! Why do you look so sorrowful? It is very simple. All you have to do is tell them the truth ——"

"That," said Ulysse, "is just the trouble, little lovely one. The truth would never do."

She stared at him, wondering, incredulous. "What is it you say, monsieur! Do I hear you aright! The truth, it would never do. But——"

He waved his hands nervously. "Forgive me. I do not think what I say. I cannot think. All will be well. All will be as it should be, presently, presently. Just now I cannot make up my mind. I am unnerved, upset. This to come so suddenly upon me. I am at the fencing with Pere Grignon—Grignon whom I have known these many years. Like a thrust it comes at me, 'What is the name of that sister of yours, mother of your niece?' It was like that, Leocadie."

"But—but why should it upset you so! It is after all a harmless business. You told Pere Grignon the facts; that I—that I was your child."

Ulysse did not look at her. "I told him nothing."

She could not speak. "You—you let him go away thinking that you—that I—How could you! How could you be so cruel, so wicked, so unkind to me!"

"Ha! Have I not told you a thousand times that I am all those things you say of me. Yes, I am those things over and over again. But you—you laughed at me. I was jesting. Now you know that it was no play; it was the real thing. You hear me, Leocadie, the real thing!"

For a moment her eyes showed belief. But she could not believe. She ran to him, put her arms about his neck, clung to him. "I do not understand. Oh, forgive me, monsieur, that I am so stupid, so dull, that I cannot comprehend this: Explain to me what it all means. It is not—it is not that you are ashamed of me, that there is anything——"

He smiled at her. "I will not talk of it now, my child. I cannot. Later—to-night perhaps—to-morrow, after I have had time to think——"

"But what is there to think about!" Her mouth was trembling.

"Be patient. I ask this of you, Leocadie —I who love you. Be patient just a little while. Trust me, all will be well."

He said no more. In wretched silence that wrung his heart she looked at him for a moment with failing hope, with growing misery, then she went away.

He had left her bewildered, terrified, frightened. Miserably, she sat on the bed in the pretty room that was her pride. Her room—so different from the wretched, dingy kennels of Paris boarding-houses, the only dwellings she had known before this happy time. It had been so real to her, this room. She had loved to make her bed, to touch the lovely dresser, the chairs, the curtains, little jars of cream, the bottles of perfume. Her things, held so warmly to her heart.

What now! What was all this! Nothing that she had thought real seemed now to have any stability, any certainty. "My mother! My father! What is this that has come to me! It is punishment for my too great happiness, my selfishness. I am not perhaps a good girl and all these things will be taken away from me. I have brought trouble to him. If I go away now the trouble will pass from him. I will go away, but where will I go!"

When the bell rang for dinner, both she and Ulysse were late, but when they came they brought with them, both, a gaiety, a lightness that was pitiful, so feigned it was, so much a mockery. How careful they were to talk only of things in which there was no danger of coming upon that which lay nearest their hearts—the awful cold, the new music that had come this morning, that not yet had they taken time to look over.

"Yes. We must play that music to-morrow," said Ulysse. "We must prepare for the New Year, which will be a year filled with busy practice, with cruelly hard work for someone I know, someone who now does not know how many times her knuckles are going to be rapped by her stern teacher!"

Her smile was bright with tears unshed. How she would love each rap of the knuckles, no matter how great the hurt; how she would rejoice in scoldings, beatings, anything, if only this uncertainty and dread might pass from her. But she would be patient. He knew best. Always he knew what was the right thing. It was not for her to be angry or reproachful or to resent this seemingly unreasonable refusal of his,

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to say what needed to be said. In his own good time he would speak, and all would be bright and happy again.

That time was not to-night. For a little while she stayed with him in his studio. She tried to play for him, to sing, but it was not a success. Her heart was not in it, and she let her hands fall from the keys and bowed her bright head and bit her lip to keep from weeping. He sat in his chair by the fire, silent, different, like a stranger. The little Christmas tree, so gay, so bright and cheerful, mocked at her, the lovely gifts piled on the floor at its base. Was it only a few nights ago they had sat here, that she had perched upon the arm of his chair and called him father and said of all the nights that had ever been, this was the happiest and best!

"I will go now, monsieur." She got up from the piano-bench, stood straight and firm, smiling at him, loving him. "Good night, monsieur."

"Leocadie!" He looked at her earnestly. "In the morning I will speak to you. I will——" He shook his head in token of despair.

"I try to understand."

"You can at least believe, little one. Promise me you will believe that I—that I consider at this moment only your happiness. It is all too bad. It is the way life goes. You think something is over and done with, you think it is buried in the past. After long years in which you are lulled to security and have found happiness, it comes back large as life to confront you. I have never given much thought to God, small one, until this time of your coming, but of late I have seen His hand and now I pray in my own inarticulate fashion for guidance. He will answer me, for you must be among His favored."

She did not understand, but she would not question him further. She saw that he was harassed, driven, tormented. Even she, this night, could not console him—could not bring the old, carefree brightness back to him. She went to him and, bending, kissed him on the forehead. He closed his eyes. He seized her hand and fondled it and pressed it to his lips.

"Go now," he whispered. "Good-night."

He sat there, after she had gone, his eyes still closed, and strange shadows chased each other across his face, so that all in a trice he seemed to pass from youth to age and from age to youth, as if his thinking shaped these shadows; and sometimes his lips curved in a smile and sometimes thinned into an angry line. But there was only Cerbere to witness.

The fire burned low, became a bed of glowing coals; the wind played a dirge around the eaves, the little Christmas tree looked futile and forlorn standing there in its neglected brightness. He could not look at it without thinking of her.

"Bah!" he muttered, "I am a fool—a too scrupulous quixotic fool, such as I have ever been. It is time now, if ever it was, if ever it will be, that I showed myself a man and took what I wanted. Why should I even consider giving her up, let alone torture myself for one who tortured me! What do I owe to that man, except hatred! He took her mother from me; now I would give her up to him—I will not do it! I cannot do it!"

So one moment he was decided: the next brought uncertainty, misery, the prospect of living, all the rest of his life, a lie; for she was not his child; he had had no children ever. Perhaps, he thought feverishly, I will go to her to-night and have her choose—choose between me and Pierre Gervais. I shall say to her: "that man is your parent, Leocadie—that man who does not know he ever fathered a little one, that man to whom I lied when I said Mimi did not get his message that he had escaped from the prison in Marseilles. She got it, yes, and she went to him, leaving me who had taken her in out of love and pity and married her—leaving me; it was only the day after we were wed. Shame kept her from ever returning to me; and she never again met her lover. I thought she had gone from my life, that all this was forever done—until you came."

"That I shall say to Leocadie. 'Will you choose this father,' I shall ask, 'who has been accused of terrible crimes, convicted of them! Will you not rather let me claim you as my child, I who have more claim upon you than he, I who have loved you with all the power of this poor and wretched heart, I, Ulysse Plamondon, who loved your mother, who wed her but never called her my own."

But it would not be easy to say those things to her; yet something must be said. She was troubled, harassed, bedevilled by all this misery, far more than he was. He got up to go to her. He sat down again, looking mournfully at Cerbere, who gave him no sympathy. Even so, he recalled bitterly, had he reacted the day he returned from the University to the little pension in Mont Parnasse, and found there the note that Mimi had left for him. The words were etched upon his heart that day, never to be removed: "He has escaped from prison, Hilaire. I go to him. Forgive me, kind and gentle monsieur. Forget me who have ever been unworthy of such love as yours."

It was easy to forgive: he had loved her so. It was impossible to forget: he had placed all his hope, his trust, in her. He had been prepared to be a good and kind father to her little one. His heart had suffered for her plight.

"So, until she came to me," muttered Ulysse.

For a while after Mimi had gone, bitterness had possessed him against her, against the unfortunate man she loved. But he had not rejoiced when in the papers next day he learned that d'Este had been relaken—before ever she could join him. He had hoped, even prayed then, that Mimi would return to him. Her shame kept her from it, and such pride as remained to her.

"And this is the tale I must relate to that little one. I must tell her that her father's name is known in France only for his infamy; that her mother abandoned me—not I her as this poor child always thought and once or twice reproached me with. Poor, foolish, frivolous Mimi. How brave you must have been all the years to keep this lovely child, to form her in beauty as you did. For that, if for nothing else, you my love, I reverence you and honor you."

It was long past twelve, he saw, when he got up to peer at the little clock in the shadows of the mantel beside Cerbere. But she, perhaps, would be awake, lying there in the darkness, hoping, praying, that he would come to her and bring some peace to her troubled spirit. He touched the little dog's ear fondly. He left the room and went quietly upstairs. He tapped at her door, listened, tapped again. No answer.

He frowned. He had nerved himself to the telling. He wished to have it over with. In the morning it would not be so easy. Why was she not awake, that suffering heart. "Leocadie!" he called softly, and again waited; but no answer came. He went to his room and to bed and fell into restless slumber. Leocadie still crouched in the darkness, kneeling by her bed, where she had knelt all the time he knocked, the time he called to her.

She could not answer. She dared not. This night she could not face him. Perhaps never again could she look into those kindly eyes, into that gentle face, without feeling in her breast a pain too great to bear. Perhaps never could she make known to him what in her heart she felt of gratitude for all his tenderness, his love, his mercy.

On the floor beside her lay her yellowed papers, faded newspaper clippings from "Le Journal de Paris," letters in her mother's handwriting—letters that had never been received by the unhappy d'Este to whom they were written, but had been returned to her who wrote them.

While Monsieur Plamondon, alone in his studio, had gone through his agony of uncertainty and doubt, she had gone to the attic where her trunks and boxes were. In the bottom of a little iron-bound chest that had belonged to Mimi, she had come upon these withered leaves from a tree that rot had entered. Swiftly her nimble mind had pieced it all together; as in a terrible flash of light she had seen the part Ulysse Plamondon—poor, pathetic, generous, noble Ulysse—had played in this strange story.

"He took her in when all others closed their doors upon her. He gave her his name, that I, too, might have it, that I might never be known as the child of a traitor and homicide. And she—for that same traitor and homicide, she left him. Ah, she knew his infinite mercy, his goodness of heart, would still be there after twenty years; for she sent me to him. She sent me to him, and he took me in. And even as she, I served him ill in some fashion. I reproached him with having abandoned her and me, I accused him of having left her to starve. I crucified him! I crucify him still. It is because of me that he suffers now. Because it is a lie to claim me as his daughter, because for me it is disaster to say whose I really am. From this misery, at least, I can save him!"

While Monsieur Plamondon slept his troubled slumber, while the Bower lay wrapped in the stillness of the night, she made herself ready. The moonlight, reflected from the snowy world, intensified by the vast fields of whiteness, made her room bright where its long shafts entered. She needed no more light than this light she loved. She had few things to do; some clothes, some stockings to pack in her travelling-bag, a brief little note—so hard to write—for Monsieur Plamondon, and one for Paul. Nothing else.

She had some money, a pitifully small sum of money, left from the poor legacy that had come to her when Mimi died. It had not been touched since the night she came here. Ulysse had been stern about that. He had plenty of money; she was his little girl; she should have all she wished. And how generous he had been to her; how prodigal even, how unstinting!

"These letters, these clippings from the journals, will show you, my dear one whom always I shall call father, why I must leave you now. Only God, I think, could be so good to an unfortunate girl, as you have been to me. You received me, who had no

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claim upon you, with tenderness and mercy. You took me in whom any others, treated as you were treated, betrayed as you were betrayed, would have closed their doors upon. You gave me your love, your protection, your help, your dear companionship. You torment yourself now because of me. I have brought trouble and unhappiness into your life that should be all beauty. At least I can spare you this pain any longer."

It was sealed with tears, that little note, as was the briefer one she wrote to Paul Allain. She carried them both downstairs with her and left them beside Cerbere's biscuit, under the little dog's nose, where Monsieur Plamondon, who always came to wish his old friend good-morning, would be most certain to find them.

She went quickly out into the world of white and silver, of blue sky and black shadow. The myriad lanterns of the stars, the great disc of the moon, were there to light her. Aloof and cold they looked, unfriendly, as if they thought it was their world now, that she had no business in it, this little shadowy figure who flitted up the village street, past the church and over the long stretch of marsh-road to Pont Lefebvre. Of other times she thought, of other nights when she had travelled this selfsame road, with Ulysse, with Paul Allain, with a song in her heart, a fire in her blood. Now all was bitter, biting cold, and her heart was cold and in her blood no warmth.

Far, far off, borne on the stillness of the clear air, the faint whistle of a train, the night express from Halifax. Ulysse had told her about catching that train that passed in the silent hours. In the little station at Pont Lefebvre was left a lantern, and if one wanted to board that train one took the lantern, carried it to the end of the platform, and swung it back and forth. The train always slowed between Dorchester and Pont Lefebvre. It would stop for the lantern.

It stopped to-night.

ULYSSE awakened at the first glimmer of dawn that touched the frosty window-panes and came, grey and cheerless, into his room. He awoke unrefreshed, burdened still with the load of grief he had carried to bed with him. No more lies, no more deceit. The truth, even if it lost her to him forever.

"But it will not. She will not leave me now. I, after all, am her foster father. I must mean more to her than a father she has never known. We shall devote ourselves once more to music; plan concerts, go on tour to all the great cities. I will make her famous, make her forget that ever there was this little trouble in her life." He scowled. "It never should have been—never! If that accursed pedlar, that Tilmon Grou——"

He lay there on his back, hands clasped at the nape of his neck, warm in his good flannel nightgown. He listened, as the time slipped by, to hear her stirring in the next room. Always she arose early.

"What then keeps that little sleepyhead!" It was after eight o'clock. Monsieur Plamondon arose, donned his slippers, his red, brocaded dressing-gown. He made some little noise with his shaving; he dropped his shoes once or twice; he whistled "Vive la Canadienne;" still there came no sound from her room.

Reluctantly, he marched downstairs. She might yet come. He would spend a little time longer with Cerbere this morning. Rosalie appeared in the doorway at the end of the hall and bowed to him with fearful humility. He beamed upon her.

"Breakfast is now ready, M'sieur Plamondon. You carry yourself well this morning, m'sieur?"

"Quite well, my good one. I shall wait a little for breakfast—until Mademoiselle Leocadie comes. She is lazy this morning."

He nodded at Rosalie, strolled into the studio, greeted Cerbere with a cheery, "Bon jour, m'sieur! How then do you comport yourself this—" He got no further. He stopped, stared at the little white oblongs that reposed by the biscuit Cerbere had left. He made no move to go to the mantel to pick them up.

He swallowed once or twice. He licked his lips. He shrugged. He muttered, "But no! Nonsense!" He thought; only once before in my life did I come into a room to find anything like this waiting for me. That time it was misery, the cruellest thing that ever came to me—that I thought could ever come to me.

He strode over to the mantel, gazed at the letters, took with trembling fingers the one directed to him; directed simply, "Monsieur Ulysse." He looked at it as if with the intensity of his regard he would cause it to dissolve into nothingness.

He went upstairs, opened the door of her room. There by the bed were the yellow clippings, the letters, just as she had left them. Ulysse read them, not paying much attention to their contents. He knew all they said. "And Mimi saved those things all her life, saved them to leave as a poor legacy to this innocent child—a story of bitterness and shame. But I must not blame her; I do not. She loved d'Este. That I must admit, and, that admitted, all the rest follows as is due. One really loves; then one always loves."

He noted the few things that were missing—the poorest, the simplest things.

"I take only a cup of coffee, Rosalie," he announced to that startled woman. "I go from here at once, this minute, this second. I may never return. Never will I return without that little one who has run away, driven from here by the tongues of evil ones who place their trust in pedlars."

He took his coffee. He hurried into his overcoat, his galoshes, his fur cap and gloves. "You will pack my bags, Rosalie. I go for a brief instant to a house I have never before visited—to the home of the great jurist, the Acadian Draco, the Seaside Solon, Judge Geoffroi Allain. If he says one word I do not like, the province of New Brunswick will require a new chief justice and there will be a great funeral in St. Gudule. Au revoir."

He marched out of the Bower, down the street of St. Gudule to Belliveau Hill road and climbed it with rapid strides for such a little man. In front of the house stood the ancient barouche of Dame Laurin.

Hebert growled something at Ulysse in answer to the distracted good-morning that Ulysse called to him as he mounted the steps to make an assault on the door-knocker.

"I come to see Monsieur Allain," said Ulysse. "It is most urgent."

Lucille led the way, Ulysse followed, into the big living-room off the hall, where was the fireplace that the judge loved to doctor with the tongs, where the inlaid chess-board over which he had waged so many tedious battles, where now in solemn conclave were seated Dame Margot Laurin, Emilie, the judge himself and Paul.

"Monsieur!" The judge got to his feet, reminiscent of a telephone-post being raised by a windlass. "You come here to my house!"

"That would seem to be evident," said Ulysse. "But I am sorry to disappoint you: I come not to see you. I bring this for my good friend, your amiable son." He handed Paul the pitiful little note. He gave him with it a look that spoke courage and sympathy. Paul took it, bowed to the wide-eyed company, opened it and read.

"She is gone!" he said.

Dame Laurin peered into her snuff-box, wishing she had thought to stop at the store of Willy, chemist, in Dorchester, for a fresh supply of snuff. "I have paid no attention to this silychit-chat that has been flying around. I have too much sense. Monsieur Plamondon I know to be a gentleman," she said.

"Thank you, madame." Ulysse bowed. But this morning he was not in the mood for compliments.

"One moment, monsieur!" Judge Allain held up a mighty hand. "We were discussing this matter as you came in."

"Monsieur!" Paul turned impatiently to Monsieur Palmondon. "Tell these people—explain to them—let them know the truth—that Leocadie is your own daughter."

"I am sorry, my good young Paul; I cannot do that. Leocadie is no blood-relation of mine. I am her foster-father, her guardian, simply that!"

They stared at him, even Dame Laurin stared, in utter consternation.

"Why then have you all along called her your niece?" demanded Emilie. "Was there need for such deception?"

"No need. It was a harmless thing. I will not go into it all now."

"Who then is this girl?" demanded the judge. "That young fool, my son, has told me flatly that he intends to marry her."

"It is so," said Paul. "I will marry Leocadie if she will have me."

"If she will have you——" The judge stared so hard he all but cracked his glasses. "This designing, perhaps nameless——"

"Sir!" Ulysse stopped the ponderous flow of speech. "You do not know what you are talking about."

"I do not! I do—not know what I am talking about!"

"Correct. I have told you that Leocadie is not my child. She is the child of the woman I loved but who—who never loved me. For the sake of that love I received this little girl when she came to me. None of you, I presume, has heard tell of Hilaire d'Este, Duc de St. Guilbert?"

The judge looked over his glasses at this presumptuous little man. "My good sir," he said, "do you address that question to a man who, not only in French Canada, but in France itself, is looked upon as, I may say without any undue exaggeration, without laying myself open to the least suspicion of boasting, a great authority on French legal history. I, monsieur, have been always, and still am, a champion of the Duc de St. Guilbert."

"Splendid!" said Ulysse, almost bowled over by this revelation. "He is Leocadie's father."

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"Eh!" The judge jerked up his head so quickly his glasses flew off straight at Dame Laurin, only to be fetched up at the end of their black ribbon. "She is the daughter of that great man! She has been living here in our midst, and we have not known this——"

"I alone have known it."

"Paul," demanded Dame Laurin, "when you marry the daughter of a duke, what do you become?"

Paul shook his head. "It matters nothing to me, madame, whose daughter she is."

"Eh bien!" said Ulysse. "We shall take the train at noon. I do not know where she went. At Moncton we may hear something. Perhaps it is to Montreal. I do not know. Wherever it is, I will find her."

"Bravely spoken!" Dame Laurin sneezed.

"Monsieur"—Emilie came over to Ulysse, who had never stirred from his vantage point by the door—"When you see Leocadie, you will give her my love and my wishes for her happiness. I have ceased to envy her the man she will marry. I think I did not want him: it was just that I did not like the thought of anyone else's having him."

"Dog in the manger," explained Dame Margot.

The judge, wearing his most majestic look, his white hair in great disarray, tramped over to Ulysse and held out his hand. "A more fascinating business, this, than the Dreyfus Case. Do you think it possible that monsieur le duc will visit here——?"

"He has been here," said Ulysse, "a few nights ago."

"Ah! But if he comes again, I should like to have the opportunity of meeting him."

"It is most likely, monsieur, that you will meet him. A remarkable man, monsieur—very remarkable. A very wealthy man, too, as you know."

"I am aware of that."

"Yes," said Ulysse. "We must go now, your son and I. I bid you all farewell. Voyons, my little Paul, hurry yourself now. One must lose no time."

Ulysse located a sleepy-eyed and surly baggage-man who had seen the young lady last night.

Ulysse embraced him. "Ah, you saw her then! Where did she go?"

"Train for Quebec, monsieur. She and the great tall man with the white hair and funny eyes."

"It is Pierre Gervais."

"Gervais!" Paul was baffled. "What is he?"

"He is her father. It will be well."

. . . . . .

She saw Pierre Gervais striding along the station platform at Moncton. She moved back quickly from the window of the day-coach, but those eyes of his—it seemed that he could see in the dark—met hers squarely. He stopped, gazed up at the window, his hat came off. He made quickly for the steps.

"What are you doing here?" He smiled down upon her. "Surely not running away from home! Not deserting good Monsieur Plamondon!"

She cried. She could not help it. At once his expression was one of compassion. He sat down beside her. All his raillery changed into tender, gentle concern for her.

She dried her eyes. He was a fine gentleman, a friend. He would understand. He seemed to understand already. He took her hand in his, held it. She did not mind. She wanted to rest her head on his great shoulder. He had huge shoulders, bigger even than Paul's.

"You are kind, Monsieur Gervais."

"Always kind to you, Leocadie. From the moment I saw you, I knew that I——"

"You liked me."

"I did like you!"

"Why? What—what was it that made you seem interested in me? I have often wondered."

He smiled ever so little. "Come! I shall arrange for a compartment for you, and while that is being made ready, we shall sit in the club-car and have a great talk, you and I. Now that my friend, Monsieur Plamondon, is not here to look after you, I shall take his place as best I can. You are not too tired to talk to me?"

He was a man who, it seemed, commanded even more attention than Monsieur Plamondon. There was a compartment for her at once.

"Tell me, child, what it is that has troubled you. Seriously, have you run away from that lovely, peaceful little village, from that warm, happy home I saw you in the other night? Ah, when I went from it, I felt more than ever in my life, what it is to be a man without a home, without a country. I envied you two, so happy there with your music, your quiet pleasures."

She looked into the depths of his eyes. "There was trouble. Oh, not with Monsieur Plamondon. He was always good and kind. This trouble I brought to him, though I did not mean to do so. It all started when there came to St. Gudule un maudit solporteur—a pedlar——"

The train swayed on through the frosty night; somewhere a ventilator rattled spasmodically. But it was still there. She could hear the ticking of the little watch Ulysse had bought for her; almost she could hear her own heartbeats.

He took his hands away. "Of your father, Leocadie, you know only that he was a —what you said. You learned that, how?"

"I looked to-night in my mother's boxes. I found some old letters she had written to him that had been returned to her; some pieces from the Paris journals that told the story."

"You believed it. But, of course, what could make you do otherwise."

"I—I took it for granted."

"Look at me, Leocadie." She gazed up at him, trustingly, almost fondly. "Would you say, would you think, that I—I was a thief, a traitor?"

"You! But how absurd!"

"It is not. I am the man you read about. I am Hilaire d'Este. I am your father."

. . . . . .

The ferrule of Monsieur Plamondon's malacca-stick tap-tapped briskly on the pavement of St. Catherine's Street. He took a good step and a half to Paul's one.

"You think she will be there, Monsieur Plamondon? It is not possible that she would run away even from this gentleman, her father? It is not possible that she does not even know him for what he is?"

All this he had gone over, with variations, a hundred times on the journey from Moncton to Quebec, from Quebec to Montreal.

. . . . . .

Monsieur Plamondon was out of the taxi and scampering up the steps before Paul had made a move. He was ringing the bell for the fifth time in some ten seconds when Paul entered the vestibule. A grave-looking man-servant opened the door and lost for an instant the expression that had not failed him in twenty years, as Ulysse poked the malacca-stick at his chest and shouted, "Ah, brigand! Where is she? Yield her up to me. I say, without further words or this stick will turn into a steel-blade that—"

"Be calm!" Paul drew the stick away. The tall figure of Pierre Gervais loomed up behind the man-servant. "Ah! My dear friend, Monsieur Plamondon! My good friend! Enter! You are most welcome. I waited for you, and you lost no time."

"Monsieur!" Ulysse shook both his hands. "She is then here! She is safe! She has not been kidnapped or abused or—"

"None of those things. She is here." He smiled at Paul, shook hands with him. "You are Paul Allain, eh? You are welcome too. Monsieur Plamondon, you will find Leocadie in the music-room at the head of the stairs. Go to her."

Ah, there—there she was by the window that looked out on the garden. He held out his arms and she came to him. They did not speak. Ulysse could not speak, so great was his rapture. She could not; she was laughing and crying both at once.

"You bad, evil little girl!" he said at last. "I shall beat you, I shall lock you up, I shall be stern and cruel to you for this"—He stopped, looked very doleful. "But how can I? You will—you will not be my little Leocadie now."

"Always, monsieur. You know that always. I am not your niece, I am not your daughter—well then, if you want me I—I will be your wife!"

Ulysse stared at her, at her crimsoning cheeks, her bright eyes, her utter confusion. Then he laughed—laughed until she could not help but join him.

"Ah! It is too droll! You propose to me!"

"Gladly would I give myself, my life, to you. It would be all too little in return for what you have done. It would be nothing, monsieur. I do not jest."

"Leocadie!" He took her hand in both his. "Give me only your love, your trust, your smiles, as I have known them."

"All these I gladly give—since you will have no more."

"Be still, little imbecile." He frowned darkly at her. "Would you have my bones broken by that big lover of yours, that Paul, who even now listens and turns green outside the door! Would you have me made the victim of a jealous lover's frenzy!"

"Paul—! He—he is here with you!"

"Ah! I am forgotten. Yes, he is here, Leocadie. And I have kept him too long from you. Promise me, when you are wed, you will come back to St. Gudule; you will not leave me."

"I will not leave you."

"It is well." He looked at her steadily for a long, long moment. He bowed low to her and left her. Paul Allain went up the stairs quite as fast as had Monsieur Plamondon.

"Well, my friend"—Pierre Gervais conducted Ulysse to the library. They smoked cigars. They drank cognac. They were, somehow for the first time, at peace. "You thought you had lost her, I thought I had found her. It seems that it is neither one; simply she belongs to that young fellow. Still we shall see her often, eh? After a fashion she will still belong to us."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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